Sketches of the New Church In America

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KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

SKETCHES OF THE NEW CHURCH

Ednah C. Silver in 1910

Sketches of the New Church in America

on a

Background of Civic and Social Life

Drawn from
Faded Manuscript, Printed Record, and
Living Reminiscence

By Ednah C. Silver

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Dedicated to
REV. JULIAN K. SMYTH
the richly endowed exponent
of our beautiful Faith

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FOREWORD

THIS book is quite as much a character-study as a record of facts. It is devoted to those who have gone before, and to the message that enriched their lives. No one who is still living here is admitted to these pages except to illustrate a movement, or to round out a situation; or — more important — to hold a lamp that it may throw light on a portrait. An obvious exception to this rule is made in favor of the present writer, who has drawn extensively on her memory-records, having found that grown people are very like children: a story is often more real to them if the narrator can say, I have seen and heard. It might be said in passing, that among the many persons whose names appear in the book, she has know two hundred.

To her, the opening date, 1784, is in no degree remote, but, on the contrary, very living and real: because at that very time there was a little two-year-old Huguenot boy named Daniel playing in a Baltimore nursery who lived to be ninety-five, and who maintained, during the last nineteen years of his life, a warm friendship with the Silver household. And there was a little girl named Margaret, who, in 1784, was a nine-year-old maiden in an English boarding school. She lived to be ninety-three, and also came within the present writer's ken. The eighteenth and the twentieth centuries have shaken hands.

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SKETCHES OF THE NEW CHURCH

I

For inquire, I pray thee, of the former age,
And apply thyself to that which their fathers have searched out.
— Job, viii, 8.

JAMES GLEN: First Torchbearer for the New Church to the Western Hemisphere. Current conditions in the late eighteenth century.

N a summer day in the year 1784 James Glen might have been seen approaching Philadelphia, where he was to give the first public proclamation of the truths of the New Jerusalem to the western world. What manner of man was James Glen, and what manner of folk were we? His native land was one of small streams to be made famous by Robert Burns — the Doon and the Ayr, the Nith and the Tay; as he sailed up the broad Delaware was he impressed, by contrast, with its stately majesty — a majesty always emphasized anew to some of us at each fresh sight of it? Our river had fine commercial possibilities, but no poetic bard; it had, however, an association with war, — General Washington having strategically crossed it in 1777, thereby giving heart to the Colonial cause. How did James Glen as a British subject regard our Commander-in-chief? Did he pronounce him an archrebel, or a friend to lovers of liberty? Did he realize that Washington had been fighting the Englishman's battles for representative government?

Mr. Glen had discovered the Writings of Swedenborg and had accepted their message: did he know that his boat was traversing territory settled by Swedes; territory over which Swedenborg's father formerly presided as a nonresident

bishop, by appointment of his king, Charles XII? As Glen sailed near Wilmington, Delaware, did he know that one of its treasures was the fine Old Swedes' Church dedicated in 1699; and that its archives contained beautiful pastoral letters from the good bishop?

Should Mr. Glen, on his arrival at Philadelphia, wish to visit our Continental Congress, he would learn that that body, lacking means of defence, had been driven out by a handful of unpaid mutinous soldiers, had been recently sheltered under the Presbyterian wings of the College of New Jersey, (Princeton), and was now still farther afield. Did our New-Church visitor smile on us with sympathetic pity for our ignominious position? We were as feeble in finance as we were in arms. Was Mr. Glen sorry to see our paper currency so near zero, and his British gold at so enormous a premium?*

Mr. Glen was familiar with countries whose hoary history was projected on a background of traditions still more ancient; would he care for our young nation which was only in the making, which had in 1784, no fixed capital, no strong central government, no Federal Constitution, no president, no national hymn, and no decisive name? We had, thanks to George Washington and Betsy Ross, our starry banner which had triumphantly defied the British government. The ocean was still a broad gulf of separation, although the last growling echo of British and Colonial cannon had died away, and our returned soldiers had hung their flintlock muskets above the fireplace. But it is a far cry from George III to George V; and how little could Glen foresee that, on the Fourth of July, 1918, our Old Glory would float over the House of Parliament by command of George V himself! And that the Prince of Wales in 1919 would honor Washington's tomb! We still had annoying home tariff wars between states and no adequate laws to meet them. Would our civic

* Mrs. John Adams writes as early as June, 1779: "Linens are sold at twenty dollars per yard, the most ordinary sort of calico at thirty or forty, broadcloths at forty pounds per yard." And William Pynchon's diary records at Salem, Massachusetts, on June 2, 1781: "The marketmen refuse bills of the old emission for provisions, the jurymen refused it at the Maritime Court, the judges declined to take it, yet this is our currency established by law! O Congress! O legislators! O money-makers all! What ails you?"

Old Swedes' Church, erected in 1699 at Wilmington, Delaware, over which Swedenborg's father presided as non-resident bishop

experimenters, our nation builders, be in a frame of mind to listen to Glen's spiritual message?

Where, in the meantime, were our public men? General Washington, after giving eight years of gratuitous military service, had resigned his commission in the army, delivered up his sword to Congress, and returned to his beloved Mount Vernon. His fifty-two years were beginning to tell on him; and, on assuming spectacles for a public address, he had said, half playfully: " I have grown gray in your service, and now I find myself growing blind. "

Benjamin Franklin was seventy-eight. His persuasive speech had long since won over as a bride the girl who had ridiculed his early rusticity, his effective kite had won over the lightning, his able diplomacy had won distinction abroad, his self-training and native genius had won academic degrees from Harvard, Yale and Oxford; he had been crowned at the Court of Versailles by a French duchess; he was now in Paris, where, to please King Louis XVI, he was investigating, in the intervals of diplomacy, the claims of Mesmer and somnambulism. Alexander Hamilton was a lawyer of twenty-seven, his brilliant career as a political writer in *The Federalist* and as a great financier, being still in the future. Thomas Jefferson stood at forty-one, with the great Declaration behind him, and the Louisiana Purchase still to come; already dreaming of his great work in founding the University of Virginia. Aaron Burr was twenty-eight, and the keen-sighted Washington already distrusted him. Benedict Arnold was forty-three; this prince of black traitors was residing in England, but could not live down his obloquy. Paul Jones at thirty-seven had already won a sword of honor from Louis XVI and a medal from our Continental Congress. This intrepid captor of the *Serapis* was now a drawing-room knight and ladies' man in Paris. In 1784, Mrs. John Adams describes him after this manner:

" I should sooner think of wrapping him up in cotton wool and putting him in my pocket than of sending him to contend with cannon balls . . . . . but under all this appearance of softness he is bold, enterprising, ambitious, and active. "

Our supreme orator, Patrick Henry, whose fiery con-

victions, titanic courage, electrifying eloquence, and moral nerve had made him a factor in the Revolution was now, at forty-eight, serving as governor of Virginia. James Madison was a stately, well-bred bachelor of thirty-three, with a head so capacious that it held Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and much material for the coming Federal Constitution. He had been unconsciously waiting for little Dolly Payne to grow up and be his wife, and he discovered and married her in 1794, that he might bring her to his Virginia ancestral three thousand acres, where his mansion was set amid silver pines, where roses and jessamines clambered over the veranda, and the garden was gay with "a gorgeous tangle of scarlet and yellow vines." Dolly is described at twenty-two as "a broidered and frilled little Quakeress with a strain of Irish blood which gave her vivacious wit and good-nature." * Later she poured coffee for many years at the White House, although the coffee pot received a severe jar on August 24, 1814.

Paul Revere was no longer producing graceful silver table ware, but was, at forty-nine, on the banks of the Neponset casting church bells in the cause of religion. John Adams, also forty-nine, was in Holland, negotiating in desperate terms a loan for his country; and in commercial treaties we were "disdainfully asked whether European powers were expected to deal with thirteen governments, or one." Mrs. John Adams was in Paris, and her letters give vivacious and incisive pictures of men and manners. Transferred from rural little Braintree to the tropical luxuriance of the Bourbon régime, she preserved her unworldliness as became a minister's daughter. She never forgot her republicanism, and showed her colors spiritedly. At Braintree she had written abroad that,

"The Revolutionary flame is kindled, and, like lightning, it catches from soul to soul."

And her admiring husband wrote in reply to the wife who was both idealistic and practical-minded:

* A charming and authentic book on social life at this period is entitled *Our Early Presidents, their Wives and Children* by Harriet Taylor Upton, 1890, D. Lothrop Co.

" Your sentiments of the duties we owe our country are such as become the best of women. . . . . I think you shine as a stateswoman of late, as well as a farmeress."

John Quincy Adams, now seventeen, was to spend twenty years abroad in consular, diplomatic, and other service, fitting him to an extraordinary degree in international statecraft for the United States Presidency.

Lafayette, whose heart was larger than France, and whose democracy neutralized his blue blood, had thrown away his title of marquis among other insignia of rank submerged by the French Revolution, but had retained the title of general, given him when Washington, with wise diplomacy, had promoted him over the heads of American officers in our Revolution. In the same year of Glen's visit, Lafayette was at Mount Vernon, admiring proud little Nellie Custis, with her new thousand-dollar harpsichord and her new bandoria; and admiring her brother still more, the lad who was to be the head of the Arlington Mansion, and the father-in-law of Gen. Robert E. Lee. George Washington Custis was now four years old and Lafayette describes him thus:

" A very little gentleman with a feather in his hat."

Lafayette also had a child named George Washington, and we saw in Paris in 1900 the intertwined flags of France and the United States floating over the graves of father and son.

Let us return from this glimpse of social life and observe the religious training of eighteenth-century young people. The Rev. Ezra Stiles, President of Yale, writes as follows:

" My daughter Ruth, for fourteen years beginning in 1775, had read her Bible fourteen times through; and Eliza and Emilia had done as well in proportion to their years. "

For the young Yale students, attendance at daily prayers, morning and evening, was required, the exposition of the *Confession of Faith* on Saturday evening, and not infrequently " five hours in chapel on Lord's Day." Undergraduates must " uncover within ten rods of the person of the president, eight rods of the professor, and five rods of the tutor." This rigid pressure brought to bear upon the lively animal spirits incident to youth produced the inevitable reaction, as recorded by Mr. Stiles: " An hundred and fifty or an

hundred and eighty Young Gentlemen Students is a Bundle of Wild Fire not easily controlled and governed, and at the best the Diadem of a President is a Crown of Thorns." *

John Quincy Adams's religious nature was not neglected. In 1782, when a lad of fifteen doing secretarial work abroad, his father's letter to him shows the seriousness of the New England mind:

" Your studies I doubt not you pursue, because I know you to be a studious youth, but above all, preserve a sacred regard to your own honor and reputation. Your morals are worth all the sciences. Your conscience is the minister plenipotentiary of God Almighty in your breast. See to it that this minister never negotiates in vain. Attend to him in opposition to all other courts in the world. So charges your affectionate father, J. Adams. "

Would the Churches listen to James Glen's spiritual message when they were so preoccupied in disentangling themselves from the State? For the political break with England had brought about ecclestiastical complications, and disestablishment was in the air. South Carolina, where Episcopalianism was " rooted in the soil," easily detached the Church from England. Her high-minded clergy had been as a rule unswerving patriots, and were elected at home. Virginia's clergy were appointed by the crown, and would naturally enjoy having George III as the visible head of the Church. But she had a large Presbyterian population led by ministers of " learning and dialectic skill," who successfully protested against the voice of civil magistrates in matters of religion; and they found powerful allies in broad-minded Episcopalians like Jefferson, Madison, and Mason. John Fiske further tells us that New Jersey and North Carolina unwillingly endured state Anglicanism; Georgia, turbulent in spirit, was even less gracious; and New York accepted it " with languid acquiescence." A goodly portion of the people in Maryland being, in 1784, strongly Roman Catholic, successfully petitioned the pope to establish a hierarchy empowered directly from Rome.

Roger Williams emphasized successfully for Rhode Island

* From the *New England Magazine*, April, 1909, Boston.

the sharp differentiation which should exist between Church and State. Pennsylvania had nothing to undo, thanks to William Penn's broad vision and love of religious freedom. Massachusetts, the most jealous of coercion among all England's thirteen children, established a state Church of her own — Orthodox Congregationalism — and maintained her civic hold on it into the nineteenth century. New Hampshire and Connecticut anticipated her in separating their Puritan religion from the State. In 1784, the very year of Glen's visit, Samuel Seabury, after exceedingly interesting ecclesiastical and political complications, was consecrated as the first American Episcopal bishop, and became "a great organizer and strict Churchman"; and Francis Asbury, through Wesley's independent action, became the first American Methodist bishop, increasing the membership in thirty-two years from 300 converts to 214,000 members (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*).

Among a people of undefined nationality, among a people of ecclesiastical unrest, among a people verging on doctrinal revolt, came James Glen with his message. Conditions were not wholly unfavorable to him, as they were tending toward increased political and religious liberty.

Swedenborg, speaking of the better among the English in the other world, declares that they are in the center of all Christians, because they have interior intellectual light; they acquire it from their freedom to speak and to write, and thus to think. With others, who are not in such liberty, that light is wasted because it has no outlet (*True Christian Religion,* No. 807).

We can answer the question, "What manner of folk were we?" But for James Glen's portrait we have so far constructed an easel made chiefly of interrogation points, asking what he might, or did, feel, and think, and do; and we will now endeavor to place on this easel a sketch of him from authentic data.

James Glen came on a Bible mission, to save God's Word by upholding its interior symbolic claim. He advertised his coming lectures in three Philadelphia papers, including Francis Bailey's *Freeman's Journal.* The advertisement is

too long to quote,* but therein Mr. Glen defines the Science of Correspondences in which the Holy Scriptures are written, as the relation of things of earth to higher things, whereby objects in this world become types or symbols of things of the spirit, and he continues:

"The honourable Emanuel Swedenborg, the wonderful restorer of this long lost secret, thro the Divine Mercy, for the last twenty-nine years of his life had the most free and open Intercourse with Spirits and Angels and was thus taught this Science of Heaven. From his invaluable Writings, and Conversations with gentlemen who have studied them, the Discourser hopes to convey some Idea and Taste of this Science to the wise and to the good of every denomination."

Mr. Glen's first lecture was on June 5, 1784, at Bell's bookstore, near St. Paul's Church, on Third Street, Philadelphia. And many of us saw, in 1917, the unveiling of a bronze tablet on that building commemorating the significant eighteenth-century event.

For James Glen's early and latter days we draw great value from the forty pages of material carefully gleaned by Mr. Charles Higham of London in the *New-Church Review* for October, 1912, pp. 532–572. Glen was born at Glasgow, Scotland, about the year 1750. At twelve years of age he entered a three-century-old grammar school in whose archives the following letter from Glen, written long after, has been discovered:

"I am," says he, "a merchant by profession; in politics, I am for peace, hating the very name of war; in religion, I have professed the tenets of Emanuel Swedenborg for twenty-one years, and will be glad to hear if there be any of that persuasion in Glasgow, and would most earnestly recommend the works of that great man to your particular attention and candid perusal."

In 1783 Mr. Hindmarsh and Mr. James Glen met for the first time; and the former tells us in his *Rise and Progress of the New Jerusalem Church*, p. 17, how he heard from the Scotchman's own lips his discovery of Swedenborg. Mr.

* For the complete advertisement, turn to vol. i, p. 70 in *The Newchurchman*, Philadelphia, January, 1841.

Glen was on the ocean, on his voyage to England from his plantation in South America:

"The captain of the vessel in which he was sailing, after many conversations with Mr. Glen, whom he found to be a person of literary habits and liberal sentiments, in a great measure free from the influence of religious prejudices, told him that he was in possession of a book, written in the Latin language by a very extraordinary man, which he thought would prove acceptable to him; whereupon he presented him with a copy of the Latin work *De Coelo et Inferno* (the Treatise on *Heaven and Hell*). As soon as Mr. Glen had read the work and well considered its contents, he was all astonishment, first, at the nature of the information which that book conveys; and in the next place, at the goodness of the Divine Providence which had so unexpectedly brought him into such a peculiar situation, that while sailing on the surface of the great deep, of an abyss of water beneath him, his eyes were opened to behold an abyss of divine truths above and around him. That day Mr. Glen declared to be the happiest day of his life, which thus brought to his view the glories of the heavenly state, and the stupendous realities of the eternal world."

After recording preliminary movements, Mr. Hindmarsh, on pp. 57, 58, writes of a "select meeting" of Members of the New Church on July 29, 1784, with thirteen present, the name of James Glen leading the list. "The Lord's Prayer was read, and No. 625 of the *Universal Theology* (True Christian Religion) being the Glorification of the New Heavens for the Lord's Second Advent. A Paper drawn up by Mr. Glen, containing general principles of the New Church, was also read and with some alterations and additions unanimously approved of." James Glen's name also leads the list of persons assembled in London on July 31, 1787, for the formation, under the initiative of Robert Hindmarsh, of the first Society of the New Church on earth, and for participation in the Holy Supper.

James Glen had previously, as recorded, proclaimed the New-Church message in Philadelphia; and we will now follow him to his South American plantation, where with occasional

visits to London he spent his remaining days from 1771 to 1814.

What manner of country was Demerara?

Demerara is the name of a river and of the province watered by it which is now called British Guiana. Its manners, customs, and laws have been admirably described by Bolingbroke,* a sojourner there at the same time with Glen from 1799 to 1806. The author writes with an almost official exactness and with the eye for pictorial detail of a born observer. The book is accessible, is eight by ten inches in size, with sumptuous margins, fine paper, clear type, and an excellent map. The writer was an articled clerk for a commercial house in Demerara, received a large salary, and traveled extensively for seven years over the territory. He sailed from Liverpool on Christmas, 1798, and after seven weeks he sighted the land of expectancy. The low and perfectly flat coast was not inspiring to a young man with ideals in his head, the sand bar which bade the boat wait for high tide checked his enthusiasm, the soundings of lead brought up mud, the seaman finally landed near Fort William Frederick where eighteen heavy pieces of cannon were mounted. The province has been repeatedly under alternate Dutch and British rule, the latter prevailing during the stay of Bolingbroke. Landing at Stabroek, now called Georgetown, at the mouth of Rio Demerara, he found himself surrounded by native blacks, yellows, and tawnies, vociferating their wares in a jargon half English and half Dutch. The two-story houses with colonnaded porticoes and balconies were shaded by projecting eaves and were roofed with red shingles resembling mahogany. The windows without glass were covered with Venetian blinds furnishing a secluded outlook for the ladies. Rooms projected in all directions in order to catch every draft and the ground plan of the dwellings was mostly in the shape of a cross.

Mr. Bolingbroke was met by a handsome tent-boat rowed

* *A Voyage to the Demerary*, containing a statistical account of the settlements there, and of those on the Essequibo, the Berbice, and other contiguous rivers of Guiana; 400 pp. By Henry Bolingbroke, Esq., of Norwich, Deputy Vendue Master at Surinham. London, printed for Richard Phillips, No. 6, Bridge Street, 1807.

by six negroes, and was conducted to his employer's home which he was to share. The dinner-table was cosmopolitan: French soup, Dutch salted ling, English beef, Muscovy ducks, Italian salad, and native fruits — guavas, pineapples, oranges, shaddocks, and avoiras. The household establishment consisted of eight male and two female negro servants, who were summoned by a whistle instead of a bell.

As Mr. Glen had already carried his spiritual light to Demerara, it would be interesting to know the state of religion there. Bolingbroke says of it in 1799–1806, " that religious liberty prevailed, that ecclesiastical feuds were unknown, that Protestant forms of worship were found on the north-eastern Atlantic coast; that heathenism, not yet advanced to idolatry, existed in central Guiana where the elements of nature were treated with fear and propitiatory worship. The Roman Catholic religion flourished in the western and southern borders. In the region of Paramaribo six German missionaries called Hernbooters or Moravians had a very numerous and a very orderly audience in the negro chapel. The leaders had translated the Bible and a book of hymns into the talkee-talkee, or negro language" (pp. 340, 341, 371).

Let us start from the mouth of the Demerara two miles wide and sail up the river towards Glen's home, seeing everything through Bolingbroke's eyes. His tent-boat is one of a kind described on page 28:

" They are generally from twenty to thirty feet long, and wide in proportion; they are built very sharp for the purpose of sailing or rowing fast. About six or eight feet of the stern are occupied by the tent, in the inside of which are blinds to let down as occasion requires. A cockpit is behind for the cockswain to steer in. He is styled captain, and has entire command of the boat. The negroes, while pulling, took off their hats and jackets; they appeared quite merry and sang all the way. The chorus of their principal song was,

Good neger make good massa."

As Mr. Glen owned a plantation in Demerara, we will observe this kind of property as we sail southward.

"Shortly, the river flows perfectly straight for ten miles to Diamond Point. The scenery is picturesque and uniform. The plantations on either side are surveyed and laid out in grants or allotments, of five hundred acres, by the Dutch West India Company. They have a frontage of one hundred roods, and a depth of seven hundred and fifty. A ditch extends around four sides to effect drainage if the land is unduly wet, or to shield against inundation from the spring tides, making each plantation an island, and demanding a bridge on each side which must be painted white that it may be discerned at night. Up these trenches or canals go punts or flat-bottomed boats to carry off for sale the products of the estate; they will each carry twenty hogsheads of sugar with facility. Coffee and plantain are the other prominent products in the beginning of the nineteenth century. The dwelling house is close to the river with a wharf, or landing place, in front. The wheels of the mills turn by wind, water, or cattle power" (pp. 29–31). "At the aristocratic Reynestein estate which we pass, there is a walk of fruit trees nearly a mile long consisting of orange, lime, lemon, mammy-apple, sour sop, cocoanut, and wild cherry trees."

Continuing up the river in Mr. Bolingbroke's boat we observe that civilization diminishes and life grows simpler and wilder. After perhaps forty miles we reach Miribi Creek which, on the right, enters the Demerara, and on this creek James Glen lived as a hermit although Bolingbroke does not mention him. We will now turn our ear to Mr. Edmonstone who, in 1808, described Glen, his neighbor, as follows:

"He is a native of Glasgow, in Scotland, and came to this colony many years ago as mate in a merchant ship. He was then a stout young man not more than twenty years of age and full of enterprise and speculation. The novelty and beauty of the New World delighted him and the lovely scenes of nature in this country bent his mind on settling among them. He visited most of the plantations which then existed and, gaining knowledge in a small way from his observations and questions, he at length determined to apply to the principal owner of this colony — for at that time no governor

was appointed from Holland — and a good tract of land was allotted for him. . . . In seven years he was seated on his own plantation in the midst of fine crops which filled his pockets with money and with negroes enough to work the property. At the end of twenty years he was considered a man well to do in the world" (*Review*, pp. 538, 539). But financial reverses came.

Thanks to the *Review*, pp. 544–546, we have another glimpse of Mr. Glen through a book, *The Life and Labours of John Wray*. The author was a Dissenter, and a Pioneer Missionary sent out from London. In his diary he designates old Mr. Glen as the "Swedenborgian Hermit," and he visited him on March 15, 1813. He found him humbly clad, standing at the door of his hut. We now take up his narrative:

"We sat down in the shade, under a large silk-cotton tree, and conversed some time on religious subjects. Saying he was much pleased with the missionary and Bible Reports I had sent him, he told me to read the Bible by Swedenborg's works. After some conversation, he said, 'Do you read Greek?' 'A little, sir,' I replied, 'but only the New Testament.' He said, 'I read that only. Have you got a Greek Testament?' 'Yes, sir, I have three.' 'Do you read Hebrew?' 'Yes.' 'Have you a Hebrew Bible?' 'Yes, sir.' I was now qualified to enter his hut. He made me a present of a very beautiful *Psalter*, to read Hebrew with him. Possessing *Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon*, he requested me to lend him the one in Hebrew, which he had not seen, and also Campbell's translation of the New Testament. This eccentric character understood Latin, Greek, Hebrew, English, French, Dutch, and German, and was familiar with divinity, law, physic, and other subjects. He had an extensive acquaintance with the Indians."

At sixteen years of age Glen had matriculated at the University of Glasgow and he had certainly labored faithfully at his studies. As a Bible student he would care for Greek and Hebrew, as a Swedenborg student he would care for Latin, as a resident for forty-three years in Demerara which still bore the imprint of Holland he would care for Dutch, as a correspondent of men in France he would care for their

tongue; and he even knew Arabic, bequeathing his Bible in that language to a New-Church Society in England, where it is still preserved (*Review*, p. 568).

Turning to the New-Church *Monthly Observer*, 1861, pp. 138, 139, we find a letter, written by Mr. Glen on January 16, 1808, in which he says:

"A negro of Mr. Edmonstone's calls for this, going to the island; therefore can only say, if I die in half an hour, I can and will testify that the revelations of Swedenborg are infinitely more valuable than all the riches and honour of this short life, the value of which I certainly must know by knowing the want of them!"

Picture him at last in a self-built hut thatched after the Indian fashion with palms and furnished with frugal simplicity. He is on the woodcutting estate of his old neighbor, Mr. Edmonstone. Another friend, not of our faith, was devoted to care of the hermit and writes as follows:

"For the last six months of Mr. Glen's life he had two of my most careful negroes constantly attending him and for the few days previous to his death two more of my most trusty men attended him. Mr. T. and myself saw him every few hours of the day all the time. He appeared to die without pain, and never uttered one word which could lead any person to suppose he had altered his opinion with respect to the persuasion he had professed for so many years; and we must therefore suppose that he is now reaping the fruits of his good works" (*Review*, pp. 566, 567).

Thus passed to another life the man who publicly introduced the New Church into North America, who fostered it in South America, who helped in its first organization in Great Britain, and who, for more than thirty years, from his reception of it until his death, gave without stint of his substance, his time, and his vitality for its sake.

II

PHILADELPHIA AS A RADIATING CENTER FOR THE NEW CHURCH

James Glen brought to Philadelphia his torch of truth. Who kindled their lamps from it, and transmitted its light abroad after his manner? We know to some extent how far the New Message warmed the feelings, softened the temper, quickened the conscience, sweetened the hearthstone, and smoothed the hard places in life for these eighteenth-century people; and we know that God measures His children thereby. We will now chiefly watch the beacon lights extended from point to point and from generation to generation, revealing occasionally some noble trait in the light bearer.

Francis Bailey (1744–1817), son of Robert and Margaret McDill Bailey, was Glen's first disciple. He was approaching forty years of age when he turned from the theology of the Genevan reformer to that set forth by the Swedish seer. He had been an elder in the Pine Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia; but now Glen's lectures on Scriptural symbolism had aroused his interest, and soon after there fell into his hands some works of Swedenborg sent on to Philadelphia for the Scotchman after his departure. These Bailey eagerly read, and he sent to Hindmarsh in England for additions. He had married Eleanor Millar, a maiden eleven years his junior, who now warmly accepted the new faith with her husband, and their home became a little center for religious reading and conversation and for circulating the good tidings among friends (see *New Jerusalem Church Repository for January*, 1818, p. 326). He was printer in

1784 to the State of Pennsylvania, but desired a larger field. President Washington says of him on January 25, 1790:*

"A Mr. Francis Bailey, introduced by Messrs. Scott and Hartley of Pennsylvania and Mr. White of Virginia, offered a paper, in the nature of a Petition, setting forth a valuable discovery he had made of marginal figures for notes, certificates, etc., which could not by the ingenuity of man be counterfeited — requesting I would appoint some person to hear and examine him on the subject; that if the facts stated by him should appear well founded, he might (being a printer of Philadelphia) have the printing of all that sort of the public business for which this discovery should be found useful — and which he would do on as good terms as any other printer, independent of the discovery above mentioned, all the advantage he should expect from which being to obtain a preference."

In the meantime Bailey was consecrating his knowledge of the art of printing by enlarging his field, and publishing in 1787 *A Summary of the Heavenly Doctrines* which he distributed gratuitously. This was the first silent message by type representing our faith which was sent out from the western continent. Other small works following were freely distributed to colleges and libraries (See his daughter's letter in *The Newchurchman*, vol. i, pp. 70–73).

Francis Bailey in 1789 issued an invitation for subscriptions to his coming edition of *The True Christian Religion* (See pp. 77, 539 in vol. i. of *The New Churchman*). Fifty names were secured including those of our magnificently self-sacrificing financier, Robert Morris, and our wonderful, many-sided Benjamin Franklin, who had shown himself a master printer in 1723, and whose hand press is still proudly exhibited in Boston. Franklin was already an octogenarian. His copy of the *True Christian Religion* told him in No. 792 that man's soul is not ether or a mere breath of air; and it declared that man exists hereafter in a substantial spiritual body, that he has sight, hearing, speech; and that death is not the extinction of life, but its continuation, and only a

* Diary of George Washington from 1789 to 1791. Edited by Benson J. Lossing, N. Y., 1870, p. 74.

passage across. In 1729, in the composition of an epitaph when a young man of twenty-three, Franklin had written intelligently on the relation of the material body to the soul.

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PRINTER
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING)
LIES HERE, FOOD FOR WORMS.
BUT THE WORK SHALL NOT BE LOST
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW AND MORE ELEGANT EDITION
REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

Franklin had already reacted strongly against his own extreme free-thinking *Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain,* written when he was nineteen. He was seventy-eight at the time of Glen's visit, and had expressed his hesitation at receiving the Bible as wholly from heaven because of recorded incidents like the killing of Sisera by Jael. He was past eighty when his subscription for the *True Christian Religion* was obtained through John Young, the man who afterward sat long on the bench and held the scales of justice with scrupulous and enlightening impartiality. Franklin, three years after receiving Swedenborg's crowning work was questioned regarding his own faith, and he replied:

"Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable offering we can render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. . . . As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of religion and morals the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with

most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity; . . . I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and observed. . . ." *

Bailey's name heads a list appended as witnesses to Franklin's last will and testament in 1790. The two men were brother printers and good friends, sharing Philadelphia as a home for twenty-five years.

Subscriptions to the *True Christian Religion* were not adequate to the cost. Bailey, with his characteristic disinterestedness in the cause of religion, assumed the burden of the deficit, issuing one thousand copies largely at his own expense (See Hindmarsh's *Rise and Progress*, p. 71; *The Newchurchman*, vol. i. pp. 539, 540). In 1795 he wrote Robert Carter, the Virginian, of persecutions experienced because of adhesion to his new faith; and in 1800, having met with great financial losses, he removed from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pennsylvania (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xv, p. 74; *New Jerusalem Magazine* new series, vol. xvi, p. 290). He was called to the other life in 1817.

Would you care to visit the spot where lies the discarded garment of clay which Mr. Bailey wore while here, and which he has forgotten for a hundred years? Go with us on the centennial of his transition, 1917. In the interim between sessions of the General Convention, at Philadelphia, we are conducted hither by Mr. Ezra Hyde Alden on May 20. The grave is near Lansdowne, just west of the city, and the air is full of serene tranquillity. The neighboring oak trees, strong in their hold on the earth and in their power of resistance, remind us of Mr. Bailey's tenacious grasp on the elements of true strength. The verdure, flooded with sunshine, is alive with birds, as Mr. Bailey's mind, luminous with spiritual light, was alive with beautiful thoughts. We note the robin, "giving thanks for abundant supplies," and the song sparrow which the Bible tells us finds a nest for herself near the altar of God; the other birds are cheerful

* Franklin's *Autobiography*, edited by John Bigelow in three volumes. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1875. See vol. iii, pp. 289, 364, 365, 459, 460, 489.

in attire — the blackbird, who would be sombre except for his red wings, the meadow lark with a gay yellow breast, and the woodpecker, sometimes called the flicker, with pretty golden wings.

The grave is on land once occupied by the Upper Darby Society of the New Jerusalem, and we are shown the site of its former chapel for worship whose dimensions, thirty by fifty feet, are outlined by low, well-set stones. In the shifting of population the world has drifted away from this immediate region, so that it is not directly on any road and is a good place for meditation.

A small stone on the edge of the churchyard is commemorative of the printing-press missionary whose dust lies beneath. The headstone bears the following inscription:

Francis Bailey, the first American New Churchman, 1784. The first American publisher of the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, 1787. A bright example of active love and of doing good to others.

On the footstone we find the following: "F. B., *Ter Sepulium, Requiescat in Pace.* J. H. J., 1863."

Other graves of followers of our faith are near, and we read the names of Da Charms, Sellers, and Tyson. Quaint lines are on the commemorative marble here and there — inscriptions telling us of happy hearthstones and prayerful mothers:

Remember, wife, our happy days
When in the grave my body lays.
My spirit rests with God on high
Where you may meet me by-and-by.

Farewell to my child who is left behind,
May God direct his youthful mind.

The preservation of this ground, dear for its chapel and other associations, is pleasant to see. In the *New-Church Messenger* of October 27, 1915, is the account of a memorial service for the Society, conducted by the Rev. Charles Harvey of Philadelphia, who spoke appropriately of the Society's purpose and work. Reminiscences from the Sellers and Kent families testified to the loving devotion of early parishioners, and a little Kent granddaughter named Rosamond unveiled

a massive granite memorial stone suitably inscribed and eloquent of the past.

Philip Morin Freneau (1752–1832) was a co-student with James Madison and Aaron Burr at Princeton University. After graduation his spirited Revolutionary War verses stirred the patriots. He also wrote a poem entitled *The True Christian Religion*, for which I vainly searched the Congressional, the Widener, and the Boston libraries. It was discovered in the Cambridge town library in a three-volume edition of his writings together with his biography. The sought-for poem first appeared in Bailey's *Freeman's Journal* on October 4, 1786, followed in the issue of October 25, by a column advertisement. It was reprinted in 1788 by the Historical Association of Princeton, which published the three-volume edition of his works. Extracts are given below:

ON THE HONORABLE EMANUEL SWEDENBORG'S UNIVERSAL THEOLOGY

The True Christian Religion

In this choice work, with wisdom penned, we find
The noblest system to reform Mankind,
Bold truths confirmed that bigots have denied,
By most perverted, and which some deride.
Here, truths divine in easy language flow,
Truths long concealed, that now all climes shall know.

Then slight — ah, slight not, this instructive page
For the mean follies of a dreaming age:
Here to the truth, by Reason's aid aspire,
Nor some dull preacher of romance admire:
See One, Sole God, in these convincing lines,
Beneath whose view perpetual daylight shines;
At whose Command all worlds their circuits run,
And night, retiring, dies before the sun!

Francis Bailey handed down the light of the New Church to his descendants. His attractive daughters brought sons-in-law into the family who were of kindred faith and who became joint lamp-bearers with their wives, as they carried them on little migratory journeys to their new homes.

Francis Bailey's daughter Abbe married John Hough James whose life began in 1800 and ripened into that of an octogenarian. The New Church had been introduced into the bridegroom's home, Urbana, in 1825 (*New Jerusalem Messenger*, vol, xlvii, p. 201). The Jameses contributed very generously to its continuance and founded the movement for the Urbana New-Church University. The Silver family have seen Mrs. Abbe Bailey James and have often recalled with pleasure her large-hearted hospitality. Her daughter Gertrude married Henry Mayer Niles, whose surviving children constitute a New-Church group at Toledo, Ohio, and they are kinsmen of the Nileses who have enriched the Societies of Laporte, Indiana, and of New York.

Another child of Abbe Bailey James, Captain John Henry James, made the acquaintance of Harriet Hall Lynch, a student at the Urbana University; and at twenty-nine he went to Brampton, Ontario, to claim her as his bride in marriage at her father's home. The Jameses' wedded life was spent largely in Urbana, several children gathered around their hearthstone, and she lived beyond the Biblical three score and ten.

Through the James-Lynch marriage came another Abbe Bailey James, who married Professor Lewis Field Hite, then presiding over Greek and Latin courses in the Urbana University. His Virginia ancestry dates back to 1710. His father discovered the New Church through a hostile article in the New York *Observer;* he differed at once from it, followed the matter up, and ended in Church membership. Professor Hite was ordained into the New-Church ministry the very year of his marriage, 1893, and is now (1920) Professor of Philosophy in our Cambridge Theological School, and is Managing Editor of the *New-Church Review.*

Here is a New-Church genealogical ladder; I never record one of less than five rungs.

i. Francis Bailey married Eleanor Millar.

ii. Abbe Bailey married John Hough James.

iii. John Henry James married in 1863 Harriet Hall Lynch.

iv. Abbe Bailey James married in 1893 Lewis Field Hite.

v. Ensign Hugh Maury Hite of Harvard has been flying over France in the Aviation Corps in the World War. Harriet James Hite, a *cum laude* alumna of Radcliffe, is (1919) instructress in Spanish in the Urbana University. These young people are great-great-grandchildren of Francis Bailey, the first American light-bearer for the New Church, who was born in 1745.

Frederick E. Eckstein was another wooer drawn to Francis Bailey's home, marrying his daughter Jane. Frederick's father, John Eckstein, was born in Germany in 1736, being four years old when Frederick the Great came to the throne, and remaining in Berlin more than forty years. Young Eckstein grew up to become a sculptor and his ability was recognized by His Majesty, who gave him commissions covering many years for the execution of work to adorn the royal palaces.

What led John Eckstein, sculptor also to the King's successor, to quit Germany for a country of political self-determination? He brought his family to Philadelphia probably about the year 1790, where he is described by Mr. Condy-Raguet as a sympathetic member of the group of New-Church disciples. His son, Frederick Eckstein, with his wife, Jane Bailey Eckstein, was living in Cincinnati in 1826 and taught modeling to Hiram Powers, who lighted, in Cincinnati, his spiritual torch of truth which he never allowed to grow dim during the thirty-six years of his life abroad and who was baptized by Rev. Thomas Worcester in 1850 (*New Jerusalem Messenger*, vol. xxv, p. 438). Sons-in-law came into the Eckstein family as follows:

Alexander Kinmont, who married Mary, daughter of Frederick E. and Jane Bailey Eckstein, was born in 1799 near Montrose, eastern Scotland. His parents were devout Presbyterians, living in a century when the kirk was militant, and the conservative Old Lights accused the liberal New Lights of an attempt "to jostle Christ out of His Church." Barrie, in his humorous, pathetic, and whimsical way, has given us glimpses of this in his *Auld Licht Idylls*, and his *Window in Thrums*. Alexander Kinmont entered St. Andrews

at Glasgow at nineteen, and carried off first prizes in Greek, Geometry, and Latin, conversing with ease in the latter, and gaining a valuable scholarship. Transferring after three years to Edinburg University, he studied philosophy and theology; but questioning the prevailing tenets, he narrowly escaped agnosticism.

An ardent friend of free institutions, and living near the alluring sea, young Kinmont abruptly sailed for New York in 1823. Finding no employment and with an exchequer alarmingly low, he walked to Baltimore and on to Bedford, Pennsylvania. Here he at once secured the Principalship of its Classical Academy where the brilliant scholar became the successful teacher.

And now came a turn in his life when the skeptical views in his mind and the gloomy feelings in his heart were gradually dispersed by a knowledge of the *Arcana* by Swedenborg. He opened it reluctantly, read it carefully, gradually recognized its worth, and became thoroughly convinced of the inspiration from God of the Scriptures. After four years, he went in 1827 to Cincinnati, and became not only instructor in higher secular branches, but a live lay teacher of the New-Church doctrines for the remaining years of his life. His favorite authors were Swedenborg, Plato, Homer, Tacitus, Cicero, Bacon, St. Augustine, and Milton in Paradise Lost apart from its theological dogmas.

In 1829 he married Mary Eckstein and was called to the higher world seven years later. At the Cincinnati General Convention in 1857 Mrs. Kinmont presented to the Rev. Abiel Silver a copy of her husband's work of three hundred and fifty-five pages, published by U. P. James of Cincinnati in 1839, entitled *Twelve Lectures on the Natural History of Man, and the Rise and Progress of Philosophy*. It is accompanied by a biographical sketch of the author written by one of his pupils, whence material for this chapter has been drawn.

Alexander Kinmont's daughters, Misses Eleanor and Jane, came pleasantly into my life on Sunday afternoon, June 21, 1908. After services in the little Glendale, Ohio, chapel situated in a grove; after simple, heartfelt worship and an

impressive sermon by the Rev. Louis G. Hoeck, a few of the worshippers were invited to the Kinmont house near by. We sat on the generous porch festooned by vines and fragrant with flowers, and listened to Browning's *Saul* effiectively rendered by the minister. Then we entered the old family mansion, and the aunt of the family, Miss Frances Eckstein, showed us interesting bas-reliefs of sacred subjects made by her Prussian Eckstein grandfather, sculptor to King Frederick the Great; we saw also, the precious family Bible bound in red morocco in which grandmother Eleanor Millar Bailey devoutly read daily in the olden time. Miss Frances, born in 1815, lost her sight at eighty, but resolutely learned the alphabet of touch, and at ninety-nine grasped current news in periodicals and daily papers. She celebrated her birthday with a festive reception and attended a suffrage meeting the next day. She was spirited on this, my second visit, and lived to be a centenarian.

Another wooer came into Frederick Eckstein's home and married the daughter Charlotte. Daniel Thuun, like his father-in-law, was born in Germany. We first hear of him in 1803 at Philadelphia, a neighbor and warm friend of the English Rev. William Hill who translated Swedenborg's *Apocalypsis Explicata* into English in six octavo volumes for publication in London. This work Thuun gratuitously transcribed for preservation in case Hill's original *mss.* should be lost at sea. Thuun, formerly an extensive merchant, was now zealous in his religious faith and cooperated in 1815 in the organized work of the Central Convention. He is described by a coworker as being in 1841 "an aged gentleman" (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xliv, p. 178; *New Churchman*, vol. i, pp. 163, 165).

Miss Margaret Cary gives us another glimpse. She discovered Swedenborg in 1796 in Boston, and in her subsequent visits to her fourteen brothers and sisters scattered about the country she visited many New-Church people. In her autograph private letters lying before me addressed to Mrs. Henry A. Worcester she describes the Thuun hospitality as whole-souled and sympathetic.

A new and interesting element now came into Thuun's

life which deflected his outward path and gave him picturesque experiences. He made the acquaintance, ripening into warm cooperation, with a son of Gen. J. R. Steiger of Napoleon's army. Baron Steiger came from Switzerland bringing several hundred compatriots with him. He purchased a thousand or more acres in Athens County, on Little Federal Creek, southern Ohio, about forty miles west from Marietta. Here, having considerable wealth, he attempted to establish a baronial home in the wilderness and here he planted his Swiss colony.

We first hear of the titled Swiss pioneer in 1821, through a letter from the Rev. Holland Weeks who has given up his "darling Calvinistic doctrines," who has been excommunicated in 1820 from his former church at Abington because of Swedenborgian heresy, and has been ordained into the New Church. Weeks, in his communication to the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, vol. xxx, p. 177, tells of a letter from Thuun (misprinted Thuren) announcing Steiger's arrival in Philadelphia, his discovery of Swedenborg's teachings, the acceptance of them by his wife and himself, and his determination to make the New Church the religion of his Ohio Swiss colony. He is contemplating the New-Church ministry for his son, and Thuun wishes him to be trained by Mr. Weeks. The plan did not come to fruition, the young Swiss apparently deciding to remain a layman. In 1822, in the Journal of the General Convention, page 17, appears a letter from the Baron written at *Steiger's Rest*, as follows:

"I have formed a new settlement of Swiss emigrants and I shall admit no other than sober, orderly, and well disposed people. All these I intend to introduce to the New Jerusalem. For this purpose I have concluded to erect a place of worship on my ground."

Accompanying this letter is a declaration of belief in the doctrines signed by twenty-one persons; all of whom, except two, are Swiss.

Another testimonial comes from Rev. John Randolph Hibbard who was born only four miles from *Steiger's Rest.* In his youth he had seen the aged Baron once or twice and he speaks of the brick church on a hill where Mr. Thuun

served as chaplain to the family ("Reminiscences of a Pioneer" signed "H" in *New Jerusalem Messenger* for 1883, vol. xliv, pp. 207, 208). This place of worship on Thuun's own estate recalls New-Church services I have heard in three private chapels on grounds of the owner's residence: in 1878, in that of Rev. John Worcester at Intervale, New Hampshire; in 1880, in that of Mr. Simon H. Greene at River Point, Warwick, Rhode Island; and in 1904, in that of Mr. Arthur Astor Carey on Little Harbor Road near Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

We have now traced the radiating light of the New Church in Philadelphia down through Francis Bailey's descendants — the Jameses, Nileses, Hites, Ecksteins, Kinmonts, and Thuuns. Mr. Bailey's daughter, Miss Margaret, after sharing her father's religious zeal, caring for his old age, and leaving us valuable reminiscences, carried her virgin lamp to her final home, Urbana.

Miss Hetty Barclay was also one of those good virgins who kept her lamp trimmed and burning and, using it as a radiating instrumentality, carried it from Philadelphia westerly to Bedford, Pennsylvania, in 1789, for the further illumination of that region and for the guidance of her own footsteps. Hindmarsh says of her seven years' residence until her death in Bedford:

"There, by her intelligent and spiritual conversations and a variety of Swedenborg's works which she took with her, she laid the foundation of a New-Church Society which, so long as it existed, had reason to bless her memory." We recall that Alexander Kinmont discovered the *Arcana* in 1823 in Bedford. We find Miss Barclay of Bedford in 1792 writing of her own desire for baptism in her letter to her sister Polly in Philadelphia, and sending a communication over the Alleghany Mountains and the Laurel Hills to Judge John Young at Greensburg. She speaks of her Philadelphia visit and of the gatherings there "to read the works of our enlightened Swedenborg"; of her new possession of five small volumes in German — including *Heaven and Hell* and *Earths in the Universe* — which will be most acceptable

to a few persons who cannot read English; and of her assured feeling of real joy that there will be formed a Bedford Society which will not be afraid nor ashamed to acknowledge publicly their reception of the New Jerusalem doctrine. She is receiving the *New Magazine of Knowledge*, a monthly periodical concerning heaven and hell founded in London in 1790, and desires copies of all other Church literature (*Newchurchman*, vol. i, pp. 401, 402; Hindmarsh's *Rise and Progress*, p. 29). She has been classed as the first woman in the world to accept our faith.

John Young was, according to available data, the bridegroom at the first New-Church wedding in the world; he and Miss Maria Barclay solemnizing their marriage in unity of religious faith on November 12, 1794 (*Newchurchman*, vol. i, bottom of page 77). Priority of claim in this respect has been made for the Hill-Duché marriage which really ranks second in time, occurring, as their warm friend, Margaret Cary, states, in 1797 (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xxx, p. 393).

John Young was born in Glasgow in 1762. As he grew up little did he suspect that another Scotch lad named James Glen, twelve years his senior, was in the same town and was to be his spiritual benefactor in a far-away land. Thus do ships pass in the night to meet finally in the same haven. John was one of five children "all sedulously and piously instructed in the Solifidian dogmas of the antiburgher school." These dogmas, as the Latinized adjective suggests, teach this: "that faith alone without works is sufficient for justification." Swedenborg, in denying this tenet, said a good word for the Scotch laity as turning in part away from it (*True Christian Religion* No. 812).

John Young's father was a prosperous cloth merchant in Glasgow until he became security for a large amount in behalf of his brother William. Both went down in the financial crash, the former surviving it only ten days. John was at this time in Edinburg studying law with Walter Scott's father, "a man conspicuous for methodical and thorough industry." Walter became very proud of his pastoral ances-

try through his father — descended from the "Border lairds" who were sheep-farmers and lively marauders. Little Walter was seven years old when John Young was privileged to study law under the man with the picturesque forbears.

Law studies were abruptly terminated through the financial disaster to the Youngs; and John, after procuring positions of self-support for his brothers, emigrated to Philadelphia with, it is affirmed, only one English shilling in his pocket. He was, however, accomplished, and attracted the attention of Mr. Duponceau, a notary public, and sworn interpreter of foreign languages. The latter accepted John and certified later to the great and valuable services rendered by him in legal matters and in the French language. Passing on to the law office of Judge Wilson, John Young was finally admitted to the bar and practised for many years until his promotion to the bench in 1805.

A sharp turn, fatal to any remnants of Solifidianism in John Young's mind, came to him soon after his arrival in Philadelphia. He was impressed in 1784 with the new message of the spirit that fell from the lips of his fellow-countryman, James Glen. From the latter Mr. Young borrowed the first volume of the *Arcana* in Latin, read it with attention, and ripened into deep conviction of its truth. Possessing himself through London of the *True Christian Religion* in 1788, he cooperated vigorously with Francis Bailey in gaining subscribers for its publication.

Lawyer Young, the spiritual light-bearer, removed in 1789 to Greensburg, a little southeast of Pittsburg. He practised his vocation according to his religion:

"He was ever careful to avoid the prosecution of an unjust cause; and when he was satisfied of the entire want of justice in a client's cause he would refuse his professional skill and counsel under the strongest temptations from pecuniary inducements. In every important case when satisfied of its justice he secretly addressed himself in prayer to Him who is Justice and Judgment itself."

An impeachment against him by rival lawyers "was treated as it deserved, by the legislature's throwing it under the table." A subsequent attempt by them proved abortive.

Heaven prospered him and his yearly income reached five thousand dollars. He gave liberally to neighboring churches, not forgetting his own. He corresponded extensively with coreligionists abroad and cultivated their acquaintance as visitors here. When traveling in Europe, he took his precious New-Church books for private reading and possible distribution; and he defended them with energy and effect in periodicals at home.

Romance came into his life. Law collections and agencies took him frequently to Philadelphia where he wooed and won Miss Maria Barclay, an orphan living under the warm roof-tree of Francis Bailey. As there was in 1794 no New-Church ordained ministry in the western hemisphere, these coreligionists employed as officiating clergyman for their wedding the Rev. Nicholas Collin, who filled the pulpit for forty-five years (1786–1831) of the Old Swedes' Church in Philadelphia. The building which was dedicated in 1700, is the oddest structure, with a pronounced elongated effect in height; its very narrow front terminating in a spire resting on a tall slender base. The apse is hexagonal, and the pediments of the steep-roofed front and transepts are equilateral triangles. Within is a wood carving brought over by early colonists which represents animated cherubic heads with outspread wings, and a Swedish Biblical inscription below.

Judge Young and his wife might well be interested in Pastor Collin's letters of 1801 regarding Swedenborg and his father published in the *Philadelphia Gazette* for August 5, 8, and 10. Pastor Collin had been a student at Emanuel Swedenborg's *Alma Mater,* the Upsala University of Sweden, and was familiar with his *Arcana, Heaven and Hell,* and minor works, although not professing his sentiments. In 1766, when twenty years of age, he went to Stockholm and waited on Swedenborg at his house. They conversed for nearly three hours. Collin had heard of Swedenborg's intercourse with those of the other world, which was always direct, and never through mediums or any instrumentality, and he asked his host for an interview with his departed brother. Swedenborg questioned him as to his motives, but did not consider them sufficiently cogent to justify a communication,

saying that God, for good and wise purposes, had separated the world of spirits from ours. Mr. Collin's three years in Stockholm gave him opportunity to testify in many ways to the excellencies and attainments of the Swedish seer, and he comments as follows:

"Swedenborg was universally esteemed for his various erudition in mathematics, mineralogy, etc., and for his probity, benevolence, and general virtue. Being very old [78] when I saw him, he was thin and pale, but still retained traces of beauty and had something very pleasing in his physiognomy, and a dignity in his tall and erect stature."

Pastor Collin also comments in laudatory terms of Swedenborg's father, Jesper Swedberg, who was appointed in 1696 superintendent of the Swedish churches in America, London and Portugal, and was made Bishop of Skara in 1702 by Charles XII. A letter from distressed Swedes in America asking for spiritual aid was referred to Swedberg by His Majesty, who said, "The means shall be provided, and they shall have clergymen, God's Word, and the necessary books, only select for me useful clergymen." Whereupon, Anders Rudman, Jonas Auren and Eric Bjork were selected and sent. The latter served indefatigably for sixteen years and his name is on a window in the Old Swedes' Church in Wilmington, Delaware, which I have visited. The building was dedicated in 1699 (From carefully sifted data including Collin's letters collected in Sweden by Prof. Rudolph L. Tafel and printed under the title, *Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg*, London, 1875. See vol. i, pp. 83, 127–129; vol. ii, pp. 417–424).

Mr. and Mrs. Young, after the closing marriage benediction on their heads from Rev. Nicholas Collin, went to their Greensburg home. As years went on, eight little olive plants gathered around their table and happiness crowned their board. If Mrs. Young had ambitious pride it was gratified by her husband's appointment in 1805 as presiding judge of the tenth judicial district of Pennsylvania over an area comprising five counties, where he held office for thirty-one years. It was currently reported that Governor M'Kean gave him authority over the talented though turbulent bar,

because of his firmness, integrity, and great legal acquirements, but he did not like his religion!

Judge Young made six languages his servants. Latin was to him as English, he read Swedenborg in the original, and enjoyed the Bible version by Schmidius. He acquired Spanish that he might greet his boy returning from South America, and the Tuscan tongue, that he might entertain Italian visitors; he was called the German Judge by the Germans. His knowledge of the tongue of Paris was praised by the French Duponceau; he loved the French review, *La Nouvelle Jerusalem*, edited by Richer (see *Newchurchman*, vol. i, pp. 75–80).

John Adams tells us that, "as the Continental Congress, opening at Philadelphia in September, 1774, included persons of many creeds, a serious question arose as to the choice of clergyman for the opening prayer; whereupon Samuel Adams named Mr. Duché as a gentleman of piety and virtue. Congress consented and Mr. Duché, an Anglican clergyman, appeared in full pontificals." Appointed chaplain of Congress, he, who appropriated all his salary to the relief of soldiers' families, grew in popularity.

But now came the parting of the ways; every man must rebel with the Colonies, or uphold the British king. Duché wrote to George Washington a letter urging him to retract; it was sharply rejected, and forwarded to Congress. Duché fled to England in 1777.

The erroneous statement is often made that the opening prayer of the Continental Congress was made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a New Churchman. He did indeed possess at that time a set of Swedenborg's works in Latin whose message was apparently unread. Now a light hidden under a bushel will no more illumine the mind than uncut wood in a forest will warm a hearthstone. But, when Mr. Duché went abroad, he learned the value of his own books. Robert Hindmarsh in his *Rise and Progress*, pp. 40, 41, tells us that, until there was distinctive organized worship in London for New Churchmen, they attended Mr. Duché's Anglican services at the Orphan Asylum on Sunday mornings, and met at his house

during several years for private conversation on our doctrines in a truly delightful manner, receiving from Mr. Duché's lips "the most impressive lessons of instruction, and mutually interchanging sentiments of pure affection for the truth, and for one another." Mrs. John Adams praises the morning services.

After the removal of the Congressional embargo on Tories, Duché returned to America in 1790. He identified himself with the New Church, and traveled with his wife, "through many parts, preaching the doctrines." They were called to the other life with but a brief interval between.

A lover of Duché's noble daughter Esther did not come any too soon to furnish the orphaned girl a sheltered and beautiful home. The Rev. William Hill, an Anglican divine, but an eager advocate of the New Church who had, in 1794 presented the *Arcana* to Harvard, took ship again from England in 1797 with romance in his heart. He had known Miss Duché in England for ten years and had won over her father to our faith. He had no need to convert the damsel to the New Church, for both she and her short-lived brother loved the religious faith of their parents. Miss Margaret Cary, of Boston, a disciple of Mr. Hill, describes him as tall and elegant, with clear complexion and bright blue eyes. Quaint pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Hill are given in the *New-Church League Journal* for April, 1917. (For Duché, see the *Monthly Observer*, 1857, vol. i, p. 79; *New Jerusalem Magazine*, 1866, vol. xxxviii, pp. 496, 561, 615).

Daniel Lammot (1782–1877) is much associated with Philadelphia, although his lamp of truth caught the flame in Baltimore; and he kept it trimmed and burning under seventeen of our presidents, from Jefferson to Hayes. Espousing our faith at twenty and dying a ripe nonogenarian, Lammot served as its staunch defender for seventy-five years.

What ancestral blood flowed in his veins?

Daniel's grandfather, Jean Henri de la Motte, a Huguenot, was born in Paris in 1720, in the troublous times of little King Louis XV and he gladly fled to Switzerland, taking final refuge in America. Escaping religious persecution abroad

he was also driven temporarily from his Maryland home by the hostile redskins. He resolutely clung to the new world and refused an offer of adoption for one of his four sons from his brother, General Nicholas de la Motte, who was here with the fleet of d'Estaing in our Revolutionary War.

Daniel, born in 1753, son of Jean Henri, lived in Baltimore, where he discovered the New Church. His son, Daniel 2d, in endeavoring to convince his father of the "error of his ways," became himself converted and commenced laboring for the Church under Rev. John Hargrove in 1802.

Daniel Lammot, Jr., the subject of our sketch, simplified the spelling of his family name. Successful in a large importing house, he married in 1806 a daughter of Paul Beck, a leading merchant of Philadelphia, and removed to that city in 1808. His name figures in early records, he became president of the Central Convention, and carried on an international correspondence on the subject nearest his heart. He had the French ease of expression and extended wide and courtly hospitality. Four children were born to him by his first wife, and nine by his second, Anna P. Smith. Of the thirteen sons and daughters, I knew eight, each distinctly characteristic and interesting.

Lammot sat to the artist Sully, familiar to us all by his delightful child-picture, *The Torn Hat.* Sully was known at home and abroad through training under Stuart and West, and his patrons ranged from Queen Victoria and Fanny Kemble to Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Lammot. Sully's portrait of the latter depicts him in the grace and elegance of his early years, with the white waistcoat, the ruffles, and the voluminous white neckcloth of the period.

Mr. Lammot after seventy-three years in Maryland and Pennsylvania removed southward, and became for the remaining twenty-two years of his life "Father of the New Church in Delaware." But it must never be forgotten that his eldest daughter, Mrs. Margaretta Lammot du Pont, was its gracious godmother. She was his *avant-courrière,* preceding him by thirty-one years in coming to Wilmington as a bride. Three other adult children also came hither before him bringing their lamps with them.

William M. Chauvenet was a Philadelphia New Churchman, seven of whose autograph letters lie before me, written in 1837–1839, and addressed to his dearly esteemed friend, Rev. Henry A. Worcester of Bath, to whom he looked up as an ecclesiastical advisor, being conscientiously solicitous for the organization of the New Church according to the laws of spiritual order. He is corresponding with M. Edouard Richer at Nantes, on the Loire, who, in spite of childhood and youth contemporaneous with the tumultuous French Revolution and Napoleonic wars, lived to write books of serene spirituality. Chauvenet's letters reveal large-hearted hospitality, Church devotion, and parental loving pride in his son William at Yale.

This Yale alumnus of 1840 was shortly after appointed Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, adding astronomy, navigation, and surveying in his subsequent position at Annapolis. His last years terminating in 1870, were spent in St. Louis, where he was Chancellor of the Washington University. Many years after his death, President Taft, Charles J. Bonaparte, and others urged Congress successfully to a proper act of recognition of him by which a bronze tablet was placed at the entrance to the Naval Academy together with a portrait of him in bas-relief (see *New-Church Messenger*, pp. 475, 476, for June 11, 1919). Upon the tablet is the following inscription:

> William Chauvenet, Professor of Mathematics United States Navy and President of the Academic Board from 1847 to 1850, largely through whose efforts and plan the naval academy was established and organized at Annapolis.

Mr. W. M. Chauvenet, of St. Louis, son of the Naval Professor, has arrested our interest and attention by his notable front-page articles in the *Messenger* for October, 1918, and for May, 1919, entitled, "And Simon Peter stood by the fire and warmed himself," and "The New Patriotism."

We will now turn to a Swiss Presbyterian. Paulus Schlatter (1685–1748) lived in St. Gall, a pretty Swiss canton with much Alpine pasturage which we traverse in

visiting Lake Constance. The forceful Roman Catholic Abbot lived in St. Gall, which was also the birthplace of Zwingli, the Protestant Reformer. The latter exercised much influence, and had laid down his *Confession:*

"The Canonic Scriptures, the Word of God, given by the Holy Spirit, and set forth by the Prophets and Apostles, the most perfect and ancient of all philosophies, also contain perfectly all piety and the whole rule of life."

Paulus Schlatter married a lady with a sonorous and interesting name, Magdalena Zollikofer, and their little son Michael, born in 1716, grew up under intelligent and pious influences. Michael was much in Holland and married a lady with a name that suggests Dutch nationality — Margaretta Van Schleidorn. He allied himself with Protestantism and was sent by the Dutch Synods of Holland to represent the Reformed Church in America in 1746. He convened prominent clergy in Philadelphia, planned an organization, solicited pecuniary aid abroad, came back permanently in 1752 bringing six ministers with him, became himself a clergyman, preaching earnestly, and also engaged extensively in Charity Schools (*Encyclopaedia Britannica,* vol. xxiii, page 24). He served as chaplain under the British government in our French and Indian wars, but courageously espoused the Colonial cause in 1777, was imprisoned, his spacious stone house at Chestnut Hill was plundered, and valuable family papers were lost. *

Gerhard Schlatter, Michael's son, kept alive the patriotic war spirit, served as adjutant in the battles of Germantown, Princeton, and Brandywine; and, in spite of having two horses shot under him, lived until our wise nation-makers had completed the Federal Constitution in 1787.

How did "Old Parson Schlatter," as the Reverend Michael was affectionately called, learn of the New Church? Traditions, transmitted by the lips of his descendants, tell us that he used Swedenborg's works in the original as text-books in Latin for his boys. It must be remembered that he was

* *Life of Rev. Michael Schlatter, with full account of his travels and labors among the Germans,* by Rev. H. Harbaugh, Lindsy and Blackiston. 375 pp. Philadelphia, 1857.

intimately associated with Holland where many of the Swede's writings, scientific and theological, were published, that he outlived Swedenborg by eighteen years, and that he was in Philadelphia during Glen's visit.

William Schlatter (1784–1827), grandson of Michael and son of Gerhard, was the Father Bountiful of the Philadelphia New Church. He published at his own expense thousands of copies of Swedenborg's small doctrinal works, and we read that, being an extensive importing merchant in 1816, "through the medium of his regular business he has sent in his packing cases nearly two thousand books, large and small, to every quarter, especially to the West, reaching men of great independence and intelligence, who assured him that they would read and distribute the gifts" (Hindmarsh's *Rise and Progress*, pp. 268, 273).

The Philadelphia New-Church Society, being unable to erect a suitable House of Worship, "Mr. Schlatter, with a liberality indicative of his ardent zeal in the cause, resolved in 1816 to undertake the construction of such an edifice out of his own private funds" (*New Churchman*, vol. i. p. 166). A picture of the completed building at the corner of Twelfth and George Streets, near Chestnut Street, may be seen in Odhner's *Annals*, p. 256. It was square, with arched doors and windows, and small oval apertures above. It was surmounted by a broad dome crowned by a small hexagonal lantern. Mention should be made of Mr. Schlatter's very extensive correspondence — fortunately preserved — with New Churchmen in various parts of the world. Let us follow the light he loved through his marriage with Catharine Vaughn Lyon.

Theophilus Parsons Chandler (1807–1886) who married Elizabeth the daughter of William and Catharine Schlatter had an ancestral story of color and incident pertaining to colonial life. He sprang from four generations of Duxbury, Massachusetts, Chandlers, beginning with Edmond (1588–1662), an English immigrant.

The grandfather of Theophilus was Peleg Wadsworth Chandler (1735–1819), who married in 1762 Sarah Winslow. According to tradition he gave her a wedding journey

in an ox cart, and he truly did present her two chairs carved with his own jack-knife, which, as heirlooms, I have seen in Horace Chandler's house. The characteristic products of the early American craftsmen are more interesting than the soulless outcome of the steam-turned lathe. Moreover, these chairs embody the ardor of a lover cherishing visions of a new home with his unparalleled Sarah.

They adopted as a home New Gloucester, a town with a history north of Portland, Maine (see *The New Gloucester Centennial*, 1874, by T. H. Haskell, Portland). The Old Block House erected in 1753 was a fort and a church and a home all in one, with two swivel guns, twenty-five pounds of powder, and seventy-five pounds of lead. The building was of hewn pine, bullet proof, with oak door and narrow slot windows. Later, came better laws, a schoolhouse and a church. Into this town, in the days of its grim but growing idealism when striving for freedom, education and religion, came young Peleg and Sarah Chandler, who became charter church members and pioneers of Orthodoxy. Soon, Samuel Foxcroft, a Harvard graduate, was called as pastor, who should receive $400.00 salary, and $500.00 worth of shingles and boards for his house. I am afraid that at his consecration there was no rigid prohibitory law to be enforced, because Parson Smith said that "it was a jolly ordination, and they lost sight of decorum." A Chandler and a Parsons bid off church pews together, little realizing that their descendants would worship in Boston and Brookline Churches of the New Jerusalem.

From the spacious dwelling house erected for Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Wadsworth Chandler, their son Peleg at eighteen went forth on his gray horse Rosinante for Rhode Island College, now called Brown. His father hoped that he had especial regard for God's glory and for his own soul. After graduation he married Esther, aged twenty-two, daughter of his neighbor, Isaac Parsons, Jr.

Theophilus Parsons Chandler, son of Peleg and Esther, settled in Bangor, adopted the law, and was associated with Albert W. Paine. Later he married Elizabeth Schlatter, and made Brookline his home, opening his hospitable gates to the

General Convention for a garden party which I recall. His mother, Mrs. Esther Parsons Chandler, surviving her husband eighteen years, spent her last days with her son, bringing sunshine with her, and accepting New-Church baptism in 1865 at ninety years of age.

We first knew Mr. Schlatter's daughter, Mrs. Theophilus Chandler, in Wilmington, Delaware, as a guest of Mrs. Hounsfield, to whom, in her characteristically demonstrative way, she brought "oceans of love." In my father's ministrations to Brookline we learned to esteem her warmly. I saw her last in 1892 in her own home. My household treasures were all in the invisible world; and there was in her welcome the cordial touch of the hand, the warm breath of hospitality, and the loving reminiscence of those dear to both of us. It was the year of her own transition to the better world. Her face, framed in silver curls, was beautiful and serene, illumined by the higher light from above. Her New-Church descendants continue the line, only we must remember that the head of the Schlatter line never heard of our faith.

i. Paulus Schlatter married Magdalena Zollikofer.

ii. Michael Schlatter married Margaretta Von Schleidorn.

iii. Gerhard Richard Schlatter married ———?

iv. William Schlatter married Catherine Vaughn Lyon.

v. Elizabeth Schlatter married Theophilus Parsons Chandler.

vi. Mary Chandler married Edwin A Gibbens.

vii. Frances Vaughn Gibbens married George Copp Warren.

viii. Herbert, Edwina, Lewis and Constance Warren, of Brookline, who have received the rite of confirmation, and three of whom have served overseas in the Great War, are great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren of Paulus Schlatter, the Swiss of St. Gall, born in 1685.

III

BALTIMORE THE HOME OF MANY NEW-CHURCH BEGINNINGS

I. The first Society for New-Church religious worship in the United States was organized in Baltimore in April, 1792, with a score or more members. Prominent among them was Christian Kramer, who had rebelled against predestination and other dogmas, had examined many creeds, and had narrowly escaped complete atheism. His clinging faith in a First Cause was as a glimpse of light. His casual remark to a friend that Swedenborg was "a wonderful writer, likewise a madman" led to a reply that sent him in quest of the *True Christian Religion.* This book was accepted and brought him into clear, well-ordered thought. He belonged to the church militant and stood his ground permanently against misrepresentation and persecution.

President George Washington made a tour of the United States early in 1793. Visiting Baltimore, he was presented by the New-Church Society with a copy of *The Compendium of the New Church.* An accompanying letter expressed their joy that the Holy Word is being spiritually fulfilled in our day, and they offered a warm tribute to the Chief Executive, expressing the "fervent aspiration of his faithful fellow-citizens and affectionate brethren" that the Lord Jesus, whom alone they acknowledged as "the True God and Eternal Life" would preserve him long to reign in the hearts of the people and finally to shine in the unfading mansions above.

His Excellency in reply, after thanks, and the recognition of an over-ruling Providence in our national affairs, declared that every person might here worship God according to the dictates of his own heart, and he concluded as follows:

"Your prayers for my present and future felicity are received with gratitude; and I sincerely wish, gentlemen, that you may, in your social and individual capacities, taste those blessings which a gracious God bestows upon the righteous"

(For Kramer and Washington, see Hindmarsh's *Rise and Progress* of the New Church, pp. 150–155).

The Rev. Philip Cabell of Virginia (1836–1904), who had large social facilities for knowing the people of his state, reports the statement made by a member of the Washington family that the General was during his later years a reader of Swedenborg's Writings (*New Jerusalem Messenger*, lxii, page 75).

II. Baltimore, in 1798, anticipated all sections of North and South America by witnessing the first ordination into the New-Church ministry, the candidates being John Hargrove and Ralph Mather.* Hargrove (1750–1839) brought with him at nineteen from Ireland the zeal of his race, and it is not strange that the fervor of the Methodist Church at Baltimore was congenial to him. After years of membership he was ordained into the ministry in 1795. Was some of Wesley's tenacity of purpose and moral courage infused into him? For it must be remembered that Wesley, always a member of the Church of England, had the nerve to cut Methodism loose in America, and to create Thomas Coke the first Methodist bishop in the world. Bishop Coke ordained Francis Asbury, and Bishop Asbury ordained John Hargrove, who preached until he began to read Swedenborg's Writings in order to refute them, but became convinced of their truth, and fully accepted their message. Who ordained Mr. Hargrove into the New-Church ministry? We read in *The Precursor*, vol. ii, No. 42, page 290:

"Mr. Hargrove was solemnly inducted into the sacred office of the New-Church ministry by persons duly appointed by the Society in their presence by the laying on of hands. To this origin all the ordinations into the New-Church Ministry in the United States are to be traced."

A second Methodist clergyman, the Rev. Adam Fonerden, discovered our faith in 1795. He brought a knowledge of Swedenborg to Daniel Lammot and his son. Adam Fonerden's son John (1804–1869), left fatherless at seventeen, gathered up the Swedenborg inheritance left him, and soon

* For the first New-Church ordination in the world in 1788 in London, that of James Hindmarsh, father of Robert, see latter's *Rise and Progress*, pp. 70, 71.

began his half-century of devotion to the New Church. An early graduate of the Maryland University, and an earnest medical student, he became superintendent of the Maryland Hospital for the Insane, where his gentleness of spirit, extraordinary power of self-control, and quick intuition in emergencies made him ideal in service to disordered minds. We knew him in his palmy days, crowned with success in his well-equipped buildings, and happy in a field of service thickly strewn with thorns.

Dr. Fonerden became physician to Mr. Johns Hopkins (1795–1873) who looked up to his scholarship, and admired his idealism; and the Doctor, in return, heartily appreciated the merchant's business ability. Both men were Union soldiers in the Civil War. Fonerden was an inspirer in the founding of the Johns Hopkins University with its Hospital, which I have heard Oxford professors speak of as the supreme educational institution in America, their ideal being post-graduate training in science (see Rev. Willard G. Day on Fonerden and Hopkins in *New-Church Messenger*, March 2, 1910, pp. 135, 136).

Hargrove solidified the Baltimore Society, and gave forty-two devoted years to the Church. Judge Young came over the Alleghanies in 1803 to receive baptism from him, and made his own vocation a noble exponent of his religion for thirty-one years. Hargrove writes in very interesting detail of his own missionary journey of five hundred miles in 1806, of his stage-coach perils when crossing the mountains, of the warm hospitality of his friends including Judge Young, and adds: "I baptized seventy-eight souls" (Hindmarsh's *Rise and Progress*, page 187). At the first meeting of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem at Philadelphia in 1817, he preached the sermon; he was appointed president of that body, and served ten years, although not continuously.

III. The first New-Church Liturgy issued in America came forth from a Baltimore press under Samuel and John Adams in 1792. It contained a Calendar for daily Scriptural reading, Prayers, a Creed, Catechism, Forms for the Administration of the Sacraments, and Hymns by the Rev. Joseph Proud. Except that the prayers were for an American Presi-

dent in place of King George III, the book was a reprint of the English Liturgy. The Massachusetts New-Church Union owns an American copy, with an autograph inscription by Rev. Willard Hinkley stating the cost of the edition as $600.00. And we read elsewhere that Counsellor Robert Carter of *Nomany Hall*, Lancaster County, Virginia, after emancipating nearly four thousand slaves, prepared to have one thousand copies of the Liturgy printed at his own expense for the use of the members of the New Church (*New-churchman*, vol. i, page 400).

IV. The first American New-Church periodical began its existence in Baltimore. It was a duodecimo of sixteen pages issued fortnightly, edited by John Hargrove, and printed by Warner and Hanna. Starting on August 1, 1801, it closed its career on October 31 of the same year. I have studied the copy in the library of the Massachusetts New-Church Union which bears at the head the autograph "Jno. Hargrove" in clear, bold chirography. It is entitled *The Temple of Truth*, and is described as "A Vindication of various passages and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, lately impeached in a Deistical publication of Philadelphia entitled, *The Temple of Reason*."

The latter attempted by destructive criticism the disintegration of the letter of Scripture, after the manner of Voltaire and Tom Paine, denying miracles, and searching for discrepancies. Mr. Hargrove, in righteous indignation, sent for publication in *The Temple of Reason* one defensive reply after another, which Mr. Driscoll declined to insert, while commenting upon them editorially in misleading fashion; whereupon Mr. Hargrove published the entire debate in his own periodical, which sprang into existence in defence of the Bible. Both men stood with controversial lance in hand: Mr. Hargrove, warm and self-restrained; Mr. Driscoll, warm and sarcastic, calling his adversary "our reverend and Jerusalem Rabbi." Finally, Mr. Hargrove, for financial reasons, discontinued his little periodical after devoting the last two numbers to the spiritual exposition of remarkable Scripture passages. Other matter had appeared in minor degree — foreign news, occasional poetry, and a bit of science. When

the hostile Philadelphia editor said in his *Temple of Reason:* "From the politics of *The Temple of Truth* no man can learn whether the Editor be a Republican or a Tory," Hargrove replied in his own periodical, page 147:

"1st. *The Temple of Truth* was never intended to be a political vehicle; but chiefly to oppose mere deism.

"2d. The Editors conceive that religion and politics are two distinct things, at least they are so in the United States, and may they long continue so; and hence they conclude and know by experience, that men may be good Republicans and good Christians at the same time."

The periodical closes with a valedictory, in which the editor says:

"The serious truths that have occupied the chief department of *The Temple* are too rational for the mere fanatic, and too spiritual for the mere deist; and hence these formidable opponents, though naturally at variance one with the other, have cordially harmonized like Herod and Pontius Pilate of old, to condemn Jesus (or genuine truth), and rather argue that Barabbas, that robber and murderer (or the adulterated reason of mere deism) should be released unto them."

Mr. Hargrove was now fifty-one years of age with eight children. Hannah England, whom he had married in 1776, had recently been called to the other world. She had stood nobly by him and by the Church when his espousal of our faith in 1797 had cost him many pulpits, and had otherwise injured him financially. His disinterestedness is shown by the fact that he preached from 1798 to 1835 without compensation, and that he published *The Temple of Truth* at a loss. Hargrove's picture which lies before me reveals an expansive forehead suggesting high intelligence, and lips expressing firmness tempered with benevolence. He was happy in doing good, and was gratified that among subscribers to his periodical were about one hundred and eighty of the most enlightened members of other denominations in Baltimore, who, he says, "have nobly conquered the infernal spirits of bigotry and sectarian prejudice."

The Roman Catholic Bishop, John Carroll, was among

these enlightened subscribers, and remained Hargrove's warm friend to the end, their Irish ancestry giving them racial sympathy. The Rev. Willard Hinkley told me that his grandfather (John Hargrove) received from the Bishop his portrait as a mark of esteem. The American-born John Carroll was educated at the Jesuit college of Liège, Belgium, became in 1769 its professor of theology and philosophy, traveled extensively abroad, warmly espoused the Colonial cause, and was on his return appointed, in 1776, member of a government mission to secure aid or neutrality from Canada. Benjamin Franklin was a co-member, and a cordial friendship sprang up between the Jesuitically-trained bishop and our theologically latitudinarian philosopher. Franklin's large influence abroad was used to aid in effectively bringing about a cessation of the dependence on London of the Roman Catholics here, and to bring them into direct connection with Rome. This Carroll-Franklin friendship between men in many respects the antipodes of each other is a credit to both. And the Carroll-Hargrove friendship is equally pleasant to contemplate. There were two Johns: John Carroll, who rose to be the first Roman Catholic bishop and archbishop in America; John Hargrove, who rose to be the first New-Church clergyman here; and each kind of office was a power in its way.

Thomas Jefferson, after his inauguration as President of the United States on March 4, 1801, received at once a communication in which, "with singular pleasure and profound respect," the Minister and the acting Committee of the New Jerusalem Church in Baltimore, beg leave to congratulate him on his accession to the Chief Magistracy of their beloved country — "a country hitherto eminently favored by the Divine Providence with a peculiar degree of civil and religious liberty."

President Jefferson within a week addressed the Rev. John Hargrove in reply to the Baltimore letter, expressing thanks for its congratulations, recognizing the turbulence in the Eastern world, seconding the hope for peace, progress, and the promotion of brotherly kindness toward those who differ from us in opinion, and ending with the words:

"The philanthropy which breathes through the several expressions of your letter is a pledge that you will endeavour to diffuse the sentiments of benevolence among our fellowmen, and to inculcate the important truth that they promote their own happiness by nourishing kind and friendly dispositions toward others.

Commending your endeavours to the BEING in whose hands we are, I beg you to accept assurancies of my perfect consideration and respect. THOMAS JEFFERSON."

President Thomas Jefferson, together with one hundred members of Congress, in the Capitol on Monday, December 26, 1802, heard a sermon on "The Leading Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church" delivered by Rev. John Hargrove, who was visiting Washington for the first time. He had come at the invitation of the New-Church people, who failed to obtain the promised use of the Treasury building; whereupon, the Chaplain of the Senate, whom Hargrove had gone to hear, secured for him the use of the Capitol rotunda. Jefferson came, being a man greatly given to Bible study, as his much annotated copy of the Gospels in the National Museum will testify. On December 25, 1804, Hargrove delivered a sermon on "The Second Coming of Christ" before both Houses of Congress (see Hindmarsh's *Rise and Progress,* pp. 180,181, with footnote).

V. At Baltimore was erected the first House of Worship on our continent to be consecrated to the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ in His Glorified Humanity as the One Only God of Heaven and Earth. The building was of brick, about thirty-two by forty feet, and stood on the south-west corner of Baltimore and Exeter Streets. Its façade was pierced by a door flanked by large windows, each having a smaller one above, all capped by round arches. There were three rectangular windows on each side. The picture of it before me was composed from existing records, and from the personal memory of contemporaries.

On Sunday, January 2, 1800, the Temple dedication took place. A hundred years later, we enjoyed the centennial celebration, seeing the very Bible, printed in 1792, out of which Mr. Hargrove read, and the old mahogany chair on

which he sat. The social life brought together dear early friends and their descendants — the Reeses, Ahrenses, Fonerdens, Brickmans, Scotts, and Robbs.

This Baltimore Church Centennial of 1900 was enriched by addresses from Rev. James Reed, Rev. Frank Sewall, and others. The Rev. Willard Hall Hinkley (1831–1909), grandson of Rev. John Hargrove, fittingly contributed family reminiscences, historical data, and religious material. He himself served the Church thirty-six years, including valuable missionary work.

I knew Mr. Hinkley for long years beginning in the happy old days of the Maryland Association; witnessing in 1865 his ordination into the New-Church ministry by Rev. Abiel Silver; observing his brotherliness at the Philadelphia Scott-Robb Silver Wedding in February, 1866; renewing the pleasant Hinkley acquaintance in Brookline, and especially recalling the happy celebration in 1892 of his decade of pulpit service there; continuing the social intercourse with him and his valued wife — Rebecca Robb Hinkley — at Savin Hill — both steadfast in regard, never forgetting their friends. Five of their six little olive plants grew up and were transplanted to the better world; but the parents' religious faith was without bitterness. The father has gladly welcomed his daughter Meta in the other life. While almost on the border land, she wrote in 1918 a little brochure which is in print, *The Birth of a World*, revealing her recognition of new spiritual forces, her clear insight into their value, and her fervent desire for their working success in the hearts of men. Meta will tell her father of his wife, and their descendants, who care so warmly for the spiritual matters dear to him. I append a list of six New-Church generations in lineal descent:

i. Rev. John Hargrove married Hannah England.
ii. Hannah Hargrove married Edward Hinkley.
iii. Rev. Willard Hall Hinkley married Rebecca Robb.
iv. Frank Hinkley married Mabel Ford.
v. Willard H. Hinkley, Jr., married Ann Ledegar.
vi. The little child of Willard and Ann at St. Paul, Minnesota, is the latest descendant of Rev. John Hargrove, who was born in 1750.

he declined a text prepared to
read & pray — B. beginning "Please
are the pure in heart" then prayed
for blessings upon all men & nations
& for comfort for all cripples & distressed
for universal happiness & peace — th

IV

JONATHAN CHAPMAN
THE PICTURESQUE SOWER OF TWOFOLD SEED

> I think that I shall never see
> A poem lovely as a tree.
>
> A tree that looks to God all day,
> And lifts her lofty arms to pray.
>
> —JOYCE KILMER on *Trees.*

THE surname of Jonathan Chapman (1775–1847) has faded into insignificance. In vain did his progenitors hand it down as his inheritance; the patronymic became replaced. Even the baptismal name changed to a familiar abbreviation and he became affectionately known by the descriptive appellation "Johnny Appleseed." He was a hardy pioneer, a zealous orchardist, a lover of children, an altruistic citizen, a peripatetic New-Church library, and a live Evangelist.

Had he been reared under pagan skies he would assuredly have erected an altar to the goddess Pomona as his protecting deity, so strongly is his lifestory associated with the fragrance of early apple blossoms, and the blushing beauty of ripening fruit; with the gracious promise of spring, and the glad fruition of autumn. Had he dwelt in India, the Brahmins and Jainists would have commended his vegetarianism and his sensitive regard for animal life in refusing even in self-defence to kill the wasp which had cunningly ensconced itself under his coat in ambush for attack. Had organized Animal Rescue Leagues existed in his day they would have honored him for his devotion to abandoned horses, worn out by the long hard trek of settlers pushing westward; these he pastured, protected, and pensioned. One writer compares him to St. Francis of Assissi, because of his comradeship with

Ogden's Hist. of Champaign Co., O., Notes on same by John Jones
Annals of New Church" C. J. Ashmun
Dr. Jas. Lattimore Kinrod

animal creatures, declaring also that both were wedded to Lady Poverty. Appleseed, however, was not consciously an ascetic.

St. Francis gloried in rags for his attire and Johnny Appleseed reduced the life of the body to its simplest terms. This modern hermit of the wilderness is described as a small, wiry man of restless activity, long-haired, unshaven, with "keen black eyes that sparkled with peculiar brightness." He was often barefooted, wore a tin pot for a hat, and his chief garment in later years was a coffeesack having three apertures through which his head and arms emerged. Because of his fidelity to duty and his generally unkempt condition he has been compared to St. Anthony of Africa; but I see no kinship between disheveled hair and neglected garb on the one hand and saintliness on the other. We could wish that this altruistic disciple of Pomona had, in boyhood, received training in nicety of raiment from some orderly Puritan dame or neat Quakeress; and that, in adult life, he had indulged in occasional fits of self-consciousness whereby he could have detached himself from himself and could have seen himself in a mirror as others saw him; and could have cultivated an attire which would have given pleasure to the beholder. Perpetual self-oblivion is not well.

The picturesqueness and idiosyncrasies of Johnny Appleseed attracted the attention of secular periodicals. Mr. W. D. Haley, in *Harpers New Monthly Magazine*, November, 1871, gives a circumstantial narrative of the orchardist which carries conviction of its authenticity. He was born in Boston in 1775, and, with no antecedant history available, springs into notice in 1801 when he is first traced in central Ohio, east of Columbus. He was near Licking Creek with a horseload of apple seeds which he planted in various regions, furnishing the first orchard for a man named Isaac Stodden. In 1806, with two canoes lashed together, he went up the Ohio river to Marietta, along the Muskingham river to Coshocton, next following the Mohican and Black Fork rivers, planting nurseries as he voyaged. Sometimes he carried his leathern bags of seeds on his shoulders. His exercise of pomological zeal covered more than forty years' time and extended over

thousands of square miles of territory stretching from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes and westward to Indiana. He obtained seeds from the cider presses of Dutch farmers.

Picture to yourself the frontier streams bordered with rank and tangled grass, made beautiful with the morning glory and sweet pea, and made terrifying with venomous reptiles. The heavily wooded hills invite the wanderer to the refreshing coolness of their shade, but are coverts for the growling bear, the ravenous wolf, and the ferocious wild hog. The undergrowth presents an abattis bristling with thorns to check the pioneer's passage. The Redmen, wrought up to fierce hostility against the intrusive whites, are ready to torture and kill. This is Mr. Haley's background of the picture on which is projected the figure of the intrepid, kindly horticulturist who escapes the wild beasts, forgives the rattlesnakes, and awes the Indians by his fortitude in bearing pain. When, at the surrender of Gen. William Hull at Detroit in 1812, the exultant Indians were ready to renew their murderous raids even upon defenceless women and children, Johnny Appleseed came to the rescue. This "wild-looking herald of danger" rushed across the land day and night, denied himself food and rest, and with piercing voice warned the settlers to rush to their blockhouses for defence. At every cabin door he gave this message:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and he hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for, behold, the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them" (*Harpers*, p. 833).

The most valuable documentary evidence obtainable regarding the orchardist is a contemporaneous descriptive narrative which depicts him as holding his tree-planting efforts quite secondary, and as primarily a sower of spiritual seed. In 1822, at the fifth meeting of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem held at Philadelphia under the presidency of Rev. John Hargrove, a report was read of Appleseed's present career. He was in the full tide of activity, with twenty-five years of zealous propaganda before him. He was an itinerant lay missionary, announcing the glories of the

New Jerusalem with burning earnestness, and distributing pages out of Swedenborg's works. Unable to carry many heavy volumes at once, he scattered portions as leaflets, circulating them in rotation and collecting them for redistribution to be read backward if necessary. He declared that his avowed purpose in planting nurseries was to give him the opportunity to spread New-Church doctrines throughout the western country.

"On entering a log cabin he would throw himself down on the floor, open his precious package of books, ask the people if they would have some 'news right fresh from Heaven,' and then proceed to read aloud the strange Gospel to the astonished family around the hearthstone . . ." (Odhner's *Annals of the New Church*, pp. 533, 534).

In 1847 this sower of twofold seed completed his good work in this life. He was now seventy-two. He entered a cabin near Fort Wayne in northern Indiana, and was soon found facing the western sun, his face irradiated with a glory not of this world, and thus he passed on to the other life.

Our New-Church clergyman, Rev. J. R. Hibbard (1815–1894) knew personally Illinois residents who in 1835 became converts to our faith through Johnny Appleseed, and who retained their early fervor (*New Jerusalem Messenger*, 1835, page 108). I have been under two New-Church roofs where the picturesque pioneer was often a guest. The first was that of Mrs. Israel D. Wagar, a lady in the beautiful autumn of life with a long perspective in the past rich in reminiscences. She was the mother of Mrs. Myron G. Browne, and the grandmother of Mrs. Clyde W. Broomell. Mrs. Wagar, at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1908, told me of Johnny Appleseed and his noble work. Further testimony from living lips that had talked with him was gleaned in 1914 at the Kinmont-Eckstein home in Glendale, Ohio. Dwellers in both houses testified to his easy acceptance of untoward physical conditions, to his triumph of spirit over matter, to his unworldly faith that heaven would take care of him, to the Master's burning message on his lips. In recalling the radiance of his spirit, these ladies had lost all remembrance of his uncouth appearance. They heard from him irregularly in his absence,

and his coming was often unexpected. Their exclamation of surprise that he was still alive was answered by a merry quip.

In a Chicago daily of 1891 appeared a poem dedicated to the American Horticultural Society. After describing this seed-planter as a prophet of the wilderness, and a sceptre of the solitudes, it continues:

A druid of the valley, but as worldless as the wave,
Scorning comfort, seeking nothing for the good things that he gave —
A poor old plodding pilgrim of a brave unselfish breed,
God showed the way and shod the feet of Johnny Appleseed.
A song for Johnny Appleseed, who left a living trail
Of beauty everywhere he went, in mountain and in vale;
Thro' many a vanished summer sang the birds and hummed the bees
Amid the bending blossoms of his broad old apple trees.
A health to Johnny Appleseed! and may his glory be
Regrafted in the years to come on Life's eternal tree.

V

JOSEPH HILLER

THE EARLIEST NEWCHURCHMAN IN NEW ENGLAND

Major Joseph Hiller was born in 1748 in Salem, Mass. His great-grandfather of the same name came from Watford, near London, and settled in Boston in 1677. The younger Joseph served in the War of Independence, and in 1789 was appointed by President Washington the first collector of revenues at Salem under the new Federal Constitution — a position which he held through Adams's administration. You may see today in the Essex Institute at Salem the impression in wax of his official seal; on one side the head of Washington in profile; on the reverse side Hiller's monogram in graceful script with a floating knot of ribbon above, and below the words: "Major, Revolutionary officer (1748–1814), first collector under new government for twelve years." On the Custom House wall hangs his portrait.

The atmosphere at Salem had been permeated with Puritanism for nearly two centuries, since the Rev. Francis Higginson, a nonconformist, had established an Orthodox Congregational church in 1629. How did young Hiller discover our faith? According to the testimony of Thomas Worcester, who knew Hiller's daughter and whose own life for nineteen years was contemporaneous with that of Hiller, the latter learned of and accepted the teachings of the New Church through James Glen's Boston visit and lectures in 1784. William A. Wellman (1805–1878), who entered the Salem Custom House four years after Hiller's departure from this life and who married his granddaughter, says of him:

"Major Hiller was unquestionably one of the very earliest readers of the doctrines in this country, and he did much

for the spread of a knowledge of them within the circle of his acquaintance. He was widely known and greatly respected; he was in the highest sense a Christian gentleman; a person of culture; and of some considerable scientific attainment. . . . I have now in my possession some of the volumes Major Hiller imported from London, long before any were imported in this country." * All this testimony of the priority of Hiller's claim to New-Church knowledge in New England is strong. Hiller had previously married a Salem damsel, Margaret Cleveland, whose religious nature was congenial to that of her husband, and who shared his doubts. Together they read *Heaven and Hell*, and before half completing it they were satisfied that it contained the truth. This was the beginning of a complete acceptance of its message.

Major Hiller's third child, Margaret, was born in 1775. She was a noble woman, spiritual-minded and devotional, inheriting her father's intelligence and religious courage. Her kinsmen gave characteristic glimpses of her youth. She would make an oratory of the attic for private meditations, or rise early to kneel by the fire with the large family Bible before her. Her father's quiet home services strengthened her; his imported New-Church books gave her aid. "Her habitual study of the Scriptures, and her longing to know their meaning, rendered the new explanations delightful; a new life-study opened to her."

As another English strand is interwoven with that of Hiller, we will turn to John Prescott who migrated about 1640 from Lancashire and finally established himself at Lancaster, Massachusetts, then on the frontier of civilization. It was subject to incursions from the redskins with their tomahawk and scalping knife. But this white man knew how to produce a psychological effect.

"John was a sturdy, strong man with a stern countenance, and, whenever he had a difficulty with the Indians, clothed himself with his coat of armor, helmet, cuirass and gorget, which gave him a fierce and frightful appearance." He died in 1683.

John's descendant, Oliver Prescott (1731–1804), a grad-

* *Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem*, Boston, 1869. See pp. 10, 42, 43.

uate of Harvard in 1750, became an eminent physician with a medical degree, *honoris causa*, from his Alma Mater. He rose to the position of third major general of militia in 1778, and subsequently served as county judge of probate for fifteen years. He was brother of Col. William Prescott of Bunker Hill, and uncle of Prescott, the historian.

Margaret Hiller married Judge Oliver Prescott's son Samuel in 1804. The embargo and the war of 1812 ruined them financially, but they preserved in their Boston home the riches of their religious faith. She wrote an able book in elucidation of the New Church published in Boston in 1816, entitled *Religion and Philosophy United.* It sets forth at the opening the great limitations of the inductive method in reaching toward spiritual truth, and the need of Revelation to furnish first principles. And it grasps quite a wide range of thought. I have had access to the reprint, London and Boston, 1856, to be found in the Harvard University Library, together with a memoir of her by her son. (See also *New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xxxi, page iii).

The son of Samuel and Margaret Prescott shall take precedence of the older, brilliantly endowed daughter. He was named Oliver, and he added by legal enactment his mother's good old family name, and became known as Rev. O. Prescott Hiller. She passed to the other life in 1841, the year of his ordination, and it would have delighted his mother's heart could she have foreseen his twenty-nine years of consecrated service (*Precursor,* vol. iii, page 16; *New Jerusalem Messenger*, vol. lv, page 155).

Mr. Hiller's love of travel and fondness for social life found expression in his church work abroad after his Cincinnati pulpit ministrations in 1843–1848 and his remarkable missionary labors including the baptism of one hundred and twenty-one persons within a year (*Western Convention Reports* for 1843, page 57). He served his co-religionists in Scotland, sojourned in Ireland, and toured extensively on the continent. We hear of him at the home of Le Boys des Guays at St. Amand, France, among a congenial little group of men; as a warmly welcomed guest at Florence, Italy, of Hiram Powers, the sculptor; at Tübingen, Germany, under

the roof of Dr. Immanuel Tafel, who was maintaining a perfect network of communication by letter with New-Churchmen over the world (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xxi, page 198; vol. xxii, page 29).

In 1868, eleven American New-Church people named Cutler, Dunbar, Carter, Parsons and Silver secured a furnished house for the month of May at 29 Upper Berkeley Street near Hyde Park, London. At the Cross Street Church we heard Rev. O. Prescott Hiller in a highly interesting extemporaneous address, and the Rev. David G. Goyder in a strongly devotional sermon. The latter, ordained in 1822, was ripe in years after long and varied service. We visited Islington Chapel, a stone edifice with stained glass, mosaic floor, and rich pews, used as a New-Church Theological School. We twice heard Dr. Jonathan Bayley at Argyle Square, where he gathered large numbers. I should describe him as the Chauncey Giles of England. The service preceding his sermon covered seventy minutes, comprising three prayers, four chants, earnest congregational singing of hymns, and much classical music including the magnificent Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, sung by a choir of twenty voices. Dr. Bayley, who had been ordained thirty-two years earlier, now preached extemporaneously with clearness, ease, and effective force. He warmly welcomed us, called upon us, gave us names of New-Church officials at the Kensington Museum and the National Gallery, and otherwise extended courteous aid in our sightseeing.

Rev. O. Prescott Hiller had married in 1864 Miss Emma Anne Stokes of London. Those who knew her pronounce her clever, bright, and possessing much personal charm. She was a graduate of Queen's College, London, founded in 1848. It was the first institution of that kind for women in the world, our Mount Holyoke not attaining the rank of college until later. The co-educational Oberlin became a college in 1850. Queen's College was named in recognition of Queen Victoria's part in its birth. Frederick D. Maurice had much to do with its founding, and Rev. Charles Kingsley was one of its professors — "a thoroughly stimulating teacher . . . his influence on men rather consisting in inducing them to

think for themselves than in leading them to adopt his own views." Both were Cambridge men (see *Encyclopaedia Britannica*).

In 1866 the Rev. O. Prescott Hiller brought his English wife to see his American kinsmen; and in the second year of the World War their two children, Mr. Addison Prescott Hiller and Miss Margaret Prescott Hiller, sailed for this country on the White Star steamship, *Arabic*, which was torpedoed by a German submarine on August 19, 1915. The Hillers, after severe exposure, thrilling danger and much hardship, were rescued, and returned to England, but heroically ventured a second time. They settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, contributing scholarship and social charm; the son was ordained into the New-Church ministry in 1918.

We now return to the Rev. O. Prescott Hiller's mother. Surely one of the most potent of her missionary efforts was her loan of Swedenborg's books to a highly prepossessing young man of twenty named William A. Wellman. Her gifted daughter Susan was then sixteen. Eight years later he was baptized into our faith, soon after which, in 1833, followed the marriage of the two young people.

Mr. Francis Phelps has written of Susan Prescott Wellman's musical aid vocally and instrumentally at the Swedenborg-study-class he called together in 1836. Mrs. Nathanael C. Towle of Washington has told me of her exceedingly brilliant letters received during a long correspondence. Mrs. Catherine Worcester Thacher gratefully remembered Mrs. Wellman's comrade-like recognition of little folk.

At the close of fifteen years of happy married life, Mrs. Wellman was called by the Good Father to His home, leaving six children. The illness was sudden and unexpected. Margaret Cary, in an unpublished letter lying before me dated April 12, 1848, writes feelingly of this recent loss. She tells how the Chandlers, Philbricks, and Wilkinses spontaneously opened their hearts and their homes to the motherless Wellman children during the readjustment of the bereaved household; and how they witnessed the result of Mrs. Wellman's beautiful motherhood. The boy of eleven tried to drown his

sorrow by helpfulness to others; the boy of nine insisted on observing the bed-time hour which his mother had prescribed, and of saying his little prayer alone. The boy of seven, when warned against getting ill from dampness, said, "I would like to be sick if it would have taken mother's pains from her." The little one of five, overhearing the sad news suddenly, had bravely refrained from "crying right out." The only daughter among five sons, Ellen Margaret, was the most versatile and brilliantly endowed person with whom I ever came into personal association, inheriting evidently her mother's gifts in conversation and epistolary ability.

It is pleasant at this point to give a direct genealogical line of six New-Church generations:

i. Major Joseph Hiller married Margaret Cleveland.
ii. Margaret Hiller married Samuel Jackson Prescott.
iii. Susan Prescott married William A. Wellman.
iv. Joseph Hiller Wellman married Ellen Crowell.
v. Hiller Wellman married Emily Whiston.
vi. Their son Bertram, of Springfield, Massachusetts, is the great-great-great-grandson of Major Joseph Hiller, who was born in 1748.

VI

THE RAINBOW-HUED STORY OF MARGARET CARY

Margaret Graves Cary discovered the Writings of Swedenborg at twenty-one, and she served our faith thereafter for seventy-two years. Born on the island of St. Kitts, now Saint Christopher, the year before the Declaration of Independence in the Colonies, this little West Indian maiden was a British subject, but grew up to live under the Stars and Stripes, and to be a pioneer and a chronicler for the New Church. Here is her picture of her home life of luxury and ease:

"Every evening after tea the negroes assembled in the open space before the west gallery, each bringing a bundle of sticks for fuel for the kitchen, the men on one side, the women on the other, and an elderly man as a leader in prayer between them, and answered to their names as the list was called. Then they knelt reverently and joined in prayer, kissed the ground, and, rising, sang a hymn and departed."

Margaret's grandfather,— Samuel Cary (1713–1769) — a Harvard graduate, rose to the position of ship owner and captain. He married in 1741 Margaret, aged twenty-two, the daughter of Thomas Graves of Charlestown, who brought an inheritance of three hundred and sixty-five acres in Chelsea.

Let us peruse a little of this grandmother's diary, and ask if she transmitted any qualities to the Margaret of our sketch. She writes at Chelsea in the absence of her sea-faring husband:

"May 24, 1742. This day I am taking the care of a family upon me. Lord, grant that I may not be so taken up with the world as to neglect my great concern.

June 21, 1742. This day I gave myself up to the Lord in

an everlasting covenant never to be forgotten. Lord, give me grace to live up to the profession that I have now made.

September 20, 1742. This day God was pleased to appear for me in a wonderful manner, in a time of great difficulty and distress, and make me the living mother of a living and perfect child.

What shall I render to thee for all thy goodness and mercy vouchsafed to me?

Jan. 2, 1743. This day I was in great danger of being consumed by fire, but the Lord was pleased to appear for me, and wonderfully to put a stop to it.

June 3, 1744. This day we had a dreadful shock of an earthquake. Lord, grant that the surprise I was in may make me careful to prepare to meet my Judge."

This diarist was brave and decisive in spirit; and when a robber entered her house one night, she was aroused, threw on a wrapper, and faced him in the entry; "he was so alarmed at her sudden appearance and resolute manner that he hastily retreated."

Margaret's other grandmother, Sarah Tyler Gray, was early deprived by death of her husband, Ellis Gray, of Boston; and she is thus described in Mr. Webster's church in North Square after the bells had done chiming one Sunday morning in 1753:

"A widow indeed carrying up a sweet little baby, in the usual white robe, but unusually ornamented with little black bows all up and down its dress. The Rev. Mr. Welstead takes it in his arms, and giving 'the outward sign of an inward and spiritual gift,' with the name of Sally and the blessing, restores her to her mother's arms, while the audience, deeply interested, silently join their prayers and blessings."

Thus is set forth the infant christening of our Margaret Cary's mother. When Margaret's father, Samuel Cary, first saw, at a ball, this Sally Gray, now grown to a fair maiden of eighteen, he was instantly and vitally interested in her. He is thus described, being now twenty-nine, on his visit to Boston:

"He had a black man with him, who frequently drove a chaise in which he took his rides; dressed elegantly; was per-

fectly easy in his circumstances; and had that perfect ease and knowledge of the world, which, with good manners, betokens a gentleman."

Young Cary was a Harvard graduate, and had received from his father one thousand pounds with which he sailed for the West Indies and began sugar raising at St. Kitts, Grenada, with eighty slaves. He and Sally Gray were soon betrothed, the marriage being consummated in 1772. Their home for eighteen or nineteen years was Grenada in the West Indies, and here the Margaret of our sketch was born in 1775. She has left a ground-plan of their home showing spacious rooms of generous variety and abundant galleries or verandas.

Little Margaret Cary in 1779, was sent to England for ten years' absence at boarding school. The sailing master, Captain Cox, was a personal friend, and the child had an immediate lady attendant. Soon after her arrival, although only five years old, she opened the dancing master's ball in a minuet with a small boy. She learned various cotillion steps—"contre-temps, glissade, rigadoon." In addition to the utilitarian branches, she studied music, drawing, poetry, astronomy, history, flowers and filigree. Lessons in embroidery enabled her after many tears to complete a sampler in minute stitches containing rows of letters and ten lines of Rowe's poetry on the *True End of Education.* It was framed and sent home.

We get pictures of Margaret and her brother in Alice Morse Earle's *Child-Life in Colonial Days.* When eight years old, Charles Cary's London portrait showed the abandonment of the cocked hat, and the adoption of a simpler form of head covering, with a broad white flowing collar, and buttoned waistcoat. In Margaret's portrait in 1781 at six years of age, "the eyes and half-smile are charmingly engaging." At fourteen, her half-figure portrait is painted. Her broad-brimmed hat trimmed with feathers is seen above her abundant and very dark flowing hair. She has large expressive black eyes, and an exceedingly erect figure.

We cannot estimate the depth and tenacity of Margaret's religious nature unless we take into consideration the allur-

ing attractions of the eighteenth-century life which she was to see on so many sides. She describes years later, another brother, Samuel, who had followed her to England for educational training, as he appeared at the time of their return together:

"My brother, though only sixteen, was a man in dress and manners. There was less simplicity in dress in those days, 1789. He had his gold watch; hair dressed, frizzled and curled at the sides with powder; small-clothes, with knee-buckles (pantaloons had not made their appearance); silk stockings, and shoes with buckles,—a tall and handsome person. He was perfect in my eyes; sometimes finding fault with me, but I never found anything amiss with him." *

Margaret's return at fourteen with her brothers to her West Indian home was in 1789, her eager father early sighting her ship through a spy-glass and her mother's heart yearning for her arrival. During her ten years' absence the American Revolution had ended. Although Mr. Cary was a British subject, he sympathized with the colonists, and at one time harbored some American sea-captains, "so that the governor threatened to send him to London and have him put in the Tower and punished as a rebel." And at Cornwallis's surrender, a friendly monitor warned Mr. Cary to conceal his pleasure by seclusion and silence.

Nothing of great moment occurred in Margaret's life in the next two years. She fell into quiet useful ways in the household, and at the end of that time — in 1791 — they all moved to the precious Cary homestead with its three hundred and sixty acres at Chelsea. The distance to Boston was six miles by Malden bridge, or by sailboat. Snow once cut off visitors for six weeks, their horses combating the roads in vain. In 1792 occurred an insurrection at Grenada, W. I., resulting in business losses which made Mr. Cary permanently a poor man.

Retrenchments in the Cary household resulted from the financial losses. The children increased in an inverse ratio

* All quotations heretofore given, together with much else, are derived from a privately printed little volume issued in 1891 by the Riverside Press entitled *The Cary Letters* by C. G. C. A copy is accessible in the Boston New Church Book Rooms.

until there were fifteen, whose plain, old-fashioned names lie before me. Margaret was the second; she knew boys, for she had nine brothers, to several of whom she served as instructress and governess. Her London-bred brother fitted two for Harvard. Her niece, Elizabeth Cabot Cary, married in 1850 Professor Louis Agassiz, the great Swiss scientist who proved precious beyond value to Harvard. She won the heart of her stepson, Alexander Agassiz, a lad of fifteen, and she fostered higher educational advantages for girls at large.

Miss Cary's kaleidoscopic life shifts from gravity to gaiety. During a visit in 1815 at Mrs. Hill's, she is present at the great Peace Ball in recognition of the termination of our second war with Great Britian. Urged to attend this Terpsichorean jubilee, her only record is this:

"All very splendid. Laid a weary head on a soft pillow a little before three in the morning."

A very different social experience also came to Miss Cary. She was a member of a bridal party in Boston where she was presented to the future father of Queen Victoria; and she was accorded the same princely salute from the Duke of Kent as that given to the bride.

And now came into Margaret Cary's life an element of transcendent importance. After browsing in her father's library on miscellaneous religious literature from Orthodox to liberal, she came into a questioning frame of mind. And she records that on the first Sabbath in June, 1796, she had her first perception of the doctrine of the Lord during her Bible reading. Swedenborg says:

"The Lord does not openly teach truths to any one, but through good leads him to think what is true, and also, unknown to man, inspires the new perception and thence the choice that this is true because the Word declares, and because the latter squares with it" (*Arcana Coelestia*, No. 5952).

In June, 1796, the day after that on which the flash-like conviction of the Deity of Jesus Christ entered Margaret's soul, the works of Swedenborg were introduced to her attention. Seventy years later she was to receive the Holy Supper with six hundred other communicants at the Boston

Church of the New Jerusalem; and in her old age she contrasted these two occasions. "I was myself present at this meeting of the General Convention in 1866, and can testify to the feeling of devotion consequent upon the presence of so many participating together in the holiest act of worship."

Away back in 1819 Miss Cary writes to her sister:

"I come to you, my beloved Ann, refreshed by reading a few chapters in my little Bible, and a few pages of exposition by Swedenborg. Let none rest satisfied with only the resources of their own minds, however faithful memory may be, and its use is of the utmost importance. We want fresh supplies to carry us forward in the path we have chosen. It is the daily bread which nourishes."

Miss Cary met in 1796 the Rev. William Hill, a clergyman of the Church of England, but a very earnest New Churchman, two years after he took up his residence in or near Boston; and through him she received the doctrines. The Cary family letters show that a warm friendship sprang up between Margaret and Mrs. Hill, which continued forty years.

The story of Margaret Cary was indeed rainbow-hued. Light, in falling upon her life, came somehow through a prism, which gave color and variety to everything. Up to seventeen she was a child of luxury at home, but her training at the hearthstone stimulated her heart for good. She might be proud of the Copley portraits of her parents, painted in their honeymoon days in 1772. I have seen small reproductions of them, in which the painter has brought out the fine sensibility and earnest character of the sitters. Her father's letters are marked by tenderness and assured trust; and her mother's correspondence with the various beloved absentees reveals a great heart of measureless capacity. Their fifteen children were worthy, and proved a comfort. Their married life of forty years was made happy by the deep mutual esteem upon which affection may safely build. Margaret Cary's rich character-material is intimately interwoven with the fabric of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem; and Cary threads, a bit soberer in hue, will occasionally appear hereafter.

VII

THOMAS WORCESTER AND THE TREASURE-TROVE OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"He gave gifts unto men. . . .
And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;
For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

— EPHESIANS, iv, 8–12.

IF the story of Thomas Worcester were written in the starry heavens he would be found in a constellation of ecclesiastics: clergy to right of him, clergy to left of him, clergy in the perspective, near and distant. These Worcester ministers were largely Congregational, with here a gleam of Episcopalianism, there a gleam of Unitarianism, and a group of eight New-Church preachers in the foreground, seven of whom I knew.

Let us now trace the lineal path of Thomas Worcester's descent, illumined by a kinsman, Miss Sarah Alice Worcester, who spent five years in labyrinthine Worcester windings. The English were generous to aid Sarah Alice's quest. The British Museum recommended a competent genealogist, Mr. F. A. Lumbye. She herself went abroad in 1910, and together they studied parish records, monument inscriptions, "State Papers Domestic," and Bishops' Certificates. She concludes from strong testimony that her great-great-great-great-great-grandfather was William Worcester, who "compounded for the first fruits of the vicarage of Olney in 26 July 22 James I, 1624." She recognizes strong points in this vicar found also in the leading representatives of the family in America, and as confirmatory of her own descent from him.

I. Rev. William Worcester left his Olney Parish Church, the picture of which lies before me, with its low arched chancel, its carved reredos, its slender octagonal spire and its rural surroundings, and came to Salisbury, Massachusetts, some time between the years 1638 and 1640. He had been dismissed from his office as vicar for refusing to read from the King's book those portions which allowed sports and recreation on the Lord's Day. He found the Puritan Sabbath congenial, and the Orthodox pulpit at Salisbury a home for more than twenty years. He was called to the other life in 1662, and his spiritual labors called out commendation:

Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia* calls him one of the "reverend, learned and holy divines, arriving such from Europe to America, by whose evangelical ministry the churches in America have been illuminated." Johnson, in his *Wonder Working Providence,* describes him as "reverend and graciously godly." And the General Court of Massachusetts, considering an Order for his support, quaintly says:

"They of New Town (now Amesbury) should forbear to content themselves with private help, whilst the Lord pleases to continue so bright a star in their candlestick."

We have a final entertaining glimpse of him in his last will and testament: after ten shillings to his servant Hannah, and "some good English authors out of my library" to his friends, he distributes his property to his beloved wife and nine descendants. To his sons, Samuel and William, certain "higletee pigletee" lots of salt marsh; to others his cattle, named "barbar, golding, cherry, mad-fit, and ghost"; and,

"I doe give unto my daughter Rebecka: Bylie: my brass chafendish: and also I give unto her a book of mr. Anthony Burgases concerning the tryalls of grace, as a small token of my specyall loue unto hir" (*Genealogy,* pp. 237–240).

II. Samuel Worcester, English born, came over with his father, married a Rowley maiden in 1659, and became owner of hundreds of acres of upland and meadow land. The winding and industrious Merrimack river turned the wheels for his saw-mills just as it impells the machinery for Lowell and Lawrence today. In those good old days of the town meeting the rural citizens looked after the government, and gladly

sent Samuel to the General Court (State legislature) as their representative.

Leaving his home in Bradford on foot to attend an adjourned meeting of that body in Boston, and failing to find accommodation at an inn on the way, he was found lifeless on the road in the attitude of kneeling on the morning of February 21, 1681. He was public-spirited, and a man of distinguished piety, bequeathing land "to be improved in general for the use of the ministry, or bestowed upon some able, faithful minister for his encouragement to settle amongst them."

III. Francis Worcester was third among the eleven children of Samuel. "He was an innholder and yeoman in Bradford, Mass., and is represented by his son Francis as a man of amiable and retiring disposition, and of ardent piety."

IV. Francis Worcester, Jr. (1698–1783), fourth among the ten children of Francis, was ordained at thirty-seven over a Congregational Church. He served during his last twenty-four years as evangelical preacher in destitute parts of New England.

He had great success in arresting the attention of the young. They were naturally attracted and affected by his personal appearance. In height and breadth of frame he presented the proportions of a commanding and majestic figure, which, with the intellectual and benignant cast of his eye and countenance, added much to his power of address. *

Francis is an important factor as the founder in 1750 of the Worcester family home in Hollis, New Hampshire, sheltering five successive generations, and open, later, to the reader of this narrative.

V. Noah, (1735–1817) youngest of Francis's group of five, succeeded in possession of the Hollis homestead. He served the country as Captain under Washington; he served the state by helping to frame the New Hampshire Constitution; he served religion by sixty years' activity in the Congregational Church. His silhouette shows a strong nose and decisive chin.

* *The Descendants of Rev. William Worcester.* First edition published by J. Fox Worcester. Revised by Sarah Alice Worcester, 270 pp., Boston, Hudson Printing Co., 1914.

VI. Noah Worcester, Jr., (1758–1837) was the eldest of the quartet of children born to Noah. "Always of a thoughtful and serious turn of mind, at the age of twelve he led in family worship under the Hollis roof when his father was absent from home." Enlisting at sixteen, he was drum major at the battle of Bunker Hill, and fife major at the battle of Bennington. Nine years a school-teacher, and filling later various town and state activities, he settled over the church at Thornton, New Hampshire, as Congregational minister at twenty-eight, with a salary of $200.00 yearly. In 1791 he received an A.M. from Dartmouth, and in 1818 a D.D. from Harvard. He married (i) in 1779, Hannah Brown of Newburyport, and (ii) in 1798, Hannah Huntington of Norwich, Connecticut. His published work, *Thoughts on the Origin of Evil,* suggests his seriousness; his *Solemn Review of the Custom of War* and his *Friend of Peace* suggest a possible rebuke to the god Mars; his family record suggests a love of the ministry: himself of the clerical profession, he had among his immediate descendants eight New-Church clergymen. His book, *Bible News of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost* suggests a questioning of the Calvinistic doctrine of the Trinity; indeed, he had broken away from the reigning Puritan faith and entered the Unitarian ministry, "exerting an influence upon religious thought in New England by his liberal views." He took very high ground in regard to the Lord Jesus Christ. "Although with the light he then had he could not understand how He was One with the Father, he believed him to be, really and truly, the Only Begotten Son of God."

The portrait of Noah Worcester hangs in the house in Cambridge of his great-grandson, Rev. William L. Worcester. It radiates a kind of sunshine, and I can quite picture him as he is described, placing his hand over his heart which had been beating for seventy years or more, and invoking the divine blessing at his table with the opening words, "Indulgent Parent." The Orthodox divine, Dr. Blagden of Brighton, differing in theology, but socially cordial, further depicts him as a patriarch, tall and of large frame with his long hair surmounted by a broad brimmed hat, wearing a surtout

or gown, and bearing a staff (pp. 11, 12 of Sampson Reed's *Biography of Thomas Worcester*).

VII. Thomas Worcester (1795–1878), the subject of this narrative, was the ninth child of Noah and Hannah Brown Worcester. He first saw the light of day in Thornton, New Hampshire, where, until he was eighteen, he could look out on the noble Lower Kearsarge mountain. In 1814 he entered Harvard. Josiah Quincy, fourth of that name, came three years later, and gives pen-pictures of contemporary methods and characteristics.*

Of transportation, light, fuel and amusements, he writes:

"We knew but a morning and evening stage between Cambridge and Boston. At nine and two o'clock, Morse, the stage driver, drew up in the college yard, and performed upon a tin horn to notify us of his arrival. . . .

"The difficulty of getting a light with numb fingers, on a cold night, was a petty misery. In vain were the flint and steel clashed together; too often it happened that no available spark was the result. The tinder would absorb dampness in spite of all precautions to keep it dry. Our light came from dipped candles, with very broad bases and gradually narrowing at the top. These required the constant use of snuffers. Indeed, the dual brain with which mankind are furnished seemed to us to show intelligent design. One brain was clearly required to do the studying, while it was the business of the other to watch the candles and look after the snuffers. . . . Our fuel was wood, which was furnished by the college; it being cut from some lands in Maine. . . . My classmate, Otis, had ornamented his mantelpiece with two curious black stones, which excited great interest in his visitors. He had made a journey to Washington, and had brought these rarities home. He had a strange tale to tell concerning them. It seemed that the people in Baltimore actually burned just such stones as these. . . . They will be now recognized under the name of anthracite coal."

One amusement indulged in by the students was the privilege of turkey shooting at long range for a fee — the bird to belong to the Harvard student who hit it; and Quincy adds:

* *Figures of the Past* by Josiah Quincy.

"The usual end of a Harvard turkey-shooting was the departure of the proprietor of the turkeys with all his birds, and all our sixpences. . . . In the days when there were no public libraries, no travelling operas, no theatre trains,— when, in fact, the one distraction of the week was going to meeting,— who can wonder that the flowery paths leading to the domestic circle were more frequented than at present? "

Mr. Quincy describes the University officers: President John T. Kirkland, a Congregational clergyman, was able to rule lightly but effectually, had extraordinary intellectual force, manners of unassuming simplicity, and much kindliness of heart; Dr. Popkin, professor of Greek, whose "antique simplicity, dry humour, and hatred of all shams were just the qualities to win the regard of young men"; Professor Frisbie in the chair of moral philosophy, who had "clearness and condensation" of thought and who "could never bear to hear treated with levity those vices which a lax public opinion has considered venial"; Professor John Farrar, whom the students like, though "in general they hate his branch (mathematics)."

As to religion, John Adams had hoped that his son might become a clergyman; "but the nature of the doctrines which were then taught repelled him."

As Thomas Worcester studied theology in the Harvard Divinity School, the history of that school is a matter of present interest. Regarding the college, Josiah Quincy, being in 1840 its president, writes:

"We expect to find it, with certainty, anchored head and stern, secure against wind, tide and current, moored firmly on all the points which, in that day, were deemed fixed and immutable. . . . Yet, surprising as is the fact, there is not, in any one of the charters that form the Constitution of this College, one expression, on which a merely sectarian spirit can seize to wrest it into a shackle for the human soul. The idea never seems to have entered the minds of its early founders, of laying conscience under bonds for good behaviour" (vol. i. pp. 45, 46).*

* *History of Harvard University*, by Josiah Quincy. 2 vols. 1340 pp. Cambridge, published by John Owen, 1840.

The financial foundation of the Theological School was laid by Thomas Hollis, a London merchant, in 1720, whose gift ensured forty pounds a year for a professor, and scholarships of ten pounds each yearly "to assist one pious young man in the judgment of charity religiously inclined, in his studies for the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ . . . *and that none be refused on account of his belief and practice of adult baptism* (italics his) if he be sober and religiously inclined . . . the whole design thereof being for the glory of God and the good of precious souls" (vol. i. pp. 530, 531).

In an attempt — long, patient, and finally successful — to fill the vacant chair of the Hollis professorship nearly a century later, in 1805, the question of the "soundness and orthodoxy" of the candidate, Rev. Henry Ware, Sr., was brought up. The defense declared:

"That this attempt to introduce a categorical examination into the creed of a candidate was a barbarous relic of Inquisitorial power, alien alike from the genius of our government and the spirit of the people; — that the College had been dedicated to Christ and not to Calvin; — to Christianity and not to sectarianism . . ." (Quincy, vol. ii, pp. 284, 285).

In 1813, just before the entrance of Thomas Worcester as student at Harvard, William Ellery Channing had completed his brief period as instructor in the Chair of Biblical Criticism. He is thus described in the *American Cyclopaedia*, edition of 1863:

"Irreconcilably opposed to the Calvinistic scheme and the doctrine of the Trinity, he was even more at variance with the Unitarianism of Priestley; and occupying a middle ground in theology, he was unrivalled in his enthusiasm for moral and progressive ideas."

As may be seen, it was a transitional period when Mr. Worcester came to study on the Charles. He knew, through his brother Samuel, of the "Treasure-Trove of Harvard" — the gift from Rev. Wm. Hill of a set of Swedenborg's *Arcana;* and on his return to the institution after the vacation of 1816, he began a diligent search for the volumes. The library seemed a reasonable place, and he visited the West End of Harvard Hall. Learning through the catalogue the alcove

and shelf where they should be, he found only their absence, significant of indifference. Other efforts failed. As a last resort he visited a small, insignificant room flatteringly called the "Museum," filled with rubbish, discarded curiosities, and obsolete philosophical apparatus. He was searching for the Writings which treat the letter of the Holy Word as a casket which encloses precious spiritual treasures compared to pearls and diadems. He finally found the *Arcana* volumes in a remote, dark corner on the lowest shelf, sleeping the sleep of oblivion and covered with the dust of neglect. The discoverer further tells us:

"Of the fifty or sixty thousand volumes then belonging to the library, these were the only ones treated in this manner. The fact seems to represent the state of the New Church at that time" (*Biography of Thomas Worcester* by Sampson Reed, pp. 17, 18).

Mr. Worcester found kindred spirits under the college roof — men open to conviction and, later, his coworkers in the New Church. Among his classmates were John H. Wilkins, Warren Goddard, William Parsons and Sampson Reed. In classes ranging between 1815 and 1823 were Theophilus Parsons, Caleb Reed, T. B. Hayward, John Angier, Nathanail Hobart, and T. G. Worcester. In the King's Chapel *Addresses* of 1917, Mr. Worcester's grandson William writes on pp. 328, 329:

"It is perhaps impossible for us in this day of freedom and tolerance to realize fully the difficulties within and without which beset these pioneers of the New Church a hundred years ago. In part their hardships were the same that were experienced by the early Universalists and Unitarians, who rebelled against the standing order, and were at that time waging war with the Calvinism so strongly intrenched in New England. Equally with these liberals, the New Church was at war with the old-fashioned Calvinism and its doctrines of predestination, vicarious atonement, and salvation by faith alone. But, on the other hand, it varied almost as much with the liberal bodies. Its position was lonely in the extreme,— a mere handful of people, commonly regarded with suspicion, misunderstood, treated with contempt and ridi-

cule, in not a few cases cut off from association with relatives and former friends. Thomas Worcester once told me that in the early days of his ministry in Boston there was hardly a respectable minister in the city who dared to be civil to him. And when a school was opened for the children of the church, it was in part to protect the children from the treatment which they received in other schools.

"Members of the church were ostracised from good society, and their children ridiculed on the street. They early learned to suffer for their religion, and gained at once a spiritual strength, and a reluctance to spread broadcast the things which were to them most sacred. These traits John Worcester, son of Thomas, shared with nearly all the early New Churchmen of New England." *

In 1818 Thomas Worcester was graduated from Harvard. The institution could then boast of at least five buildings: Harvard Hall, which held the *Arcana* "treasure-trove"; Hollis, Stoughton, Holworthy, and the newest, University Hall, dignified and simple, as might be expected from its architect, Charles Bulfinch.

Even before Thomas Worcester's graduation, little gatherings had begun of those interested in our faith. Ten devotees, called together by Samuel Worcester, met at the home of Mrs. Margaret Hiller Prescott. Mr. Joseph Roby was the Nestor of the assembly at seventy-eight, standing on the verge of another life. Miss Cary tells us that,

"When the question arose who should address the Throne of Mercy, Mr. Roby observed that every one ought to know how to pray, and proposed that it be taken in turn. Of course, he, being so much older, was requested to make the prayer; which the good old gentleman did" (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xxx, page 394).

Rev. T. B. Hayward describes the scene at the institution of the Boston Society, August 15, 1818 (Semi-Centennial Celebration pamphlet):

"The ceremony was very simple. We stood in a circle

* From Memorial of John Worcester by his son, William Worcester, as preface to the former's work, *The Promise of Peace*, 196 pp., Boston, Massachusetts New-Church Union, 1900.

around the room; Mr. Carll read some suitable forms, including some passages from the Word; we kneeled, and united in repeating the Lord's Prayer; the proper questions were asked and answered. Mr. Carll then declared us to be a duly instituted church; and we all signed our names to a Creed which had been previously agreed upon.

"This is but a feeble representation of the importance and greatness of the occasion to us. This consisted in the intensity of feeling and the spiritual state in which we did this. We felt that we were taking a step that was all-important to the world around us, all-important in every point of view. *We felt that we were inaugurating the Lord's New Church upon the earth.*"

The names of the twelve signers are the following:

Joseph Roby	Abigail Cowell
James Mann	Margaret H. Prescott
Nathaniel Balch	Eliza Cowell
David A. Davies	Thomazine E. Minot
Samuel Worcester	Thomas Worcester
Margaret G. Cary	T. B. Hayward

Thomas Worcester historically was the central figure among the twelve charter members of the Boston Society — not only for that society, but for the New Church in New England. At the close of his full academic course in Cambridge he entered the Harvard Unitarian Divinity School and pursued a three years' course there. Mr. Hayward, also in the theological school for three years, says:

"Our position was well understood by the professors; and we expressed our views with the utmost freedom. We were active in bringing the doctrine to the attention of all who were ready to listen to them, and in corresponding with our friends at a distance on the subject. We were treated with great kindness by the government of the college, receiving as much as others from funds which could be applied to the payment of our expenses" (Reed, pp. 38, 39). Harvard atoned for permitting the *Arcana* to be buried in dust and oblivion; long after Thomas Worcester became a New-Church clergyman, his Alma Mater made him a Doctor of Divinity in

1856 — the first time that that degree had been bestowed on a New Churchman by any college. In 1854 he had been appointed by the Massachusetts legislature an overseer of Harvard, a position which he held for six years. Public opprobrium of New-Church persons was wearing off.

The world at large in 1821 was less tolerant than Harvard. Mr. Worcester is quoted in Reed's biography of him, pp. 43, 125, as writing in 1871:

"The New Church is in all respects regarded very differently from what it was fifty years ago. This some of us know by experience, for some of us were then quite dependent, and in want of employment. We had been struggling to get our education, and had exhausted, and more than exhausted, our means. We had expected to become ministers, but now all prospect of this was cut off.

"Those who made any efforts to impart the truths they had received were in general soon led to relinquish the attempt by the incredulity or disdain with which they were repelled. They were acknowledged by the condescending liberality of their contemporaries, to be *good* people, though weak to a degree little short of fatuity." And the vivacious Mrs. Samuel Worcester, referring to those days, still further enlightens us:

"Of course a great cry was raised against us, — we were deceived,— we were visionary,— were fanatics; and when in 1817 I was married to Samuel Worcester, I believe our friends and relatives generally would have felt quite willing to have had us locked up in some insane asylum" (*Semi-Centennial*, p. 18).

A line of wooers on their way to a certain attractive home in Waltham, Massachusetts, will furnish a cheerful diversion for the readers of this book after breathing the atmosphere dismal with misunderstanding, or hostile with detraction, or bitter with contumely, or depressing with ridicule, or dull with indifference, with which the early New-Church people were treated by the public.

The genial Waltham hearthstone which welcomed in those days Harvard students of Swedenborgian bias belonged to John Clark (1767–1850), captain of the state militia. On

May 14, 1793, he had married Lydia Sanderson, a Waltham lassie aged twenty-four. Both could remember the battle of Lexington, which linked them with the Revolution, and both ultimately linked their fortunes with the New Church. Seven children were born to them during their fifty-seven years of married life. It may be said here that Captain and Mrs. John Clark when more than sexagenarians joined the Boston Society on July 5, 1835, and that five of their children had preceded them in membership.

Thomas Worcester was one of the Harvard students of Swedenborgian bias whose heart drew him to Waltham because of the fair Alice Clark. Captain Clark then lived on the site nearly opposite the present Waltham School for Girls. The region is known as "Piety Corner," and it is a mile from the present city of Waltham. The Clark house, of which only a picture remains, was sufficiently spacious to hold the seven children and all the lovers. It was in a pretty valley sheltered by wooded hills. Thomas Worcester, at twenty-six years of age, married the fair Alice Clark, and his testimony regarding her is the most direct that I can find. He said in later years (Reed, pp. 45, 46):

"Her mind was full of religious sentiment, and of a desire to live a good life, and she needed only the truth to direct her. So, when I became convinced that she would receive the doctrines of the New Church, I proposed that we should unite in our efforts to live according to them. The proposal was favorably received, but not accepted till after long, careful consideration, and consultation with her parents. The engagement lasted four years, before the time came for marriage. During this time I received a great deal of spiritual support from her, doubtless more than I know, and certainly more than I can describe. She was much interested in the doctrines, and in all that I was doing in the church; and in all things she was a most valuable aid. As to my reception of the doctrines, she was a constant aid. It was only a few months after I began to receive them that she began. Our modes of receiving were, of course, different. The faith of a man is different from that of a woman, and neither is complete without the other. I know that when I had been

studying anything of the church, I was always benefited by conversing with her upon it, and perceiving how she felt and thought about it. So, when we were married, and I entered upon my duties as a minister of the Boston society, she was of great use. My natural tendencies were such as to lead me to be very intimate with a very few, and to make it difficult for me to be open and communicative with many. But my wife was naturally very sociable, and when she came into the church she was full of both natural and spiritual kindness towards all. By her influence, and by the information she was continually giving me, I was drawn out somewhat, and made to do better than I should otherwise have done.

"She was a very good wife and mother; and being very open-hearted and kind, she came into intimate relations with all, or nearly all, the wives and mothers in our society. Almost daily did they come to her for advice and encouragement. This would lead us to study the subjects (they presented) together. The studies were very useful to us, and I think they were the means of enabling her to be very useful to others."

In 1821 Alice Clark Worcester is described as a beautiful bride. In 1845 my father and mother came on from Michigan for the Boston Church dedication; and their hostess, Mrs. John H. Wilkins, said, "Mrs. Silver, have you seen our minister's wife? She is the cream of our society." My mother was enraptured upon meeting her. Mr. Worcester was licensed to officiate in 1821, and receive ordination in 1828.

Mr. Worcester was a man of strong and commanding personality. I hold no brief for him, but I truly think that he could not help being influential however hard he might try to the contrary. He was a born leader, and a multitude of persons whom I have known insisted that he should be such. When, from his towering height and with his massive frame, he bent over to take the hand of us small folk, we felt the power of a strong will, like granite. The touch of the hand was soft, the manner patriarchal, the voice low, the words few, the spirit kindly; but you felt yourself in the presence of a master of men, before whom irresolute wills would bend,

and to whom teachable persons would listen. He was an enormous influence in New England and beyond it. I often recall the comment by Mrs. Horace P. Noyes, who often heard his sermons; she was a discriminating observer, and she said that if she began to listen, she continued to the end; for the discourse was so connected that there was never a loophole where she could slip out.

The early meetings of the New Church for worship were held in private houses; then the little company changed from Hall to Hall, with no fixed abiding place. The gathering for the institution of the Society itself was under the roof of an earnest disciple, Dr. James Mann; and King's Chapel (Unitarian) showed Christian fellowship by the loan, on that occasion, of their Holy Communion Service for our use. The migratory Society, subject to the vicissitudes of all new movements, found in 1845 a seventh place of worship which proved beautiful and permanent. Mr. and Mrs. Worcester lived for fourteen years in friendly proximity to the Phillips Place Hall, and opened their own home for varied hospitality. They also, finally, established a permanent residence of Mr. Worcester's own erecting, in Louisburg Square in 1845. If you will stand facing the east side of the square you will see a brick block in which one house is distinguished by a bay window in the fourth story, marking Mr. Worcester's study.

The Rev. John Worcester tells us that, even in 1828, music was in a transition state, and current hymnology was unsatisfactory. The Rev. T. B. Hayward, then a young layman, and apparently the best equipped musically among the worshipers, had attempted the introduction of old English anthems for morning service, and choruses from Handel's "Messiah" for evening. Then came "*The Book of Publick Worship*, prepared for the Use of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem, in 1829. Boston, Hilliard, Gray, Little and Wilkins, and Adonis Howard."

The above is a small book of one hundred and seventy pages, with a dissertation on chanting filling thirteen pages. It contains twenty-nine chants and twenty-six choruses, of which nine are from Handel's Oratorio of the *Messiah*, including the difficult and impressive "Hallelujah Chorus,"

"Behold the Lamb of God," the "Glory to God in the Highest," and "Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain!" Their selection shows religious aspiration and musical ambition.

Professor George James Webb of Wiltshire, England, was educated in voice, piano, violin, organ, harmony, and musical theory. Two events of value occurred shortly after his arrival in Boston in 1830. He met at a musical club T. B. Hayward; and he soon discovered his possession of a strange and attractive book, *The True Christian Religion*, asked for the loan of it, and became deeply interested. In the meantime he had secured a position as organist at the Old South Meeting House, a building dating back to 1730, and a strong entrenchment for Orthodoxy.

On a site called Phillips Place, now occupied by Houghton and Dutton's store, Beacon Street, near Tremont, the Boston Society worshiped, from 1831 to 1845, in a building generously erected at the expense of Timothy Harrington Carter. The worshipers, entering a broad door, and ascending a flight of stairs, found themselves in a "domed Hall," as Rev. John Worcester has described it; and, with windows on a level, and ten windows in the dome, the room must have been attractive. To this cheerfully lighted Hall, Professor Webb went each Sunday morning from his organ at the Old South Meeting House after the opening service, to hear Rev. Thomas Worcester, returning before the closing musical services. But the Old South Church authorities objected. Professor Webb writes:

"I told them I was hired to play the organ, and as there was no music required after the sermon commenced, I then felt at perfect liberty to go and hear the doctrines preached in which I believed."

The objectors continued, he acquiesced, but at the close of the year he resigned. After a few weeks they invited him to take the organ on his own terms, which he did temporarily; but the New Church soon engaged him permanently, and "his love for appropriate singing qualified him at once to give voice to the desires of the Society which received a new and delightful means of expression." *

* See *New Jerusalem Magazine*, March, 1888, pp. 143–145.

The Domed Hall in Phillips Place, where the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem worshiped for many years

Professor Theophilus Parsons of the Boston Society

Interior of the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem

The completion of the Boston Society House of Worship on Bowdoin Street was a very marked event, historically, religiously, and musically. A spacious interior lot was for sale, and in connection with its purchase they obtained a contiguous strip of land, about fifteen by forty feet, extending to Bowdoin Street, on which the vestibule could be built. For public uses, the state has torn away the houses opposite this land, so that the entrance to the Church now faces the extension of the State House, thereby much enhancing its value. On this lot a worthy building for worship was erected, having a beautiful interior, the timbered roof giving a sense of spaciousness and exaltation, and the spire-like wood-carved repository for the Word in the centre of the chancel emphasizing a fitting sense of reverence for the Lord's Holy Scriptures. On this repository, the large golden western window opposite threw a flood of rich light in the afternoon, suggesting to the beholder the radiance of heaven.

The church dedication took place in connection with the twenty-seventh meeting of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem held in June, 1845. Clergymen and delegates over a wide area from Maine to Michigan were present, assembling on Wednesday the eleventh at Phillips Place, there being from two hundred and fifty to three hundred members and receivers other than those of Boston. At 2.30 P.M. all adjourned to the Church building, the Rev. Benjamin F. Barrett preaching the sermon from Matthew viii, 18–20, including the statement that "the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." On Thursday, the Rev. George Field gave the discourse from Malachi, iii: 6, "I am the Lord, I change not." On Friday, the pulpit message was by Rev. Thomas P. Rodman from John, xiv: 1–3, of the many mansions in the Father's house.

The business sessions are worth studying, since they show the wide range of religious activities already gaining attention more than seven decades ago.

At the Sunday services for the dedication thirteen hundred persons were present, the Rev. Thomas Worcester, pastor of the Boston Society, and president of the General Convention, delivering the sermon from a verse in King Solo-

mon's prayer at the Temple dedication (I Kings, viii, 27): "But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded?"

After the sermon, Mr. Worcester very fittingly led in the Dedicatory Service, which consecrated the building to the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ as the one only God of heaven and earth. The music was of extraordinary power in its spiritual impressiveness according to the verbal testimony given by my parents who were present. The organ was at the left of the chancel, sustaining Professor Webb's carefully trained semi-choruses of fifty mixed voices, each placed at the two ends of the gallery near the instrument. The antiphonal effect by the answering bodies was fine, and the united choruses, emphasizing such portions of the psalms as expressed the Divine majesty and power, were full of grandeur (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, July, 1845). At this point it is interesting to turn to the *Book of Publick Worship*, six by four inches, prepared in 1829 for the Boston Society. I am pleasantly indebted to Rev. John Wright, an Episcopal clergyman of St. Paul, Minnesota, for his compendium of American liturgies at large, including our own. He was assisted by his warm friend, Rev. Frank Sewall.

At the twenty-five gatherings of the Convention which I have attended, I have remembered most fervently those in which it was practicable to close the series of meetings on Sunday, after the administration of the Holy Supper, by Psalm 121. Words cannot describe the spiritual power of that psalm on those occasions. I contrast it with the best music I have heard elsewhere; with that of the Jewish synagogues here and abroad, rich in their Hebrew Scripture music, and their fine compositions, including chant-anthems; with the Russian choir of the Greek Chapel in Paris, where the quality of voice, the accurate intonation, the exquisite rendering were beyond words; with the mixed voices in the Royal Chapel at Munich under the Bavarian King Ludwig II which reached the highest point in religious expression which I have ever heard in the Roman Catholic Church. I would further add the Coptic Church music at Cairo, en-

hanced by the ministrations of Ava Kirollos, Patriarch of Alexandria and of the visiting Bishop of Abyssinia; also the music at St. Peter's in Rome at Candlemas and Easter, when Pope Pius the Ninth still retained his civil power, and the stately church ceremonials, with a vast vested choir and many instruments including silver trumpets, carried the hearer back to a powerful historic past. And yet, all these retire to the background before the impressive devotionalism, the serenity of soul, the interior quickening of the spirit, experienced on hearing at our Convention Communion Service, the singing, by all, of the Psalm beginning, "I will lift up mine eyes to the mountains." In 1866, at Boston, there were more than six hundred communicants; and I think that the power lay in the fact that the singers were worshiping the Lord Jesus Christ in His Glorified Humanity.

Returning to Mr. Webb, I would call attention to his beautiful spirit in cooperative work. Other and new musicians came in, and when he was asked to help revise the 1876 Liturgy to which he had contributed much music, "he labored on it with cordial good-will and displayed in his work such patience, reverence, and modesty, as greatly deepened the affectionate respect of those who had the pleasure of working with him." In studying voice and piano with him myself, and singing in his choir, comprising then about sixty members, I recall his weekly evening meetings at the church to drill the congregation in chanting, beginning with "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." He was very earnest for music from every pew.

Mrs. Augusta Fernald Faxon of the Boston Society has given a paper on "The Old Choir" which she brings down to 1865, when a new organ in the west gallery opposite the chancel, and a new choir, ended the old régime. Knowing Mr. Webb many years, she testifies to his noble character, exceptional ability, and devotion to the Church. His choir work "gave great satisfaction to regular attendants, and attracted many visitors." His eldest daughter, Mary Webb, led the south choir, Mrs. Keene the north choir.

"Thomas Worcester had a strong cabinet," was a frequent remark; and Sampson Reed was certainly his prime minister,

whose personal loyalty during a lifetime was unabated and unwavering. He was a son of Rev. John Reed, D.D., who had adopted the current doctrines, which he was led to scrutinize when his eldest son asked questions about the catechism which he could not satisfactorily answer. This led him to change his views, and dismiss the catechism, in place of which he heard his children read daily especially in the Gospels; he himself going directly to the Sacred Scriptures as to no other book.

Sampson Reed's Bible-loving father strengthened the lad's religious nature. While sharing Thomas Worcester's Harvard academic and theological training, Sampson became interested in Swedenborg. Remaining a layman, he lived to see his influential son, James Reed, represent the clergy, and hand down the New Church to five lines of grandchildren. Sampson Reed won the admiration of the Concord transcendentalist, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, at twenty-three years of age, first became interested in Swedenborg and his writings through a New-Church book of standard excellence. He says under date of September 10, 1826, in his Journal:

"Our American press does not often issue such productions as Sampson Reed's *Observations on the Growth of the Mind*, a book of such a character as I am conscious betrays some pretension even to praise. It has to my mind the aspect of a revelation, such is the wealth and such is the novelty of the truth unfolded in it. It is remarkable for the unity into which it has resolved the various powers, feelings and vocations of men, suggesting to the mind that harmony, which it has always a propensity to seek of action and design in the order of Providence in the world." *

At twenty-one Emerson had entered the Harvard Divinity School in search of new truth, and was already asking whether the ministry of the day had something to say worth the attention of men:

"Has the spell of weary century dissolved, and the Deity disclosed himself to men? Has the Most High opened his sublime abodes and come down on his sorrowing children with healing in his wings? Speak! How came

* Emerson's *Journals*, Cambridge, 1909, vol. ii, p. 116.

he? What is he? What said he? and what is to come?" (p. 59).

At twenty-two he is combating the philosophy of Germany, declaring that it would be vile and supine to sit and be astonished without exploring the strength of the enemy. He makes a plea eloquent in its warmth for historic and legendary Christianity:

". . . for the august Founder, the twelve self-denying heroes of a pious renown distancing in moral sublimity all those primeval benefactors whom ancient gratitude deified . . . for the antidote which Christianity has administered to remorse and despair; the Samaritan oil it has poured into wounded hearts; the costly sacrifices and unpurchasable devotion to the cause of God and man it has now for eighteen centuries inspired" (pp. 83–85).

In spite of this plea, Emerson had already revealed some "daring heterodoxy" which had stirred the heart and evoked the reproof of his aunt, Miss Ellen Emerson, who had nurtured him from childhood. In a spirited letter to him, she speaks of Jesus Christ as "a descended being, the Companion of God before time," and she pleads for an alliance with the most powerful of spirits — the Holy Ghost:

"Holy Ghost given to every man in Eden; it was lost in the great contest going on in the vast universe; it was lost, stifled; it was regiven, embodied in the assumed humanity of the Son of God. . . ."

Emerson wrote his aunt as follows:

"But what, in the name of all the fairies, is the reason you don't like Sampson Reed? What swart star has looked sparely on him? Can anything be more gently, more wisely writ? Has any modern hand touched the harp of great nature so rarely? Has any one looked so shrewdly into the subtle and concealed connexion of man and nature, of earth and heaven? Has any, in short, produced such curiosity to see the farther progress, the remoter results, of the cast of intellect to which he belongs?" (p. 124).

In 1833 Emerson visited and charmed Thomas Carlyle, whence ensued a lengthened epistolary correspondence, subsequently edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Emerson writes in 1834:

"I am glad that you like Sampson Reed, and that he has inspired your curiosity regarding his church."

"He is a faithful thinker, that Swedenborgian druggist of yours," responds Carlyle, "with really deep ideas, who makes me pause and think, were it only to consider what manner of man he must be, and what manner of thing after all, Swedenborgians must be."

Mr. Reed analyzes transcendentalism with discrimination in his preface to the fifth edition in 1865 of his *Growth of the Mind*. Emerson, in his *Representative Men*, extols Swedenborg in brilliant epigram, but comprehends him irregularly and fitfully. He is stimulating, idealistic, resourceful. Mr. Reed's book is quietly suggestive, and reaches the deep levels of thought.

Sampson Reed was the second Harvard student of Swedenborgian bias to go wooing in Waltham. Among Captain Clark's daughters, he chose Catharine, who was more self-contained and reserved than her sister, Alice. The Reed's stately brick house in Louisburg Square was erected adjoining that of Thomas Worcester on the north; and little James Reed and little John Worcester grew up as cousins side by side. The Silver family can testify to Sampson Reed's friendly welcome, and to his wife's tranquilly administered hospitality, on many a day.

Caleb Reed graduated at Harvard in 1817, having George Bancroft and Caleb Cushing among his distinguished classmates. About 1819 he became interested in the New Church; and Sampson Reed says of it:

"He commenced reading for the purpose of convincing me, who was his brother, and by three years his junior, of my errors; and that being a good object was duly rewarded. He found a treasure which he little expected; and when he found it, he did not lay it up in a napkin, but used it to the best of his ability."

Mr. Caleb Reed's early study and practice of law covering nine years aided him in an intelligent analysis of spiritual truth; and his easy financial circumstances enabled him to give valuable gratuitous service for more than twenty years as editor of the *New Jerusalem Magazine*. Conciliatory

in his manner, which brought conflicting elements into harmony, he was inflexible in adherence to principle (*New-Church Messenger*, vol. ii, pp. 286, 287, December, 1854).

In 1835 he married Mary, eldest daughter of Mrs. Thomazine Minot, the latter one of the charter members of the Boston Society. The young wife, after six years, was called to the other life, leaving an infant child, Arthur, and a daughter, Helen, aged two. In this extremity, the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Worcester extended a great-hearted welcome to the family. The Reeds remained several years under the Worcester roof, and Benjamin Worcester became Helen's first drawing teacher. The little girl was under the immediate care of Miss Ruth Cobb, who in 1847 married her father.

Encouraged by Preston, son of Hiram Powers, under whom she was instructed in Boston in clay modeling, Helen Reed went to Italy for study of art, remaining twenty-five years. She rejoiced in the Signor Scocia movement.

In 1892, Mrs. Henry Nichols and myself saw Helen's home in Florence. From our rooms on the Arno we followed a street leading past the Pitti Palace through the Porto Romano Gate. Just within a paved archway was the door leading to her little suite of ground floor studio rooms abounding with artistic objects. Two flights above was her home suite: at the front, her dining room, at the back, her parlor, seemingly ten miles from city noises. It looked out on shrubbery and trees where the nightingales should have sung for us, but did not. For sixteen years Helen shared this home with Miss Robinson, an English lady, with a low-toned, beautifully modulated voice, who was gracious to Helen's New-Church friends, familiar with the Italian language, closely observant of the native people, and possessed of a keen sense of fun.

The tie between Helen Reed and her brother Arthur was exceptionally near; he visited her every year abroad. He was in the Harvard class of '62, and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa; an officer in the Civil War, one of the founders of the Apollo Club, and clerk of the Boston Society under his cousin, Rev. James Reed. Helen's spiritual anchorage, and her submission, when Arthur was called up higher in

1915, astonished her friends. She followed in 1917. We love to look at her "Angel of the Resurrection" in low relief in one of the rooms of the Boston church. The face and upward gesture express aspiration; the flowing hair and drapery are full of motion. Helen herself is now hearing the ineffable music of adoration by the angels, and is seeing the transcendent colors of heaven.

Tilly B. Hayward (1797–1878) chose Harvard as his Alma Mater, entering a bit later than the Worcester group. He never married, but warmed his bachelor heart at Caleb Reed's hearthstone as a member of his household for several years. He occupied the fourth-story room recently known as Helen Reed's "den" or studio, with its portfolios of her exquisitely tinted pastels of Venetian scenes. There was genial coloring in Mr. Hayward's character also. Thomas Worcester, as a co-student at college, drew his attention one day in 1817 to the New Church. He commented on a lately deceased friend, expressed interest in his present condition, and wondered what he was doing in the other world. Young Hayward inquired concerning these singular thoughts, recalled the current unsatisfactory views regarding life hereafter, borrowed and read *Heaven and Hell*, and asked himself, "Is there really no test by which I shall certainly know whether it is true or false?" And Sampson Reed tells us that Mr. Hayward seemed to hear a voice saying:

"There *is* such a test. If it has the tendency to make you a better man; to make you love the Scriptures; to bring you nearer to the Lord, it is true, not otherwise."

Mr. Hayward was the youngest of the twelve charter members of the Boston Society, kept his heart green through his teaching of boys and young men, was more interested in bringing out their faculties than in filling their memories, became a critical translator of Swedenborg from the Latin, taught the Greek Testament in our Theological School, and was ordained a clergyman in 1850.

Francis Phelps, when a Harvard senior in 1836, dropped into the office of his lawyer cousin, Theophilus Parsons, one day, found him too occupied to visit, and picked up a copy of the *New Jerusalem Magazine*. Here he found an article

by Sampson Reed *Concerning Marriages in Heaven.* It contained wonderful things at which he grew more and more astonished every moment. On finishing its perusal he had a complete conviction that it was all true, and — to use his words — he became a thorough-going Swedenborgian without knowing then what it all meant. For the past six or seven years he had been visiting other churches to discover something of life hereafter, only to be told that nothing could be known. On that very visit he borrowed the *New Jerusalem Magazine* numbers by the dozen — fifty or sixty of them — and as he crossed Harvard Bridge with his huge bundle he felt that he had discovered a great treasure. He devoted to it every moment spared from college studies, joined the Church in 1837, and his sixty years' devotion to it only ended for this world with his death.

Francis Phelps also warmed his bachelor heart under Caleb Reed's hospitable Pinckney Street rooftree, visiting it often for the sake of his dear bachelor friend, Tilly Hayward. Mr. Phelps not only read Swedenborg, but he carried a great quantity of accurate paragraph numbers in his capacious head. At a temporary club with Mr. Peleg Chandler as president which met at one time in the Tremont Street Theological School rooms, I was there. And when some disputed point of doctrine arose, Francis Phelps, who came, I think, as a watchman upon the walls and a protector of truth, would go to the library, find the fitting passage in the *Arcana,* and read it.

Frank O. Whitney was another bachelor-for-life New Churchman. He was as true a friend of Rev. James Reed as Damon ever was to Pythias, and he protected him from the perils of the sea when they crossed the Atlantic in 1910 for the great New-Church Centennial in London. He was also a warm friend of George Ropes, who became a benedict by marrying Mary Minot Clark, a lady of very superior character, and a granddaughter of the good Waltham sea captain Clark. I saw Mr. Whitney last at the home of the Ropes daughters, Alice and Charlotte, and was surprised to hear him say that he liked Thackeray better than Dickens. I fancied that the satirist's caustic pen would offend the

serene-spirited man, but sometimes we may like to have other people say what we only think in silence. It is a kind of vicarious outlet.

Francis Phelps was delighted when his brother Arthur — ten years his junior — became an ardent New Churchman. Arthur, at thirty-five, while still a bachelor, made an extended European trip. His autograph lecture on the subject lies before me, and furnishes material to the reader for character study. In 1853, few Americans made leisurely recreative journeys abroad, although Arthur's pastor, the Rev. Thomas Worcester, had preceded him. Mr. Phelps sailed the eighth of December from Boston, a bracing Nor'Wester giving life to the "graceful inanimate craft." But, in spite of the barque's spirited name, *Race Horse*, and its 3500 yards of canvas, the boat zigzagged over 4700 miles of water from Boston to Marseilles, and consumed thirty-four days. She bore up against prolonged headwinds, lost her bowsprit, her runner, and part of her bulwarks, and treated the passengers to a terrific Christmas storm, with yawning water caverns, steep mountain waves, vivid lightning, and reverberating thunder — magnificent and terrible phenomena which Mr. Phelps witnessed with "mingled emotions of awe, surprise, and admiration." With returning sunshine, he felt a deep and abiding delight in the exquisite coloring of sunset and sunrise. He was quickly responsive to the beautiful, or to military strength as at Gibraltar, or to the tragic, as at Chateau d' If, or to the historic, as at Elba.

He traveled without haste, spending three months in Rome, under Pope Pius IX. as civil ruler. Here he conscientiously visited the ancient, mediæval, and modern city, from the earliest aqueduct to the latest studio, of which I will give no guidebook catalogue. He was impressed by the Roman ritual, saw the stately pomp of Candlemas and Easter in St. Peter's, and witnessed the lengthy ceremonial by Cardinal Ferrati of receiving the Countess Barcaroli as a nun, and he adds, "Immediately afterwards we received from her own hands, in another part of the Church, cakes and candies as the closing entertainment of the day — this being her farewell to the world and its sins." He continues:

"It was fine to see Old Rome where the frequent celebrations and festivals were held, the interest in them increased by the presence of Pope, cardinal, and monk, with all the glittering pomp and quaint apparel, and to witness with subdued delight the most gorgeous ceremonials of that powerful Church."

Mr. Phelps received much kind hospitality from Crawford, the sculptor, and met, at his dinner table, Lockhart, the son-in-law of Walter Scott. Phelps traveled for five months with Dr. L. S. Burridge, who was a great source of pleasure and instruction. The latter was, I infer, the brother-in-law of Cephas G. Thompson, the New-Church artist, who is also mentioned. Among the great art centres, the fine minor cities of Italy were not neglected. The traveler returned by Switzerland, France and England. To twentieth century eyes, the striking feature of the sojourn abroad in 1853–4 was the small travel by rail. In looking back over his journey, he says:

"I distinctly call to mind the old-fashioned and unsightly vehicles used in the common work of life, and the clumsy coaches — diligence and vettura — which transported travelers at five miles an hour from one end of Italy to another. It was my privilege, — and it gratified a curiosity — to be carried from place to place in those rustic and heavy conveyances, drawn by poor horses which were harnessed by a mingled combination of rope, leather and chains."

Mr. Phelps saw the advantage of a non-conducted tour, since he could quietly and tranquilly visit galleries and noble architectural structures, often alone; he was thereby permitted greater individuality of action, more careful judgment, the enlargement of his powers of observation, better student work, and increased usefulness as a critic. He quotes a writer who compares mammoth excursions "to a parcel-delivery business, where tourists are passive instruments, marked, numbered, and warehoused according to terms of invoice." The following shows the practical side of the Phelps character:

"I was absent a little more than nine months, and traveled a distance of over 11,000 miles. The total expenses — in-

cluding $50.00 for clothing, and $50.00 for souvenirs for friends — amounted to $732.83."

Mr. Phelps's diary is prefaced with the verse from Isaiah, xl, 31, beginning, "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." He was entertained by the New Churchman abroad, Hiram Powers, the Florence sculptor, and gladly renewed his religious affiliations there. He was of a sunny, pliable nature. His mother, Sarah, was a sister of Chief Justice Parsons, and Arthur had much of the catholicity of taste and interest shown in his cousin, Professor Theophilus Parsons. He happily forsook his bachelorhood, and married Miss Harriet Pratt, who joined the Boston Society in 1866. They were our valued Roxbury neighbors for many years.

I was present at the last communion service of Arthur Phelps in his chamber, administered with most impressive solemnity by Rev. James Reed. Mr. Phelps was on the very verge of the other world, and it was as if the gates were a bit ajar, and the heavenly radiance shone on or through his face. The unselfish Ellen Andrews was present, having furnished a carriage to bring over his beloved brother Francis, who followed him to the happy land of reunions in the same year, 1897. The devoted wife still survives.

Thomas Doliber formed an indissoluble triumvirate of warm friends with George Ropes and Frank Whitney. He married Miss Ada Heath, and with his ardent temperament and enthusiasm for good church music, happy was the Society that counted him among its members. His wife was exceedingly well endowed mentally, and solved the problem of juvenile books which were both elevating and interesting by testing them on the six children of her household. The Doliber musical parties in Brookline were a delight, with their high order of English glees, madrigals, and carols for boys' voices under a trained leader.

John P. Perry (1819–1886), a Dartmouth alumnus, received authority to preach in the Orthodox Congregational Church. But his devout study of Scripture led him to believe in the Unity of God in One Person, and of man's early resurrection from the body. Swedenborg confirmed his Bible

deductions, and he entered our ministry in 1852. I knew his treasure of a Danish wife, Emma Rusch Perry. They still live in their New-Church sons, Chauncey of Waltham, and John of California, and in their artistic daughter Emilie, whom we all recall when we see the significant design of our League pin.

Nathanail Hobart (1794–1840) was the third Harvard student of Swedenborgian bias to go wooing among Captain Clark's flock of daughters at Waltham. He was in Caleb Cushing's class of 1813, but did not graduate. The Hobart family in this country dates back seven generations to Edmund of 1633. Nathanael's great-grandfather Isaac (1700–1775) of Abington was clever at civil engineering, and possessed a Puritan conscience. Through inadvertance in forgetting the day, he started his grist mill going one Sunday morning. Reminded at ten A.M. by a passing neighbor of this infraction of the Holy Day, he instantly stopped his mill, hastily dressed for church, and attended service. On the following Monday he kept himself and his family from all labor until ten A.M. to balance the previous day.

The Waltham Clarks where young Hobart sought a wife were of similar ancestry, and Waltham had known them for four or five generations. Benjamin Worcester says of them: "Their honesty and piety were of the simple, practical sort by which, when they had sold wood at a price, and the market price fell before its delivery, they would take but the reduced price; and if beans were wanted for the Sunday's dinner, they must be gathered and shelled before Saturday's sun went down." They were sturdy, rugged men, Congregational deacons, holding state offices of trust because of their probity. Captain Clark's son Calvin brought home strange Swedenborgian news from Cambridge. Doubt and fear were in the old folks' mind, but their hearts told them that what they heard from the lips of the serious-minded, plain-speaking young collegians, who came on marriage intent, must be true. They studied its effect on character, and, twenty years later, followed their children into the Boston Society.

Nathanael Hobart chose Lydia, the most decisive of the

Clark daughters. She assisted at home in farm, garden, dairy and kitchen. After thirteen happy years of married life, her husband was lost in the tragedy of the Long Island Sound boat, *Lexington*, being, like his great-grandfather Aaron in 1705, "drowned in sailing toward Boston." Nathanael was wise in choosing a strong-spirited, firm-willed, heroic-hearted maiden for his wife. She was now left with four fatherless children, and slender financial resources; but she trusted in God, and opened a school. Her son, Nathan, a lad of eleven, grew sturdily, was a comfort to her, married at twenty-eight, and furnished children to the Waltham New-Church school. Mrs. Lydia Hobart's little two-year-old soon followed his father to the summer land. The two daughters, Sarah and Cornelia, were transplanted to the other life at nineteen and twenty-one years of age (Benjamin Hobart's *Abington*, pp. 275, 276, 392, 393). Benjamin Worcester says:

"The loveliness, the affection, the brilliancy of soul were never more manifest than with these two noble girls in their last days; and in this way the distinction between the living soul and the wasting body became strikingly clear. The elder, who was taken first, was so far withdrawn in soul from the suffering body that she would speak in pity of the sick girl as of another person, so gently was the separation and removal made. A little later, the soul of the other daughter, radiant with the love of heaven, stole away on the last gently expiring breath. Her mother, prepared by a wonderful dream, had not a tear to shed, only saying, 'How beautiful!' Her strong natural feelings were gently loosed and chastened, and made to give place to the self-denying spiritual love which rejoiced more in their gain than the natural suffers from their loss" (copied with slight transposition from *New-Church Messenger* of May 26, 1886). Mr. Worcester further says of his Aunt Lydia that scholars sought her out for love and sympathy. To her came ministers and doctors, lawyers and teachers, their wives and their children, for counsel and encouragement.

In 1879 I spent a half day with Mrs. Lydia Hobart, after a Sunday sermon by Mr. Benjamin Worcester. She was in

pleasant rooms in her son's Waltham home. We discussed old friends, old days, old manners, old ways. I asked her concerning two persons whom we knew who went abroad, and left the New-Church fold for the Church of Rome. Her solution of the problem was gentle. She said that our simple service seemed inadequate, and they sought for a richer ritual to give expression to their devotional natures. As she herself required nothing of the kind, it showed a certain largeness of horizon that she could put herself in their place. She was a septuagenarian, but her mental and physical powers seemed intact. I asked if she did not sometimes take a little siesta on a sultry afternoon; but she replied, "Never," and she sat for six hours as erect as a pine tree, and insisted on my remaining until dusk lest I get a sunstroke. Her clear-cut outline of character was already mellowing under a certain haze which diffuses over great natures in the autumn of life. But her love of self-reliance and her vigorous will — quickened under her burden of widowhood — yielded only after a struggle. She succeeded; and many a person came to light their little taper of courage at her great torch of heroism.

Timothy Harrington Carter went also to Captain Clark's for a wife. He chose Martha, the most affectionate of the three sisters whom I knew. She was winning in personality, and demonstrative in manner; over her comely face expression came and went like shimmering sunlight through foliage on the grass. I saw her last in 1868, when she planned a week for me at her house. It never materialized to my great loss. The more Clarks the better, in this world. Mr. Thomas Worcester's daughter, Mrs. Thomas Thacher, told me that Mrs. Carter most resembled her own mother, Alice Clark Worcester. The short-lived daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carter — Mary — married Edwin Hale Abbott, Harvard tutor, then lawyer, always the staunch friend of Rev. James Reed. At the New-Church Convention of 1855 in Boston, my attention was called to a beautiful group of girls — five cousins. I can recall four: Mary Carter, Cornelia Hobart, Lizzie Reed, and Helen Reed. The first three were granddaughters of Capt. John Clark of Waltham.

The procession of New-Church brides from the old sea-

captain's roof is closed. Alice Clark Worcester in 1821; Lydia Clark Hobart in 1827; Catharine Clark Reed in 1832 on Christmas Day; Martha Clark Carter in 1833. The last three joined the Boston Society in 1827; Alice much earlier. The parents followed the footsteps of their daughters and of their son Calvin; and with their youngest son, Luther, they joined the Boston Society in 1835, aged sixty-eight and sixty-six respectively.

Harrington Carter's maternal great-grandfather is worth knowing. The Rev. Timothy Harrington was settled as an Orthodox Congregational clergyman in Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1748, on an annual salary of $213.33. The salary rose to $300.00, but fell back in 1788, "because the currency was fluctuating, it being determined by the price of rye, Indian corn, beef and pork." In 1792, owing to Mr. Harrington's advanced age, his parishioners consulted him "touching his inclinations concerning a colleague, and a *highly respectable* committee was raised for this delicate business." Finally, one of the deacons thought that enough candidates had been heard, but those with "itching ears" desired to hear more.

Mr. Harrington's pastorate of forty-seven years closed in the year 1795; and Rev. Nathanael Thayer was made his successor. The new incumbent, born in 1769, a descendant of Rev. John Cotton, was a strictly Orthodox believer who drifted consciously or unconsciously into conservative Unitarianism. Mr. Harrington was too feeble to witness his induction into office, but was carried to the front of his house, where, with tears in his eyes, and white locks streaming, he gave his benediction to his young colleague as he passed by.

The Carters were conspicuous in the annals of the town in the eighteenth century, were moderators, selectmen, and delegates to the General Court or State Legislature (History of Lancaster, pp. 335, 462). Deacon Horatio Carter resigned office because, in 1830, he had embraced the doctrines of the New Jerusalem. The pastor furnished him with a certificate of his regular standing in his church.

Timothy Harrington Carter (1798–1894), descendant of

the good old Orthodox divine, Timothy Harrington, came to Boston from Lancaster in 1819, with an early love of books and with aptitude for their production; he now added successful experience. After study abroad in 1827, he formed the partnership of Carter, Hendee & Co., secured a lease of the land on Washington and School Streets, and brought the first literary associations to the spot known later as The Old Corner Book Store. The land extending up School Street nearly to the present City Hall was granted about 1630 under King Charles I to William Hutchinson, but he lost it in 1638 through the radicalism of his wife Anne, who received ecclesiastical trial for "traducing the ministers" and was excommunicated. The present Old Corner building was erected in 1712. More than a century later Carter enlarged it, and we know the quaint building with its gambrel roof rich in windows. Up School Street Carter ran a continuous block, behind which were his seven printing presses run by a team of Canadian horses. He brought up his business from $1,400 to $4,000 a year. Unable to renew his lease of land, he sold out to Messrs. John Allen and William D. Ticknor, serving as silent partner and adviser.*

Mr. Carter joined the Boston Society in 1821, published volumes of Swedenborg at his own expense, and was a Father Bountiful, erecting at his own cost in 1832 the Phillips Place building for the Boston Society's place of worship. Unworldliness in finance and generous giving were characteristics of early Boston New Churchmen. The ladies raised fifty dollars to send abroad for a set of the *Arcana* as a gift to their pastor; and Mr. Worcester was one of many to pay tithes to the Church treasury.

Mrs. Emeline Staniford Holt Ticknor added much devotional and social value to the Boston Society. Her father was Master of the old Mayhew School of Boston, and her grandfather, Rev. Thomas Baldwin, was a Baptist clergyman of influence. On the hallowed Christmas day in 1832, Emeline married William D. Ticknor, both the bride and the bridegroom being only twenty years of age. A miniature of

* See pp. 15–17, 22, in *Hawthorne and His Publisher*, by Caroline Ticknor, 339 pp., Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1913.

him at thirty discloses a high forehead framed in curling hair, brilliant blue eyes, fine features, high coat collar, and the white waistcoat and voluminous white neckcloth of the period. I knew her in later years, and recognized her personal charm and sweetness, together with a heroic calm born of self-conquest when seeing three of her seven children successively pass to the other life before her. The sweet-spirited Alice grew up to maidenhood; and her last little social outing away from home — because of enfeebled health — was at our Roxbury home. At the early sunset of Alice's life she loved to watch serenely the beautiful tints of the earthly sunset sky. Her sister Emeline shared to the end her devoted love of the New Church.

John H. Wilkins (1794–1861) early showed his bent by laboring assiduously for a college education, entering Harvard in 1814 as a beneficiary student. He received several Boylston prizes as a writer, and his range extended from the realm of science to that of the imagination. His elementary treatise on Astronomy helped young people to love the stars; and he said of the bard of Avon:

"Shakespeare may sometimes nod like Homer. But to this we will not object if he will tell us his dreams."

The son of a deacon, and the grandson of a clergyman of Amherst, New Hampshire, young Wilkins's religious nature was aroused by a church revival, but his inquiring mind failed of satisfaction in the current tenets of theology (*New-Church Messenger*, July 29, 1903). Learning of the New Church through his classmate, Thomas Worcester, he wrote from Taunton just after his graduation:

"I have been attending to *Heaven and Hell.* I cannot tell where I shall come to. I can only pray that I may be guided right and to the truth; but can say nothing against the work, for I find nothing in it but what I think I should act the better for fully believing. I have read some of it to the people with whom I board. But it is too high for their adoption. Heaven and hell are not visible, and consequently must be a great ways off." Again in 1819:

"I have been reading with considerable rapidity the 'Divine Providence.' . . . I want very much to hear from

brother Goddard; to hear how he digests this new food. . . . We have set out on a very important and difficult journey; and it becomes us to take heed to our ways, and to keep a conscience pure and unspotted. . . . Our prospect in this world is certainly not most encouraging. Popular prejudice will meet us at every corner" (*Fiftieth Anniversary of Boston Society*, pp. 26, 27).

Mr. Wilkins re-entered Harvard, and joined its Theological School with Sampson Reed and Thomas Worcester; but upon the latter being appointed leader of the New-Church movement in Boston, the two others promptly recognized his superiority, and willingly remained laymen. Wilkins was book publisher for thirty years, and successively bank president, state senator, and varied office holder in the Church. In 1822, with an income of only $300.00, he approved the Boston Society's decision to adopt paying Church tithes. He was proportionately generous in his subsequent prosperity. You may see, in the vestry of the Boston Society, a fine portrait of him by Cephas G. Thompson.

In 1826 Mr. Wilkins married the widow, Mrs. Thomazine Minot, who, through her first husband, furnished her daughters as brides to Caleb Reed, Dr. Luther Clark, and Joseph Andrews.

Mrs. Wilkins wrote excellent religious juvenile books inculating New-Church principles. Many of us have had our little souls profitably fed by her *Early Lessons;* and one work was translated into German by the wife of Prof. Immanuel Tafel of Tübingen under the title, *Unterricht vom Evigen Leben für Kinder.*

To study, business, and religion, Mr. Wilkins added travel, going abroad in 1833, visiting profitably in London, and procuring rare original editions of the Writings (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. vii, p. 59).

The Silver family were once guests under Mr. Wilkins's roof. Before me lies his gift to myself; *The Music of Nature* by William Gardiner, 1841 — a curious and learned work, analyzing composers from Purcell to Cherubini, vocalists from Garcia to Malibran, also musical instruments, bird songs, animal noises; and giving myriad sounds in musical

notation — from the false ring of a counterfeit shilling, to the roar of a storm.

William J. Cutler was another layman who strengthened the foundations of the Boston Society. His geniality was like the cement that unites, and his steadfastness like the stone that makes firm. He was true even to the very last day of his life, serving his dear Church on Sunday morning, in distributing the Holy Communion elements, and falling into the last sweet brief sleep while in his arm chair in the afternoon.

He married in 1857 the widow of Richard B. Carter. Her maiden name was Lucy Lazelle Hobart, daughter of the veteran Benjamin of Abington. She possessed great personal beauty and much grace of manner. She brought four Carter sons into her second home, three of whom died suddenly by accident; but her spiritual poise exceeded that of anyone I ever knew. Persons who will meet tragedy with Christian fortitude as she did manifest grave perturbation of spirit from petty annoyances. I have seen Mrs. Cutler tested in foreign travel. We go to a small Italian station for a steam train. The scheduled time passes. We await; not in an H. H. Richardson station as in the Newtons, with its artistic curved roof, and vines clambering charmingly over the window panes; but in a prosaic building with hard benches and poor ventilation. The train, in true *dolce far niente* fashion, and without visible excuse, arrives an hour late; but Mrs. Cutler is as tranquil as an Indian summer day. She has learned how to meet life at all angles.

Amelia is another daughter of Benjamin Hobart. Observe his steel engraving portrait lying before me. Every feature is decisive. He is of firm moral fibre. Amelia was less pliable than her sister Lucy; she had much of her father's sturdiness of will, combined with a warm emotional nature. Her only love story was her husband, William H. Dunbar, whom she had known from childhood — a fine man, and admirably fitted for her. He was sixth in descent from Robert Dunbar of Hingham of the early seventeenth century. William and Amelia were married in 1840; and they handed the New Church on to the fifth generation from Benjamin, through their daughter Lucy, who became the wife of Edward

Cutler, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and whose grandchild was rocked in a New-Church cradle.

It was a delight to see Mrs. Amelia Hobart Dunbar's very strong will gradually bending to the Divine will; to see her vision gradually directing itself more and more exclusively to the things of the spirit. In the last week of her fatal illness in April, 1910, the nurse gave me a brief interview. We were alone. Shining through her marble face was the radiant spirit. She had said at the end of my ten weeks' visit in 1894, "Miss Silver, I shall always love you." Now, her little refrain was, "Miss Silver, I love you, I love you." It reminded me of the aged apostle John, carried up the aisle in his chair, and repeating his message, "Little children, love one another."

Waldo Cutler was another of the four brothers who represented religion in commercial life, and thereby fortified the Church. His wife was steadfast in friendship, fair of face, and winning in personality. How well I recall her sense of riches as she and her husband stood proudly at their Silver Wedding among their seven children. Her old-fashioned piety stirred her to keep alive the custom of reading her Bible through every year — three chapters each week day, and five chapters for Sunday. It was a privilege to her to serve the church, especially in its devotional duties; and never could the Rev. Thomas Worcester, the Rev. James Reed, and the Rev. H. Clinton Hay have had a parishioner of more unswerving loyalty.

Abram Cutler, brother of William and Waldo, and quite as much of a sustaining power, married Marcia, a sister of the Rev. Frank Sewall of fragrant memory. After serving Boston, they became pillars of strength in the Brookline Society. She lived as a young maiden under Mr. Worcester's roof, and has given me many reminiscences of old days. She was a warm friend of Mrs. James Edgerly, who, as little Sophronia Wilder, attended a school kept by Lyman Abbott's brother Charles, at the corner of Temple Place and Tremont Street. She was then a Unitarian child, and strayed one day into a New-Church wedding in Phillips Place. She grew up to learn of our faith, married Mr. Edgerly, and had

a capacious pocket for the benefit of our church fairs. Her religion was tested when her husband and nine of her ten children preceded her to the other world, but she conquered, and her life became serene.

David L. Webster was one of those men of affairs who consecrated his profits by enriching the Boston Society's exchequer, and whose well-filled hand reached to the borderlands of missionary work. He was generous in time, as chairman of the church committee for many years. He handed down the spirit of hospitality to his son Andrew, who, in 1878, played host at the White Mountains to Mr. George Broadfield of England — a New Churchman and man of leisure who, in Mr. John Worcester's little forest that summer, as he sat on the grass surrounded by a group of acquaintances, drew from his pocket *Daisy Miller*, and regaled us with Henry James's genial and observant satire. Mr. Broadfield sang himself into the hearts of the Americans; and, at an earlier period, the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, had enjoyed his stirring and pathetic English ballads. As I may not return to the Broadfields, I might say, in passing, that I met the elder brother, Mr. Edward John Broadfield, at a social gathering of the General Convention at the house of Mr. James Baxter of Portland in 1880. The incidental introduction on this occasion of Mr. Broadfield to the Rev. Edwin Gould of Montreal was most interesting. They discussed two contrasting types of public men: the first was a champion of Gladstone, the second a champion of Disraeli, each well equipped, and able to wield arguments for his favorite. Mr. Broadfield, leader of the London New-Church Centennial of 1910, has been called to the higher life. The Rev. Frank Sewall says:

"The public press of Manchester [England] has overflowed with tributes to Mr. Edward John Broadfield, including that of the Dean of the Cathedral, recognizing his great service as an educator and teacher in everything that elevates and refines society."

Mr. David Webster at his own Boston hearthstone was generous in a lordly manner to his acquaintances; the house was spacious, a hundred members of the New-Church Club

including friends being easily entertained of an evening. The *ménage* had an easy margin every day, and the adding at any time of an unexpected guest at dinner was but the drawing up of an extra chair, the adding of another plate. His Church interest continued to the last of his eighty-nine years. My last interview was characteristic: he, when near his end, inquired eagerly and minutely regarding the recent session of the Massachusetts Association; he had had several versions; he wished still another point of view. He handed down good blood to his grandsons who serve Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, or make the supreme sacrifice in the World War, with equal devotion. David Webster was a consistent conservative, conscientious in his well-defined convictions, and firm of will.

John Webster, brother of David, was more pliable, less granite-like in will, and equally loyal to the New Church. I only knew him after his second marriage to Mary Moulton of Bangor, who warmly embraced the religious faith of her husband. She was very proud of him, a man of kindly spirit, attractive face, and erect figure, adorned through all the years with the ruffled shirt-front at dinner. He was bravely patriotic, giving the life of an only son in the Civil War.

The Boston Webster home diffused much hospitality. In 1893 you might meet there Miss Laura Hughes of the Training School at Cambridge, England, who would tell us of Newnham and Girton. Or, again, a native of Finland, leader of a woman orchestra, who would sing and translate characteristic folk songs of her own land. Or, on April 2, 1880, guests would hear the musical version of *Cox and Box* with the versatile Mr. George Broadfield in a prominent rôle. Or, on December, 1895, you might hear Mrs. Ballington Booth in Mrs. Webster's drawing-room. Here were opulent persons ready to sign large bank checks in furtherance of her good prison-reform work. Here were clergymen, wearing a badge — a five-dollar annual pledge to say a good word for the cause — among them Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and Rev. Julian K. Smyth; also Rev. Charles F. Beale, who represented Congregationalism, and who said to me:

"Miss Silver, I often look at you Swedenborgians, and

wonder if you ever lose heart; for your growth is slow and your numbers are small. But let me tell you, that you never would be discouraged if you look at yourselves as I look at you; for you exercise an influence out of all proportion to your numbers."

Samuel Worcester (1793–1844) preceded his brother Thomas into this world, and was his forerunner in the discovery of the New Church. The boys' birthplace was Thornton, New Hampshire. Their eyes were gladdened and their roaming feet tempted by a certain mountain in Merrimack County. Their little lips could not pronounce its old Indian name, Cowissewaschook, but it improved in time and was called Kyar-Sarga; now its name is Kearsarge. Samuel did not live long enough to hear how white oak was cut from it, how a ship was fashioned and named for it, and how Admiral Winslow was assigned to the *Kearsarge,* which gained victory in a big sea fight in the Bay of Biscay during the Civil War.

The Worcesters moved to Massachusetts, and Samuel, when twenty-one, made the acquaintance of Edward Dowse, who had learned of Swedenborg's writings through the Rev. William Hill in 1794, and who presented young Worcester several volumes of the early London edition in English, "printed and sold by R. Hindmarsh, Printer to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales [afterwards King George IV.] Old Bailey, 1795." Samuel was profoundly grateful for books that enlightened his intellect, gratified his love of theology, and touched his heart,

"although for a time, when the Sabbath came round, he would put them carefully by, fearing there was a possibility of their being a temptation that might lead him to desecrate the holy day."

The shadow of doubt soon passed away, and in 1817 he began gathering together those interested in the Writings for study and worship, and thus laid the earliest foundation of the Boston Society organization. There was a group of young people who loved to consider Samuel Worcester as one,

> Whose single eye with glance sublime,
> Looked to Eternity through time,

and among them was the lively-spirited maiden to whom he lent his wonderful books, and who became his wife, and to whose vivacious pen we are indebted for much material. Her name was Sarah Sargent, she was the daughter of a wealthy Gloucester merchant, and was educated in a life of ease. Samuel and Sarah, born the same year, were married January 2, 1817, aged twenty-three, and were called fanatics and visionaries in religious faith by the outside, unappreciative world; but nothing could move his indomitable will, or curb her elastic spirit. She tells us of introducing Thomas Worcester to Margaret Cary, and of the tumbling of her pretty white dress:

"My husband found pleasure and profit from his interviews with Miss Cary, and also from corresponding with her. In the spring or early summer, we had a holiday, and accepted an invitation from Miss Cary, to pass it with her at her mother's house (The Retreat) in Chelsea. We made our arrangements to go early, procuring a conveyance from a neighboring farmer — a high canvas-topped chaise, with a nice, fat, sleek, grey horse. This was hardly as aristocratic a turn-out as I had been accustomed to, but it was the best we could get, and satisfactory enough, particularly when we called to mind we were to pass the day with Miss Cary; and we jogged along quite comfortably. I had made but few set visits from the time of my marriage: so I dressed in white, and felt quite glad that I had room enough to keep my dress smooth and nice till we should present ourselves at Miss Cary's door; when suddenly, as we were passing through Cambridge, the chaise was stopped, and my husband called 'Jump in, jump in! we are going to see Miss Cary, and can take you along as well as not.' The invitation was accepted, and his brother Thomas added a third to our number. I certainly did not enjoy the addition at the time, but in after years I had many a merry thought over that ride, and so had Miss Cary, who was watching for us as we drove up. This was certainly Mr. Thomas Worcester's first visit to Miss Cary. Indeed, I believe it was his first introduction to her. We were cordially welcomed by all the family, and passed a delightful day, returning home at nightfall in the

same style. Those were primitive times in the Church compared with the present" (see *Semi-Centennial*, pp. 16–21).

Mrs. Sarah Sargent Worcester lived to be a nonogenarian. Her picture shown me by her granddaughter, Mrs. Willis Gilpatrick, reveals brilliant eyes and handsome features framed by vivacious curls. She was, according to tradition, as vivacious as the curls themselves. I knew three interesting lines of her descendants, among them New-Church clergymen, although sometimes Æsculapius was found very near the pulpit. Among Sarah's nine children I will mention (i) Sarah Parsons Worcester (1821–1884), who became Mrs. Charles John Doughty of Brooklyn, and endeavored to make us into good little boys and girls through her excellent stories in the *Children's New-Church Magazine*. (ii) Rev. Samuel Howard Worcester (1824–1891), a Brown alumnus, a physician, a pastor, and a scholarly translator of Swedenborg's writings. He married twice, and among his fourteen children was Samuel, born in 1847, a New-Church clergyman and noted homeopathic alienist, who served at the Guiteau trial at Washington. Another son of Rev. Samuel Howard Worcester is Dr. John Fonerden Worcester (named for the beloved Baltimore physician) who, with his wife (Anna Jackson Lowe) enriched the Roxbury New-Church Society until the alluring West drew them to Portland, Oregon. (iii) Dr. Edward Worcester (1830–1911), father of Mrs. Gilpatrick, was educated medically in New York, France and England, was for four years surgeon on the high seas, and contributed service to Johns Hopkins University. (iv) Emma married Dr. John Turner of Brooklyn, whose son, Dr. Maurice Worcester Turner, formerly with the Boston University and the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital, was appointed in 1911 President of the International Hahnemannian Association. He is in the Brookline New-Church Society.

Professor Theophilus Parsons came of good lineage for earnestness of conviction. Observe his grandfather:

Moses Parsons (1716–1783) was an Orthodox clergyman of Byfield, Massachusetts. He was anti-Calvinist and pro-Arminian in faith. But he could sharpen his pen on occasion, and he preached trenchantly against King George III

from Proverbs xxi, 1, 2. This sermon was delivered in 1772, a critical and highly sensitive political period, and he faced the Tory Governor Hutchinson in the audience.

Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons (1750–1813) reacted against his father's liberal theological views. He was one of the strongest and most influential supporters of Presbyterianism, regarding which Whittier wrote:

> The church-spires lift their vain defence,
> As if to scatter the bolts of God
> With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod.

The Chief Justice had "a natural proclivity to the extreme of conservatism. His Sunday observances were exact and severe: no pleasure-riding, no light reading, no discussion of business on the Lord's Day." He once said of a friend who had left the Calvinistic faith, and whose belief was indefinite:

"He is like a bird that has escaped from a cage, and is now afraid to alight upon the branch of a living tree lest it should prove another cage" (from *Memoir* by his son Theophilus, pp. 308, 310, 321).

Professor Theophilus Parsons was not afraid, in his youth, lest the New Church should prove a dangerous cage, and fetter the wings of rational thought. He was one of ten Harvard alumni to join the Boston Society in 1823. Until his declining health as an octogenarian forbade him, he was constant in his pew under the Rev. Thomas Worcester, his senior, who was ripening with the years; and also constant under the Rev. James Reed, who was nearly forty years the professor's junior. It is said that for fifty consecutive years he never missed the recurring administration of the Holy Supper. His published *Essays*, three series, began in collected book form in 1845, and were rich in observation on life and in spiritual suggestions. (For his astonishing variety of topics, see, under *Parsons*, the *Index* of *New Jerusalem Magazine*, issued in June, 1872.)

Peleg Whitman Chandler (1816–1889) was, according to Dr. Nathanael C. Towle, another "strong man in Thomas Worcester's cabinet." His intellect impressed me in two

ways: by its markedly vigorous fibre, and by its stimulating quality in conversation. Intellectually and socially he had a wide horizon; he had come in contact through the law and elsewhere with many sorts and conditions of men which had enlarged his point of view. I saw him to advantage in a temporary club which met in the Tremont Street New-Church Bookrooms. His paper before that body was juicy and full of life, without a dull line in it. Professor Parsons was an appreciative listener, and Mr. Francis Phelps was unconsciously the conservative watchman on the tower to summon us back to the Swedenborg references which he knew so well. Education was one of the topics, and Bronson Alcott was there with his characteristic contribution. Another topic was Jesus Christ, and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney was present. I remember her simile: "The sun is in the bright sparkle in the dewdrop; but the sparkle is derived from something above and beyond the dewdrop itself. We, likewise, are images of Christ in this secondary sense." We already loved her for her books, and we were impressed that evening with a marked receptivity of spirit as if she wished to be taught of the Lord.

Peleg Chandler was graduated from Bowdoin in 1834, in 1845 engaged in organizing the *Swedenborg Association for the Dissemination of a True Philosophy*, and early joined the Boston Society. After his death, Mr. Charles Theodore Russell, a lawyer, gave a superb laudatory analysis of his mental processes, and concludes:

"He was not overtolerant of what he regarded as visionary and impracticable, and was not overburdened with sentimentality. . . . I do not think he was much given to building air-castles, and as little to rearing air-dungeons. He took life practically, cheerfully, providently, and resolutely, to the last degree."

Mr. Russell draws from intimate personal intercourse a phase of Mr. Chandler's home life — his family worship. I abbreviate a bit:

"I do not think I shall intrude on the sanctities of domestic life if I close by reference to one scene there, at Brunswick, Maine, daily repeated, and which, as the ripened fruit of the mellowing autumn of life, has fixed itself in my

memory as the dearest and sweetest remembrance of my long-honored friend. Each day, ere the day's duties and pleasures began, there gathered to his library the children, grandchildren, and inmates of his household, where the service was just that loving and attractive one which the long cherished and benevolent views of its conductor would lead us to expect.

"Doubtless some of Mr. Chandler's views would have somewhat disturbed the theology of the Calvinistic Covenanters of Scotland, yet I doubt not and I am sure I felt on these occasions, I was witnessing a devotion as pure, sincere, fervent and simple, as that which Burns has made immortal in The Cotter's Saturday Night. If I were compelled to select from all my intercourse with Mr. Chandler but one scene to be cherished and remembered, I would take that of the summer morning prayer in his library at Brunswick."

George B. Davis will long be remembered for extraordinarily extended and devoted service to the Boston Society; he knew it in the Phillips Place days; and his wife will long be loved as a home-maker for young girls. Friends will pleasantly recall his brother Horatio, and his nephew Roscoe.

I have written an earlier chapter, *The Rainbow-hued Story of Margaret Cary*, which will be supplemented, chiefly because of her relation to the Thomas Worcester family. On her entering it, she was fifty-seven, Mr. Worcester being twenty years her junior. She copied Mr. Worcester's sermons by the hundred, as a trunkful of them at our Boston Book Rooms will testify. She had accepted our faith more than thirty-five years before, and no clergyman ever had a more devoted disciple. She exercised a beautiful influence over the children, and loved their mother.

In this year, 1832, we must picture the Worcesters living on Beacon Street at corner of Tremont. Now, those streets are threaded and interlaced with vehicles, from which the traffic policeman mercifully saves the lives of pedestrians. Then, the enclosed corner was, as Mrs. Catharine Worcester Thacher, the daughter, has described it to me, a spacious open ground surrounding their brick house painted white, with generous rooms each side of the front door. The Phillips

Place Hall for worship was their neighbor until the Church migrated, in 1845, to Bowdoin Street, and the Worcesters migrated to Louisburg Square.

Before me lie the original letters, covering nine years of the Worcester life, written by Miss Cary to her intimate friend, Mrs. Henry A. Worcester (Olive Gay). The angel of the resurrection is calling "dear little Anna Worcester," aged nine, daughter of Thomas Worcester.

"April 26, 1841. She (Anna) is aware of her situation, occasionally speaks of the spiritual world, and has told her mother that it would not trouble her to know she was going . . . she has taken great pleasure in reading chiefly story books, besides her Bible, which she reads every day, and loves to hear her mother's voice in the Sermon on the Mount.

"Alice (Mrs. Thomas Worcester) has been devoted to her day and night, but on the whole has had a quiet and profitable winter. She has had her work table and book always at hand in the chamber, and except when Anna was in immediate pain, there has been a serenity and pleasant sphere that natural parents in the indulgence of anxiety, without a trust in Providence, could not conceive of."

"Louisburg Square, July 6, 1841. Dear little Anna is out at grandfather's at Waltham, very feeble, very interesting. Miriam asked her if she would as lief go to the spiritual world from there as from Boston. She said yes, she would rather. She is quite resigned and willing to go. Her father and five of the children went out to see her today.

"9 o'clock. Dear Alice just returned with her husband. The closing scene took place at 2. Anna's pains were very severe, but she was very gentle, and said, 'It seems to me, Mother, that there is nothing left for me to do, but to see the body die.' A few days before she went she called Jamie (who at less than two years old had preceded her to the other world), and she said that she saw him and Uncle Nathanael."

Sunshine and shadow chase across Miss Cary's pages. In 1846, Terpsichore, under a ban elsewhere, is admitted, and several dancing parties are given in the home, Elizabeth being nineteen. But life grows more serious as her mother drifts slowly toward the other world. "She who loved activ-

ity was enforcedly idle, she who loved social intercourse was enforcedly silent." Miss Cary writes: "Alice is pursuing her course heavenward, all goes on tranquilly and cheerfully. She relies for the care of her spirit entirely on the Lord." Very close on to Christmas, 1848, "there was a bright smile on her still beautiful face, she looked at her husband, and, turning her eyes toward heaven, she closed them forever."

Her boy John, who was fourteen, and her boy Joseph, who was twelve, loved their mother tenderly. Their Aunt Lydia Hobart was there to comfort them in their motherlessness. Their father, visiting their chamber, found them both awake. John said:

"Father, an angel put a good thought into my head, and I got up and wrote it down; it is on the mantelpiece. It is very badly written, for I can hardly see, but you can read it." It was as follows:

> Everything is for the best,
> The Lord, He will provide.
> Then lay thee down and take thy rest,
> And in the Lord confide.

Joseph said, "Isn't it good, Father," and it comforted him.

Again the angel of the resurrection visited Mr. Worcester's home, coming on a Sunday in April, 1850, for his daughter Elizabeth, who was twenty-three. The tie was peculiarly near between her and her mother, and she gradually loosened her hold on this life. Miss Cary says:

"I do not know that any part of her existence has been more beneficial to herself and others than during this decline, her example a living lesson. Mr. Worcester has been the most assiduous and kindest of parents in doing for her and in anticipating her wants."

Miss Cary at the end of her Worcester sojourn, spent two years in Mrs. Dorr's motherly home at 83 Pinckney Street, and then was warmly welcomed for years at 101 Pinckney Street at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Reed, and Arthur and Helen Reed, and Mr. T. B. Hayward. She closed her long life at ninety-three at the Cary family home at Chelsea — in a spacious house whose roof was pierced with dormer

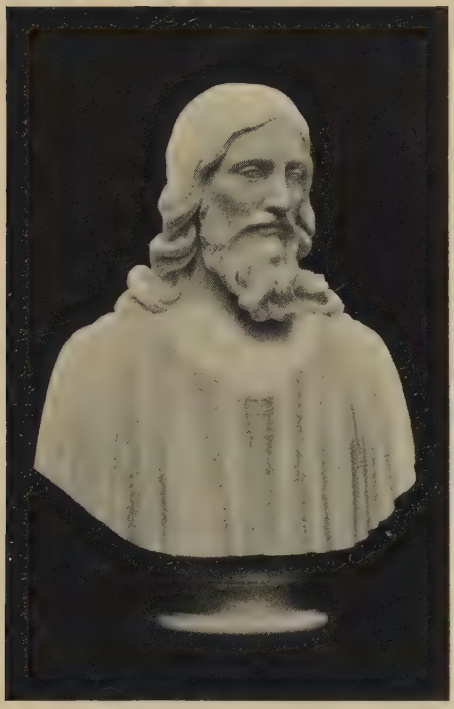
windows near the foot of Powder Horn Hill. Here, much beloved, she was cared for by several of her fourteen brothers and sisters. I have met her several times, and she impressed me as a woman who appraised worldliness at its true value, who cherished right thinking with discernment, and espoused an unpopular cause without flinching.

The Rev. Thomas Worcester in his funeral address for her, to be found in the *New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xli, p. 739, says of her who had anticipated him nearly a score of years in the reception of our faith:

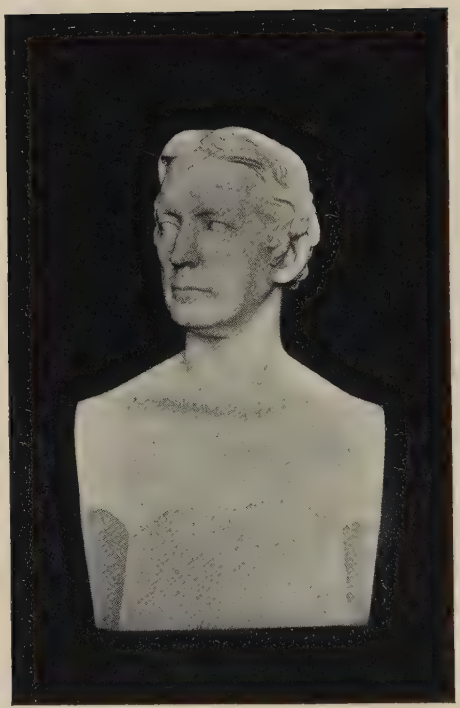
"It was not for me to make known to Miss Cary the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem, nor to bring her to the Lord as He is manifested in the internal sense of the Word. Nor have I ever had any occasion to remind her of her duty to study these things, and to endeavor to live according to them; for whenever I met her she seemed to have just come out of the Holy of Holies, and her face was still shining with the light that had been illuminating her mind. And whenever I undertook to explain a portion of the Word, or to unfold any of the Holy Doctrines, it seemed to me that I received from her more than I gave to her."

We now return to the Rev. Thomas Worcester. In 1850, he entered upon a second marriage. The bride was Mrs. Lydia (Powell) Dean, who had identified herself with the Boston Society, and who brought unwavering loyalty to the Church's welfare. They went abroad for a year's absence, traveling chiefly in Italian cities. During their visit in Florence Mr. Worcester baptized Hiram Powers into the New Church. He returned gladly to Boston and delighted in the renewal of his beloved life's work.

Mr. Worcester had seen his Society grow under his hands. His audiences were frequently a thousand. In 1818, the Boston Society was founded with twelve members; in 1828 there were sixty-three; in 1838, one hundred and twenty-five; in 1848, four hundred and eleven; by the year 1867, he had received eight hundred and seventy-six members into the Society (*Worcester Biography*, p. 126). The Rev. James Reed was his exceedingly valuable ally, but, as he is living at this date, he comes only incidentally into this narrative, pre-



Head of Christ by Hiram Powers



Bust of Rev. Thomas Worcester by Powers

cisely as the Rev. Julian K. Smyth comes only incidentally into the story of the Roxbury Society.

With a rich spiritual harvest, and with hosts of friends, Mr. Worcester resigned his pastorate of the Boston Society at seventy-two, and moved to Waltham. His newly erected house, whose broad piazza, fifty feet long was introductory to large hospitality, was, on May 8, 1871, flooded with sunshine when very many guests presented him a beautiful coupé, with a speech by the Hon. Peleg W. Chandler. Mr. Worcester's own horse was attached to the vehicle, and the long-loved pastor and his wife were driven about the grounds. He gave simple but eloquent thanks for the surprise gift, and received very many individual expressions of esteem in return. There was a kind of culminating happiness in the air which made us all rejoice to be there. The guests represented the Massachusetts Association.

Mr. Worcester lived seven years after this event, and his home was a place of pilgrimage for his multitudinous friends. As life declined, he used to say that the first thing he should ask for in the other world would be a good theological school. He felt his limitations with regard to the all-embracing truths of God's Holy Word, and he looked forward eagerly to the larger opportunity hereafter. His last letter to the Boston Society concludes as follows:

"There are many things which I should like to say in this, which is probably my farewell letter. There are many acknowledgments which I should be glad to make for favors received, and many apologies and explanations which I should like to make for my own faults and shortcomings: but I should be tedious. I should be speaking of things which for the present have passed away from their minds; but they are all written in my book of life, and in the book of the Boston Society. Our books are bound up together, a page of one facing a page of the other. Whenever it will be good for us, those books will be opened; and perhaps that time will soon come. If then and thenceforth any of us can be useful to one another, I shall be happy and thankful."

Readers may care for personal impressions made upon the

present writer by the children of Rev. Thomas Worcester whom she knew.

I. Miriam, the eldest, had, when I first saw her after her marriage, a wild-rose complexion, the clear blue eye which betokens intelligence and sincerity, much fragrance of spirit, and, to an exceptional degree, discerning spiritual insight. At twenty, she married Samuel F. Dike, a Brown University alumnus, who became pastor of the Bath, Maine, New-Church Society for half a century. He visited Palestine in 1880, having prepared himself by study for twenty-five years. When seventy-five, he circumnavigated the globe. He was a power in the public schools in his home town, was for three years president of our Theological School, and was appointed professor of Church history. We knew and enjoyed him. On my father's sudden departure from this life through drowning, Mrs. Dike, having lost in like manner one among her large flock of children, wrote us a sympathetic letter of singular power, from which I quote:

"Try to avoid all thoughts about the closing scene here. It is past and over with him, and as you desire to go on with him, leave it behind as he has done. He had, without doubt, the support he needed, but as you are not called upon to go through it, the same support cannot be given to you.

"And now, my friends, try to rejoice with him. His two Ednahs, as he used to call you, must not desert him now."

II. Benjamin Worcester (1824–1911) married, at twenty-three, Mary Clapp Ruggles, a maiden of twenty-one, having a strong artistic sense, and a great motherly heart. If my mother and I had become heir to a thousand brilliant honors, the unworldly Mrs. Dike and the unworldly Mrs. Worcester would not have been drawn to our house; but when sorrow entered it, they came for the first time, in spite of large families at home.

My direct personal acquaintance with Mr. Benjamin Worcester is limited to one hour in a lifetime; but it is a notable hour. Mrs. Waldo Cutler, my Waltham hostess for a week, took me to his house on a Sunday evening. Lights in the parlor diffused their rays through the windows, illuminating the guests on the veranda, and on the grass under the

trees. Sacred music floated out on the quiet air. Hymns were excluded from his Sunday services (although he voluntarily admitted them a little before his death); but the young people might sing these human stanzas in his house, — he, in the meantime, betaking himself to his study.

In spite of my protest, Mrs. Cutler sent word to the invisible head of the house regarding my presence. He came — hence the hour's interview. He talked of Newman Smyth's new book which was stirring the religious world. He discoursed on the Children's Crusade in the thirteenth century. It has been thought "that traveling boy preachers under the orders of Pope Innocent III stirred up this tremendous uprising which he vainly tried to control." Children — 20,000 perhaps — accompanied by fanatical adults, started from Flanders in the year 1212 to cross the Alps to the port of Marseilles. Half of them sailed for Jerusalem, where they declared Jesus was waiting for them and calling them. Tragedy engulfed them, and they died or were captured on the way — an instance of strange and wild emotion.

Mr. Worcester unfolded this new story to my ignorant and wondering mind; and as he was quite as good a listener as talker, I unfolded to him the story of his two new teachers just arrived — the Misses Avis and Julia Tallman — who had educated themselves in art, music, and several modern languages during their five years abroad. In Germany they were coached in the Scandinavian languages by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson (afterwards professor in Columbia) whom they had known in the Urbana University. They were ladies of amenity in manner, and of rare gifts. Mr. Worcester asked with curious interest of the exact impression produced on my mind by the ritual and ceremonials of the Roman Catholic, Greek, Jewish, Lutheran, and Anglican Churches in Europe.

In spite of great reserve, Benjamin Worcester knew how to touch the hearts of the schoolgirls with fatherly inspiration for good; and to one, who was slowly approaching "the valley of the shadow," he wrote a sustaining letter every day. In 1900, after we came out from the Church obsequies of

his brother John, we saw him standing outside with his face toward an angle in the wall. Under God he must fight out his battles alone.

Mr. Worcester enjoyed his kinsman, the Rev. Elwood Worcester, Rector of Emmanuel Church, and Founder of the so-called "Emmanuel Movement." Dean C. Worcester, formerly a United States Philippine Commissioner, was a kinsman a bit more remote.

III. Catharine Worcester had a certain loveliness of spirit like her mother. On Christmas Eve, 1851, she married Thomas Thacher; and they, with a flock of precious children, became for some years parishioners in New York of the Rev. Abiel Silver. She called our house her second home.

IV. John Worcester needs no introduction. The beneficent aspect of his life was shown in his gratuitous medical ministrations to humble folk near his Intervale summer home, he having had direct and careful training in anatomy and physiology. I discovered his gentleness of expression as a critic, when he used to "venture to suggest" changes in my Sunday School lesson notes 1881–83 under his supervision.

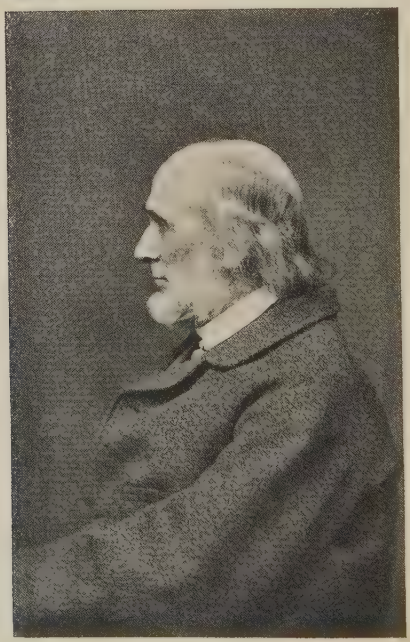
In 1857 Mr. Worcester married Miss Elizabeth Callender Pomeroy of Cambridge. She had paid her public vows in New-Church membership just before her betrothal, he having waited, his aunt said, for that step, that she might not be unduly influenced by him; he cared for a fine degree of harmony in their religion. She had a mobile face lighted by large expressive dark eyes, quick intelligence, a highly responsive nature, a keen sense of humor capable of genial satire, much vivacity, and a great capacity for devotion to home and Church. She was a blessing to the Newtonville Society during the thirty-one years of married life permitted her in this world before her transition to another. Her husband had begun his active work in the ministry at twenty-one years of age, before his marriage, and Newtonville was his only pastorate.

The summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Worcester was at Intervale, New Hampshire, with a charming meadow, dotted with trees in the foreground, and the noble Presidential range of the White Mountains in the distance. In 1878 I

Head from statue of "The Greek Slave" by Powers, in Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D.C.

"Faith" by Hiram Powers

Model by Powers
of the hand of his little child



Hiram Powers
of Florence

spent a month near them, and observed Mr. Worcester's method of training his children. Long college vacations were not to be squandered in mere personal pleasure and recreation. His two sons had already spent two summers in cutting, for the benefit of amateur pedestrians, an easy if circuitous footpath up Moat Mountain which lifts its head 3,100 feet toward the sky. He himself had just extended an invitation to his fellow members of the Appalachian Club to meet in his Study; and his sons had just completed a footbridge directly across the Saco which shortened the climb up Moat by four miles. This, their devoted admirer, Rev. Theodore Wright, helped them to accomplish. None professed much knowledge of civil engineering, but the planks, resting on wooden horses as piers, and fastened to the shore — a grave problem — were efficacious for good. The supports were reinforced by stones planted around them to resist the current; and a handrail was even added to reassure the timid. The whole structure was packed away each autumn for the ensuing spring.

One day during the Club sessions, forty of us climbed the easy two-mile footpath up Mt. Willard from Crawford Notch. At the summit, Mr. Worcester characteristically seated himself on a projecting ledge, and filled his time by sketching various peaks. In 1882 he and his elder son, William, ascended many and many a height in Palestine, gathering flowers and inspiration. His little book on this journey gives a glimpse of humor. Ten mules and horses, also two donkeys, were required for their tenting life from Beersheba to Damascus. He says (pp. 4 and 5):

"We did not get an early start, as it was the first time of packing the mules, and there was the usual struggle between the chief muleteer and the dragoman as to the number of mules required. The contest had the curious conclusion of paying for half a mule more than was needed, and not taking the half mule. The dragoman said that usually they had to pay for a whole mule and not take him, and he considered that our muleteer was very easy and good natured." His book shows his love of flowers and his surprise and delight at the unexpected beauty of the land for its own sake. He antici-

pated much from its association with the Lord's life. Like most clergymen, he especially loved the Sea of Galilee region, the scene of much Divine teaching:

"I shall never bring my journey into my sermons," he once said to me, "but they will be better for what I have seen." Seemingly, he did not care to see Europe, or to visit the British Conference; his interest was centered in the land his Lord had trodden; he wished to better his own service for *His* sake. I once said to him:

"Mr. Worcester, one occasionally meets persons who deny the historic Christ; they are Bishop Berkeleian New-Churchmen, who think that the Gospel story is wholly spiritual, and exists only in the mind. Now, when these persons go to the other world, will it be necessary to enlighten them? He had physical presence here, will they discover it?"

"Why," he replied, after a brief silence, "all the angels know it."

Soon after 1882, I witnessed the instructive nature of a Church tea party at his Newtonville home. He read a diary recently written by Nanny, the daughter of Gen. Charles Pomeroy Stone, an American officer serving at Alexandria during the period which included its bombardment by the British. A map of Egypt, with explanatory comments made a highly dramatic evening. How well I recall the diary: the General's daughter describes herself as in an atmosphere surcharged with danger, where the display of an easy careless courage was necessary. The shades were drawn up in the windows of the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. Just without, spies were probably hidden in the trees; but fortunately the inmates commanded more than one language, and an answer was always given in a different tongue from the question, in order to throw the treacherous listeners off the track. That evening's enjoyment gave an impetus to our reading on the subject. Subsequently, we studied Roosevelt's point of view in his Alexandria address; the native point of view from the Nationalists; the artistic point of view regarding the British occupation and regulation of the Nile through Pierre Loti's charming little plea for the submerged temples in his *La Mort de Philae.*

Mr. John Worcester's Sunday services on his own grounds at Intervale, were extremely impressive: the open windows, the leafy landscape, the wood fire, the bright rug, the hush of the devotional atmosphere, and his abiding companionship with the Holy Scriptures.

"If there is any good in me," he once said, "I owe it chiefly to hearing Bible stories from Miss Cary's lips every day when I was a child."

Mr. Worcester, on his last Christmas day, wrote as follows:

"The other night I dreamed I died. It was the most natural possible thing to do, and, when I waked up, there was L—— [his wife] watching me all these twelve years. It was a comforting little dream." *

V. Joseph Worcester I first saw when the Silver family, after a thousand-mile carriage drive from Michigan to Boston, were guests of Rev. Thomas Worcester, who was very proud of his boys. "Listen, Mr. Silver," he said, drawing him from the study to the stair-balustrade, "John and Joseph are talking Latin together down stairs." After Joseph's Harvard training in science, his California trip around Cape Horn, and his ordination, we saw him again when our family were guests of his father in a temporary home at the old Sanderson house in Worcester Lane, Waltham. This spacious residence, more than two hundred years old, is now occupied by the Rev. Thomas Worcester's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Barbara Worcester Porter, wife of Dr. Charles I. Porter. In 1793 Captain John Clark successfully wooed and won the Sanderson maiden Lydia in this house, and they added a big flock of New-Church sons and daughters to the Boston Society during their fifty-seven years of married life.

Joseph Worcester, during our Waltham visit in 1867, showed his early training: when his father said, "Joseph, shut that door," the young man of thirty-one obeyed with instant alacrity — no procrastinating, dilatory manner. Evidently, Thomas Worcester and Abiel Silver agreed with King David regarding children: "As soon as they hear, they shall be obedient to me." Joseph entertained us with the wonders of

* From a memorial sketch added to the Rev. John Worcester's book *A Promise of Peace*, 196 pp., 1900.

the Yosemite, and soon after returned to the Pacific Coast for a residence of nearly fifty years.

Mr. John Worcester's summer home was on high ground overlooking the Intervale meadow majestically dominated by great hills; Mr. Benjamin Worcester's summer home looked down on Straitsmouth harbor and lighthouse; Mr. Joseph Worcester's home all the year round was on Russian Hill in San Francisco commanding an extraordinary view. I saw the latter person for the last time in 1901. The western journey stirs one to the depths, and I beg the reader's leave to describe one impression gained on the way, aroused by a tumultuous stream west of Banff, Alberta Territory, in Canada.

This is the Wapta or Kicking Horse River, so named by the Indians which in its rapid descent over a terribly obstructing bed, prances, rears, foams, tumbles back over itself, plunges forward in cascades, presents no end of striking effects of spray, and is so irregular in its action that if you watch the water near the shore you cannot always tell its direction, for it lapses into back eddies, and circles around into bewildering whirlpools, leaving the observer in a wonderment.

It is like a tumultuous human life, fretted by obstacles, forced back upon itself in seeming despair, driven to renewed energy by its temporary defeats, all its latent combativeness aroused by innumerable difficulties. Long ago, near the mountain source of its childhood's innocence, it passed the period of mere youthful gaiety, childish caprice, and merry playfulness; it is now in live earnest; the strain and stress of life are upon it. But the sunshine of heaven seems to exist only to bring out its occasional beauties in rainbow tint; a divine force vivified by the attracting power of the Lord's love is drawing it on. It makes progress, and is not hopelessly engulfed in the passions and tumults of life. Some day this human soul will reach the sea of eternity, humble in its self-mastery, strong from obstacles overcome, deep with the wisdom of experience, calm enough to image the beauties of the heavens above it, and to carry them in its very heart.

Mr. Worcester in San Francisco reminds us of St. Chrysostom in Constantinople: his bachelor domestic economy

was severely simple, but not verging on asceticism like that of the Greek Father; he touched all sorts and conditions of men quite equally with the Eastern saint; he labored for prison reform, making the welfare of discharged men a special object of his life; he won over orphan boys by his warm-hearted shepherding, establishing for them a permanent home, *The Rock*, on a high ledge overlooking the hills. The Rev. Charles R. Brown, now Dean of the Yale Divinity School, filled for many years a Congregational pulpit in San Francisco. He preached a sermon a few years since in the Old South Church, Boston, in which he emphasized the power of silent influence in character. He had known a noted example: "his name is the Rev. Joseph Worcester, a Swedenborgian minister." In a casual interview later, Dean Brown emphasized the same to me. A lady, for ten years resident in San Francisco, tells me that the Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court — a later arrival than Mr. Worcester — was wont to consult him on the law; painters prized his discriminating valuation of their canvases; the University of California adopted his architectural suggestions in its designs; social exclusives appreciated his faultless manners. The Rev. Frank Sewall on a visit to San Francisco asked Mr. Worcester if he knew the street car conductor greeting him with lifted cap:

"O, yes! they all know me, and we are very good friends. It is surprising how many come to me to get married. And then, in due time, they bring their little ones to be baptized!"

The Rev. Thomas French tells us that the Rev. Willis G. White, pastor of a large Presbyterian church in Santa Rosa, had his three children baptized by Mr. Worcester in the latter's church. The Rev. Frank Sewall comments on the comradeship between Mr. Worcester and his own brother, Arthur Sewall, "a man of practical affairs not especially interested in topics doctrinal or cultural," who would fall asleep at times before the Worcester fireplace with its "blazing log or glowing bed of ashes," and wake to find his host sitting quite patiently, amused at the interruption, and ready to take up the arrested narrative where he left it. Another notable friendship was that between Mr. Worcester and Mr.

Howard M. Ticknor, a man of the world, caustic critic, and sharp analyst, knowing dramatic literature as few men knew it, familiar with foreign human nature through ten years' residence abroad: the two men rich in artistic and other culture, but enjoying each other for the deeper things which each recognized, and for mutual exchange of that which each lacked.

A California lady took us to Mr. Joseph Worcester's home, and we were ushered into a long low room, with large plate glass windows for the glorious outlook, hard wood floor with rugs, open book shelves, numerous pictures, often gifts from artists — William Keith, Mrs. Richardson, and others. We plunged, without preliminary skirmishing, into topics worth while. Professor Joseph LeConte had just died in the Yosemite Valley, his favorite oak in the University of California campus was hung with crape, the Faculty were pronouncing eulogies. I spoke of his works on Evolution knowing that the two men were excellent friends.

"Yes," Mr. Worcester had said to him, "you start out with the self-evident axiom that no effect can be greater than its cause, and you violate it at every step of your reasoning when you constantly deduce higher forms from lower."

"But," replied LeConte, "there are many causes, not one for each new form of life."

"Yes," returned Mr. Worcester, "but does an aggregation of inferior causes equal the superior effect?"

Mr. Worcester told me that on another occasion he opened up the subject again:

"Professor LeConte, what do you believe to be the one great Cause back of all others?"

"I believe that it is the love of God; but I cannot teach that to my scientific companions."

"For that reason, Professor, your science is inadequate and inconclusive."

Mr. Worcester further commented to me on the excellencies of Greek philosophy though he admitted some vital defects in Plato's *Republic*, and he pointed out the need of a clear knowledge of Discrete Degrees in Professor William James's psychology; we commented on the loyalty of Professor Louis

Agassiz in clinging to higher truth at any cost, even if lower phenomena seemed to contradict it. Mr. Worcester said that LeConte accepted the philosophy of Swedenborg regarding matter rather than that of Bishop Berkeley.

For New-Church visitors, the chief building in San Francisco is the House of Worship about thirty by fifty feet on the corner of Lyon andWashington Streets erected in 1895 under Mr. Worcester. Here, as we saw it, you will find no ushers, an invisible hospitality bidding you be seated; no offertory plate; but a little iron box in a shadowy corner enables you, if you find it, to deposit your offering unknown except to your recording angel; no sexton, since parishioners, opulent or otherwise, consider it a privilege to eliminate the intrusive dust; no finance committee, or church fairs, or sewing circles. Do the ravens come with offerings as at the brook Cherith? Even the building fund grew by spontaneity.

We enjoyed the little low-roofed structure of alleged Italian design, but seemingly allied to Spanish Mission architecture, in its simplicity, restfulness, and quiet beauty. It is a building of perfect unworldiness set down in a modern, aggressive, virile city. It is not labeled with a sign, and has no advertising, except that the Easter Sunday newspaper — of which I have seen a copy — used to devote illustrated pages to flamboyant praise in a way to invade the domain of reserve in which its tranquil-spirited pastor loved to dwell.

Nature gives a note of gladness to the spot. The concrete wall more than six feet high shuts off the Church from the street, and is decorated with gay pink blossoms and ivy geraniums which run riot and laugh in the sunshine. At the top of the steps from the street you are ushered into a shaded vestibule which opens into the church garden. Turning sharply to the right, you follow the church wall to the entrance near the rear; but you pause to speak to Mr. Worcester who is standing under the clear sky on this Sunday morning, July 21, 1901. He draws your attention to the rare trees, curious shrubs, and circular shallow stone pool set in the velvety lawn which furnishes water to lively songsters, and elicits their warbling thanks in return. The same lovely solicitude for birds is repeated within:

"High up in the wall, over the chancel, is a gem of a window, small and round, set like a jewel out of reach. Its theme is a garden. Lavender iris grows at the base of a shallow stone bowl, filled to the brim with water. A branch of flowering apple tree is reflected in the sheet of silver, and, on the edge of the pool, balances a bird."

The very laborers "worked overtime on the building from sheer love of the church; and when a swallow built a nest under the eaves, they took innumerable pains not to disturb her, and spread a feast of crumbs from their luncheon baskets." *

Spanish tiles cover the roof; the walls are of concrete and hardburned brick, wainscoted inside with Oregon pine. At the rear, just as you enter, is a generous brick fireplace, and even in midsummer the bit of blaze and the fragrant odor are agreeable; but the crosses that surmount the andirons remind us that life has its Calvary. The shadow on our soul is lifted, however, as we see the little glowing picture in stained glass on our right — St. Christopher outlined against water and sky, bearing the Holy Child luminous with spiritual glory. Near by is a very narrow window brought from Westminster Abbey; once it transmitted light onto illustrious tombs; now it looks in on seventy-five living worshipers. The remaining windows are plain and leaded, but idealized by encircling roses which clamber up in worshipful fashion from the garden.

Down the other side of the church, opposite the windows, "are four large mural landscapes, long and narrow and rich in tone, painted by William Keith, the dean of California landscape painters, and by far the most talented, and given by him out of love for this charming church. The themes are the seasons. . . . Instead of showing the conventional spring, summer, autumn and winter, they are devoted to the early and late rains, and to the two seasons of harvest. This story of the western seasons tells the gradual change of the hills from brown to green, to brown again, and describes

* All quotations not otherwise credited are from "A Sermon in Church Building" by Mabel Clare Craft in *The House Beautiful* for February, 1901, published in Chicago.

vividly the luscious colors of the meadows, and the deep shadows of the oaks."

If my eastern readers cannot see the Worcester church paintings they will be rewarded by a visit to the Public Library at Malden, Mass., where may be enjoyed a characteristic picture by this William Keith (1839–1911) who was born in Aberdeen, but was early Americanized. He shows us an autumn sunrise with translucent clouds irradiated by the orb's rays; below are big bronze oaks dominating the landscape, and a pond with standing cattle; the whole pervaded with the spirit of tranquillity.

Returning to the Worcester Church, we find that the customary pews are supplanted by hand-wrought chairs of Mission furniture design — "the frames of maple, and the seats of California tules, beautifully braided by hand." Beneath the worshipers' feet are Japanese woven grass-mats on a floor of native wood without polish. The open coffered roof is supported by six pair of madrona tree-trunks with the native bark still on, which extend from a point considerably below the eaves upward to the ridgepole. Mr. Worcester selected them in the Sierras and the young woodsman-owner became himself consecrated in the cutting, and declared "that no hands but his had touched them, that he could not bear to think of their being handled as freight, and he begged to deliver them in person." Down the long mountain road he came, his horses musical with sleigh-bells; the blacksmith who served them in a contingency declined remuneration when he learned the purpose of the trees.

The rural decorations of the church were as unusual as everything else: sometimes stalks of Indian corn stood grouped in corners, or glossy oak branches, or brown Eucalyptus surrounded the reading-desk, the latter adorned with an artichoke flower, or a curious fungus growth out of which living green was springing. Spanish moss sometimes depended from the roof. In 1901 a nature loving Club of non-New-Church persons spent their Saturdays in searching the woods for treasures, and begged to bring their Dryad offerings to the altar.

The church-service was very simple. Mr. Worcester

stepped down from his low platform to join the group of singers round the portable organ. The music was all chanting, the Lord's prayer was the only petition, as prescribed in the early Book of Worship issued for the Boston Society long before, and still in use by the conservative Mr. Worcester. He mourned the wear and tear of the books with no hope of replenishment: but I, on my return, forwarded to him as a gift from former owners fifty copies discovered here. In the pulpit, Mr. Worcester's voice was low, his eyes on his manuscript, his delivery without gesture: but his message was spiritual and full of an indefinable power. He declined during his lifetime the publication of a single one of his sermons, but permitted to appear his address of 1908 as Phi Beta Kappa member of the Leland Stanford University. His topic, *The Dual Nature of All Things*, touches on marriage. He says:

"Of the movements of the day disturbing the sanctions of the past none affects us more profoundly than that which questions the relation to each other of man and woman.

"With the age of authority of man over man, in which one must command and the other obey, the relation was simple. What we see now is almost equally simple — in woman's revolt against man's authority, and claim of absolute equality in all things. But, about the ideal relation or essential equality, we seem to know nothing except that it is not of authority, and certainly not of antagonism. The best intentioned men and women are painfully questioning in the matter: yet must there be principles to guide us,— to be found with patient application, and mutual conference and deference. . . .

"We do not care to dwell upon the first and passing phases of the struggle, but will speak briefly of two only, upon which there will be no controversy. Both men and women deplore the advent of the woman self-assertive, all-claiming: we have, in kindness, shut our eyes to her, believing that it was only a passing phase, knowing that it was a travesty on true womanliness. It may have been attended by a poor subservient phase of manhood — willing to let its work be done, but it certainly has been followed by an exaggerated mascu-

linity which is quite as offensive as the travestied femininity, and equally wide of the mark. We have come pretty near learning that woman is not improved by taking on the clothes or manners of the man: man did not need the flattery,— he was conceited enough before. . . .

" If only it might be understood that he — the man, not the brute — never quite comprehends why or how woman can love him; that his chivalry always has that modest wonder at the bottom of it! He sees these things dimly, and, in the same way, he knows that for his temptations — the conceit, the brutality which peculiarly are his — there is no human influence comparable with that of the womanly woman; and he regards with something of dismay her preference over this of that which seems to him so much poorer. He feels, though he cannot explain, that she makes a mistake well-nigh disastrous in imagining that his reluctance to seeing her enter the new fields of activity is grudging selfishness. But he admits that she also may speak, or find some one to speak for her, and tell us how she is misunderstood. By such exchange of explanation, may we not arrive at the truth, or get on a step or two toward it? "

Mr. Worcester further says that marriage becomes the most ensnaring means of self-love if the man loves the woman because of her love for him, and the woman loves the man because of his love for her. He also says that the union becomes more perfect in proportion to the differentiation between them — the woman growing more distinctly womanly, the man becoming more distinctively manly. They care for the same things, but they care for them differently. And he ends by pointing our attention to the Archetypal Oneness of the Lord's Love and Wisdom as a prototype of human marriage.

All I have to say of much of the above quotation is that it is a phase of Worcester spirituality distinctively unlike that of any one else in the whole New Church. The following incident is in the same line:

Mr. Joseph Worcester told me that one of his personal friends, a railroad official, had begged to present him with a round-trip pass enabling him to visit his brothers in Massachusetts once more.

"I thought the matter over for twenty-four hours," he said, "and I decided to decline the offer. It seemed to me entirely unnecessary that I should see my brothers. We love each other, we know that we love each other, and we are very near each other in spirit. I wrote Benjamin and John of my decision, and they wholly agreed with me."

Swedenborg says: "Nor does their distance from each other on earth alter the case: though persons may live here many thousands of miles asunder, still they may be together. . . ." (A. C. 1277).

At the obsequies for Mr. Worcester in 1913, Professor S. S. Seward* tells us that the chapel was "beautiful with branches of cone-bearing fir, pine, and juniper; there were boughs of oak and branches of flowering barberry, but no cut flowers"; there was reading from a manuscript written by Mr. Worcester in anticipation of these simple services which were repeated to the overflow of people in the garden; and thither the "Rock" boys, after the prayer, bore their spiritual foster-father's house of clay. But it was no longer tenanted; he had gone in the company of attendant celestial angels of the resurrection to the spiritual home of his brothers Benjamin and John.

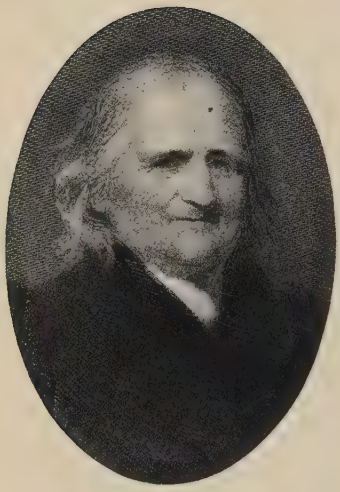
We will now descend to earth in our narrative, and trace six New-Church generations in direct lineal descent:

i. Capt. John Clark married in 1793 Lydia Sanderson.
ii. Alice Clark married in 1821 Thomas Worcester.
iii. Benjamin Worcester married in 1847 Mary C. Ruggles.
iv. Alice Worcester married in 1870 Lewis Tafel Burnham.
v. Mary Burnham married in 1897 George Burnham Beaman.
vi. The offspring of George and Mary are great-great-great-grandchildren of Capt. John Clark who was born in 1767.

Again we trace a line:

* The Worcester and Sewall and Seward quotations are from the *New-Church Messenger* for September 24, 1913; that of Mr. French from the *Messenger* of January 7, 1914.

Interior Second New Jerusalem Church, corner Lyons and Washington Streets, San Francisco. Rev. Joseph Worcester



N. Worcester —

Thomas Worcester

John Worcester

Wm L. Worcester —

i. Capt. John Clark married Lydia Sanderson.
ii. Alice Clark married Thomas Worcester.
iii. Miriam Worcester married in 1842 Samuel Fuller Dike.
iv. Helen Dike married in 1874 Albert Edward Hooper.
v. Catharine Reed Hooper married in 1905 Walter Burgess Warren.
vi. The little Warrens of Portland, Oregon, are the sixth New-Church generation.

Several other lines of at least five successive generations of our faith can be drawn through Thomas Worcester's children, Miriam, Catharine and John, all of which shows the strong Worcester loyalty to the Church of the New Jerusalem.

Rev. William L. Worcester, General Pastor of the Massachusetts Association, and President of the Cambridge New Church Theological School, continues to hold the ministerial office represented by his father and grandfather, and he hands on the family torch of spiritual truth lighted by Rev. Thomas Worcester, Founder of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem.

VIII

ABIEL SILVER AND THE MISSIONARY MESSAGE

A HUNDRED old family letters stretching back nearly a century and recently rescued from an attic on the Mississippi; a faded sheaf of state documents bearing presidential and other public signatures; but above all, decades of sympathetic and hallowed companionship between my father and myself, together with the sharing of parochial privileges: these furnish the chief material for this chapter.

I. BOYHOOD

> I long
> To hear the story of your life, which must
> Take the ear strangely.
>
> — *The Tempest*, A.D. 1611.

Abiel's father, John Silver, gained your favor out of hand by his winning personality. Broad in spirit and flexible of temperament, he had none of the Puritan rigidity of his day. Analytical of mind, he questioned the creeds, but was reverent toward God, and scrupulous toward the neighbor. Although living all his life in the country, a city adjective best describes his manners, which, characterized by ease, were essentially urbane. About 1770 he married Mary Buell, a sweet-spirited, gentle young girl who displayed none of the ambition for the ballot which characterized her distinguished contemporary, Mrs. John Adams, although, like her, she had a warm motherly heart.

Both my grandparents in their old age migrated westward, and their aspect remains clearly defined in my childhood's memory: his ruddy face crowned with white hair, his attitude toward children most winning; and I can see her kindly face framed in the broad frill of her white cap. Their home with their youngest daughter overlooked a garden gay with Bouncing Bets, phlox, and Sweet Williams over which drooped the graceful plumes of the princess' feather. Not infrequently

she would steal away from the family group, seclude herself in the "best room" near the vine-encircled window, and open the great family Bible, much of which she could repeat from memory.

After the manner of the olden times, my grandparents bestowed Scriptural names upon several of their children: that of the eldest son brings to mind the third Hebrew patriarch; that of the second son recalls the beloved disciple; that of the third son reminds one of the good king of Judah in whose reign the Book of the Law was recovered; the name of the fourth son sends one's thoughts back to the prophet of lamentation; the fifth son bore the name of King Saul's grandfather; but the youngest son was named for the famous American kite-flying philosopher, whose widely equipped mind my grandfather greatly admired. The elder daughter in the Silver household bore the name of a certain saint sacred in legendary art whom Raphael has depicted with palm branch in hand, standing serenely upon the subjugated dragon; and upon grandfather's younger daughter was bestowed the name of the glorious martyr-maid of mediæval France.

Abiel, grandfather Silver's fifth son and the subject of this sketch, opened his grey eyes on the world April the third, 1797, at Hopkinton, near Concord, New Hampshire. George Washington had not yet relinquished the helm of state after nearly eight highly successful years in the presidential chair. The lad Abiel grew up with a great hunger for knowledge, and a strong aptitude for quickly assimilating it, and making it a part of the texture of his mind.

II A BIG EVENT

My great compensation-day which it was worth while being born for.
— Robert Browning's comment on the day when he first met Elizabeth Barrett.

Romance was written large in my father's life. While still in infantile frocks he paid his first visit to the newly-arrived maiden, Ednah Hastings, to whom he was to prove a brave knight, tender and true to the last. Decanters, after the manner of the day, were on the sideboard; and the two houses,

in unconscious prophecy through their spirit of fun, bade him sip a little wine to the health of his little wife. The damsel had first opened her blue eyes on the world at Hopkinton on May the thirtieth, 1798; and her precocious lover might say in the words of the poem by Rev. Frederick Palmer of Cambridge over an event of similar import to him, that, on that night

> The half of myself was born.

One of Ednah's early misdemeanors shall be recorded. When quite too young to pronounce her own name she was observed one day diligently pulling up tiny garden plants, and repeating over and over to herself:

"Naughty, naughty, Nanna mustn't do that, No, No, naughty, naughty!"

An eye-witness has described to me a pretty contrasting scene in the Hastings orchard when a group of little sisters

> Knit hands and beat the ground
> In a glad fantastic round.

As they encircled a fragrant cherry tree I wonder if they knew that they were singing the glad-hearted words of Shakespeare's Ariel:

> Merrily, merrily shall I live now
> Under the blossoms that hang on the bough.

The little Hastingses multiplied until there were eight tall and stately maidens, whose parents, Moses and Miriam Tyler Hastings, were brave of heart, firm of nerve, loyal to duty.

Abiel and Ednah, as yet unpledged lovers, parsed together out of Young's *Night Thoughts,* admired the rhythmic prose of *Rasselas,* envied Addison his English, and analyzed Pope's *Essay on Man.* They wondered over the authorship of the charming new novel, *Waverley,* and laughed over Irving's *Knickerbocker,* Cowper's *Diverting History of John Gilpin,* and the current rhyme beginning:

> A wife should be like echo true,
> Nor speak but when she's spoken to;
> But not like echo e'er be heard
> Contending for the final word.

These young people frequented "spelling-down" parties where two lines of contestants faced each other and the dictionary was the umpire, each member forfeiting his place at his first misspelled word. Poor spellers went down like ninepins, but the early epistles of my parents were triumphs in orthography, and attest their success. Sleighing was a favorite diversion, and Poe has set the music of the bells to the rhythmic words of genius:

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

What gifts did the early nineteenth century lad give to his lassie? My only answer lies in a faded bit of paper which has been yellowing for a century, on which is written a mathematical problem "given by Abiel to Ednah to solve." It reads after this wise:

"A gentleman was making his address in a lady's family who had five daughters; she told them their father had made a will which imported that the first four of the Girls' fortunes were together to make £65,000; the last four £66,000, the last three with the first £60,000, the first three with the last £56,000, and the first two with the last two £64,000; which if he could tell what each one was to have, as he appeared to have a partiality for Harriet, the third daughter, he should be welcome to her. Pray what was Miss Harriet's fortune?

£10,000. Ans."

Riding on horseback was a favorite pastime in the olden times, and my mother was a fearless and even daring equestrienne, sometimes mounting an unwilling animal which had never had a woman on its back. One day she rode out on a gay young creature and stopped at a door to deliver a message.

An old woman came out, her face framed in an immense cap frill which shook with agitation as the eyes, keen, kindly, but apprehensive, peered over the spectacles at the caller. She spoke slowly, punctuating each word:

"Miss Hastings, don't you ride that wild horse; good folks are scarce, and bad ones ain't fit to die!"

The New England Primer had turned the merry-hearted Abiel and Ednah, while little children, to the consideration of grave matters. They evidently studied the Boston edition of 1777, printed by Edward Draper in Newbury Street and sold by John Boyle in Marlborough Street, a copy of which lies before me. It is three by four and a half inches in size, bound in blue paper over stiff boards with a leather back. Its thickness is only a quarter of an inch, but its eighty pages include the *Shorter Catechism*, John Cotton's *Spiritual Milk for Babes, and A Dialogue between Christ, Youth and the Devil.* Its varied themes delighted the theologian, gave assurance to the elect, terrified the impenitent, stirred the lethargic, stiffened the wavering, and aroused awe in the devout. The *Cradle Hymn* by Watts sang its way through my mother's sweet voice into my heart. She needed to blue-pencil only one verse. But the following infantile rhymes made little children old before their time:

I in the burying place may see
  Graves shorter there than I,
From death's arrest no age is free,
  Young children too must die.

My God, may such an awful sight
  Awakening be to me!
Oh! that by early grace I might
  For death preparèd be.

Puritanism engraved its message deep on the memory; and Abiel and Ednah within my remembrance could recite the following from the *New England Primer*:

VERSES FOR CHILDREN

Though I am young, a little one,
If I can speak and go alone,
Then I must learn to know the Lord,

And learn to read his holy word.
'Tis time to seek to God and pray
For what I want for every day:
I have a precious soul to save,
And I a mortal body have,
Tho' I am young yet I may die
And hasten to eternity:
There is a dreadful fiery hell,
Where wicked ones must always dwell:
There is a heaven full of joy,
Where godly ones must always stay:
To one of these my soul must fly,
As in a moment when I die:
When God that made me, calls me home,
I must not stay, I must be gone.
He gave me life, and gives me breath,
And he can save my soul from death.
He gives me bread and milk and meat
And all I have that's good to eat.
When I am sick, he, if he please,
Can make me well and give me ease:
He gives me sleep and quiet rest,
Whereby my body is refreshed.
The Lord is good and kind to me,
And very thankful I must be.
I must obey and love and fear him.
By faith in Christ I must draw near him.
I must not sin as others do,
Lest I lie down in sorrow too:
For God is angry every day,
With wicked ones who go astray,
All sinful words I must restrain:
I must not take God's name in vain.
I must not work, I must not play,
Upon God's holy sabbath day.
And if my parents speak the word,
I must obey them in the Lord.
Nor steal, nor lie, nor spend my days
In idle tales and foolish plays,
I must obey the Lord's commands,
Do something with my little hands:
Remember my Creator now,
In youth while time will it allow.

In this Primer famous couplets are accompanied by crude, forceful dramatic woodcuts, two of which fill a square inch.

The trunk of a fruit tree is encircled by the beguiling serpent to emphasize the dogma:

In Adam's Fall
We sinned all.

A lad escaping from the Tempter, depicted with the traditional terrible claws, forked tail and devouring jaws, tells us pictorially of moral triumph; and is accompanied by this couplet:

Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly.

The effigy of a king crowned and coffined recalls our inevitable fate:

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.

A skeleton steals suddenly upon a group of convivial youths around a table bringing judgment with him:

While youth do chear
Death may be near.

Puritan illustrations deal with the issues of life and death for the soul, but grim humor sometimes creeps in surreptitiously and lights up the tragedy.

A great educational promotion to Phillips Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, came to Abiel Silver in 1811. Just one hundred years later, I visited the institution under the guidance of a courteous undergraduate proud of its trophies won in athletic contests, especially those snatched from the great rival, Phillips Andover. Why this absorbing devotion?

The town of Exeter inhaled enthusiasm for outdoor sports with its first breath of life in 1683 through its founder, the Rev. John Wheelwright. His "athletic vigor and pluck" were shown in his contests at Cambridge, England, with his fellow collegian, the future famous Oliver Cromwell, who is recorded as saying, "That he was more afraid of meeting Wheelwright at football than he had been since of meeting an army in the field, for he was infallibly sure of being tripped up by him."

At Exeter today, instead of quoit-pitching and other simple games of a century ago, we see golf courses, baseball diamonds, football fields, straight-aways, modern boat houses, tennis courts, twelve in number, and still multiplying; and academy acres, grown from six or seven to three hundred and twenty. On the other hand, scholarship holds its own against athletics and physical comforts; its faculty of thirty or more has included distinguished men like Bradley L. Cilley in Greek; George L. Kittredge in English Literature, and George A. Wentworth in mathematics.

But Benjamin Abbott, principal of the academy from 1788 to 1838, still wears his diadem. He created the stimulating atmosphere, the high standards, the noble traditions, which others have perpetuated. Fire destroyed the dignified colonial Main Hall erected in 1794; and also destroyed its successor, "a product of darkest nineteenth-century architecture." But Cram and Ferguson have reinstalled the fine early type.

Those familiar with Charles Kingsley's life will recall that he walked from Cambridge to London, fifty-two miles, in a day. Also within the compass of a day, Mr. Silver, at the close of his Academy training, walked sixty miles from Exeter to Hopkinton. He was as vitally alive mentally as physically, and longed to make Dartmouth his Alma Mater. That institution beginning as a romantically public-spirited school for training Indians, had emerged under Wheelock and his son from its log-hut stage of equipment, and was arousing attention abroad. Young Silver would have enriched Dartmouth with his stimulating and contagious love of study; but grandfather Silver's purse was in inverse ratio to his generosity. He could but give his six sons good preliminary school training, supplemented by affectionate home nurture in intelligence, piety, and integrity; with a bestowal of his blessing and one hundred dollars upon each in turn when about to leave the rooftree and enter the big untried world. Abiel's college aspirations therefore received a check.

Judge John Harris of Hopkinton, who was the senior of my father by twenty-eight years, and greatly influenced his

early life, deserves a paragraph. A graduate of Harvard in 1791, he served forty-one years as county probate judge, and as associate justice of the New Hampshire supreme court of judicature. Admiring the little lad Abiel Silver, he nurtured and led him socially and spiritually, freemasonry becoming one of the bonds of comradeship. Judge Harris became a Knight Templar, and his clear strong handwriting is in evidence before me in a faded document which proved an open sesame when my father fared forth into the big world. It is dated April 13, 1819, and recommends him

"To the Fraternity of Free and accepted Masons."

I will outrun the regular sequence of events for a moment to quote from a letter yellow with age lying before me dated December 15, 1826, which says: "Mr. Silver thinks of taking a journey to Rutland, Vt., this winter to receive the degree of *Knighthood* which forms the climax of Masonry."

III. BETROTHAL

Dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy.
— *Henry V*, A.D. 1623.

The child lovers, Abiel and Ednah, having reached maturity, plighted their undying troth in 1818. They had lived in eventful times — the prodigious acquisition of the Louisiana Territory, the exciting conspiracy of Aaron Burr, the wonder of steam navigation up the Hudson, violent party controversies under Jefferson. Together they had watched in 1815 the dramatic ending of two important wars, in General Jackson's brilliant victory at New Orleans, and the Corsican's surrender at Waterloo.

In 1819 young Silver went forth high heartedly into the world in quest of a career. Treasured in his heart was the betrothal promise; enclosed in his pocket book, one hundred dollars; stowed in his trunk, valuable letters of introduction from the ardent Churchman, Judge Harris. Hospitable doors were to open to the young wanderer by Episcopalians and members of the Masonic Order. He visited several large towns; and subsequent to his stay in Albany time has proved

that the world is small. Fifty-six years later, in the year 1875, Rev. Albert H. Plumb and the Rev. Abiel Silver met in the Roxbury Bray-Burnham home wherein a marriage had recently been solemnized between a Congregational bride and a Swedenborgian bridegroom; and these two ecclesiastical shepherds looking after their respective sheep, discovered that they had friends in common in Albany.

Mr. Silver, the young wanderer, finally settled in 1820 in Ogdensburg, New York, on the St. Lawrence River, where, for five years, he maintained a private school of his own founding. The membership rose to one hundred, and he consumed much midnight oil in study that he might keep in advance of his bright, question-loving students. I have read the original rhymed letter indited by this fun-loving pedagogue in which he entertainingly describes his pupils.

During these years, except for Miss Hastings, Judge John Harris was his chief correspondent. From the Harris heirs, fifty years later, Mr. Silver obtained, after much persuasion, ninety-nine of his own letters, urging that after the death of the recipient the writer had the strongest claim. From these letters I learn that my father's intimate correspondence with the Judge was devoted largely to the claims of the Episcopal Church. Before me lies the most important of the ninety-nine, dated from Ogdensburg on August 16, 1823, in which Mr. Silver says:

"Bishop Hobart is expected here the 24th inst. when the rite of confirmation will probably be received by as many as 30 in this place. Under Mr. Carter's pious ministry we are meeting together at the Church three times a week, specially for the preparation and the reception of that holy rite. I am doubly anxious to receive it, I believe it will afford me great consolation."

During six of their seven betrothal years, Mr. Silver and Miss Hastings were separated by unfeeling and insensate miles. While he was wrestling with theological and pedagogical problems, she was attending the Pembroke Academy where the curriculum was undoubtedly meagre, but from whence she emerged clothed in good manners tinctured with deference, with the ability to express herself clearly, and

to read aloud in a way to charm the cultured ear. Musical choral training in the Messiah came later.

Ednah Hastings was now to have the first great travel adventure of her life. On March 5, 1821, she set out with her resourceful brother-in-law, Enoch Long, her sister, Mary Hastings Long, and the little four-year-old niece, Lucia, for the banks of the Mississippi.* Transit was not rapid. American travelers must wait eight years more for the first steam railway. This two months' journey was accomplished by driving southward from New Hampshire with increasingly difficult roads; sailing from Brownsville, Virginia, down the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers for a fortnight on a flat-boat fourteen feet by twenty-four purchased for the occasion; with the family sheltered at one end, the horses at the other, and the covered vehicle on the roof; passing Cincinnati with its ten thousand inhabitants; selling the boat at Shawneetown, Illinois, and resuming wheels across the state to Alton, the point of destination.

The character of Miss Hastings was brought out by one experience. Yielding to urgent petition, she took in charge a neighborhood public district school which had hitherto proved a Waterloo, each teacher in turn having been floored metaphorically, and possibly literally, by the insubordinate element. The chief offender, on hearing of the new arrangement, flung out his challenge: "I would like to see the woman who could make *me* mind!" Miss Hastings had no physical force back of her, no head-master armed with birch as a court of final appeal. She began by capturing the good will of the ringleader, who became her devoted ally; he could not do enough for her. The other boys, having the gang spirit, held together; and, not sufficiently strong to lead in mutiny, but admiring power, turned their allegiance to the new force unexpectedly at the top. She achieved success because she saw a possible hero under every boy's jacket. She idealized men to the end of her life, and maintained toward them a touch of deference.

The betrothal letters of Abiel Silver and Ednah Hastings

* See remarkable life of Enoch Long filling vol. ii. of *Chicago Historical Collection,* Chicago, 1884.

which had been passing each other, shuttle-like, between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi demanded a postage of twenty-five cents each. Prepayment was not compulsory, and etiquette demanded that the gentleman cover the expense in both directions. Two of these epistles survive — careful in chirography, grave in spirit, strongly individual in opinion. Although warmed with an underglow of love, there is no rash impetuosity, no unrestrained vehemence, no careless rapture of expression. The God of the Pilgrims was watching them; they must write worthily of Him. There is a reverent attitude toward marriage, much discussion of the comparative claims of the Episcopal and Orthodox Churches, and an earnest desire for complete spiritual sympathy. Fifteen years later, these two persons would find accordant vision in a Church home.

IV. MARRIAGE

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye forever it remember may.

—Edmund Spenser's *Epithalamion* on his own marriage to Elizabeth, A.D. 1595.

Ednah Hastings had been made fatherless ten years before, the hearthstone was deserted, and the family scattered. As a foil to this somber picture, the hospitable rooftree of her big-hearted Uncle Simeon Tyler furnished sunshine, ample space, and good cheer as a gift to her wedding. One of its four square rooms on the ground floor witnessed the marriage ceremony, and I have often seen its wainscoted walls, small panes, and high, narrow, hand-carved mantle-shelf. The whole building is now "restored" out of all recognition. The alliance was cordially approved by both houses: Mr. Silver was made royally welcome; and, in turn, Grandfather Silver often said in later years, "Ednah, if you do not deserve as much love as any child I have in the world, you get more than your share."

The date of the afternoon marriage was May 16, 1825, with fifty guests present. Ednah's sister Laura served as bridesmaid,* and was proud of the groomsman, George W. Long, whom she had known from childhood, and who was now a manly West Point artillery officer of twenty-six. He was the brother of Enoch, the pioneer, and of Major Stephen H. Long, U. S. A., who had already explored 26,000 miles of wilderness, discovering and giving the name to Long's Peak in the Rocky Mountains.

The officiating clergyman at the wedding was the village pastor, Rev. Roger Conant Hatch of Yale, 1815, who represented Orthodox Puritanism, toned and sweetened in spirit. A parishioner writes, declaring his likeness to Goldsmith's "Village Preacher."

Ednah, the bride, wore a lace cap wreathed with flowers, a gown of wrought Swiss muslin with two plain flounces, a lace ruff, and gauze sash. She writes of her wedding attire, that "all these pretty things are of little moment," and she speaks of the nuptial ceremony as "the important crisis." At the close of the festivities, the entire company went in chaises to the meeting-house, presumably for the signing of a marriage contract, after which the bridal pair, accompanied by six of their young friends, drove as far as Concord, New Hampshire, ten miles. The three-hundred-mile wedding journey to the new home which should have consumed only five days, was extended to nine, because of irregularity in connection of stages and boats, via Hanover, New Hampshire; Montpelier and Burlington, Vermont; and Plattsburg, New York, to Waddington on the St. Lawrence, seventy miles from Lake Ontario. Mr. Silver in his quest for a career, after five years as a pedagogue at Ogdensburg, had moved down the St. Lawrence River to Waddington, and was now a merchant.

Although my mother's maiden family name was now secondary, I will record that she was very proud of it. I think that she could really feel the superior Hastings blood coursing in her veins. Had she been a guest in some fortress-castle dur-

* As the younger sister, Ednah, married first, it was said of Laura in old family letters that "she must dance in the brass kettle."

ing mediæval days, she would have taken her seat above the salt with assured and unconscious ease. Accepting the statement that "the family tree is not indigenous to our soil," I endeavored while in the British Museum to trace the transplantation of ours hither, but without success. Since my mother's death I have dropped the matter, out of fear that my ancestors might prove so superior that I could not live up to them. Imagine the discovery of more than one Lady Hastings in the ancestral line possessing an imperial presence, distinction of manner, courtly grace, and a high-bred air; and imagine a discerning critic wondering, in view of the present generation, whether these social graces were interred with their bones. Nevertheless I love to climb the genealogical trees of other people, and to enjoy the fair fruit. Regarding my darling old Papa, I only trace his lineage back to his paternal grandfather born in 1730, and bearing the Biblical name Samuel. If Abiel Silver's shield is permitted to bear any quarterings it will be for this reason: that he, during a life time, maintained a high degree of courtesy toward his wife and daughter. In this connection it is interesting to recall the naïve remark of little Anatole France who tried to enact on his mother's kitchen table the rôle of the pillar saint, Simeon Stylites. Upon being called down, he exclaimed, "It is always very hard to be a saint in the midst of one's family."

If you had been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Silver in their new home on the St. Lawrence, you would have seen an island three miles long, where lived the Ogdens who, after the fashion of the day, contributed to my mother's album, after this wise:

They composed grave verses on *Prayer*, devotional verses on *The Redemption*, and gloomy verses on *Dying*. Bachelors indited their sentiments of playful irony. Mr. Atwater (who afterwards married) under the title of *Misanthrope Hours*, enters a list of life's illusions, ending with woman:

> "When eyes of fire their flashes sent,
> And rosy lips looked eloquent,
> Oh, I have turned and wept to find
> Beneath it all a trifling mind."

Mr. Silver, having exchanged his five-year rôle of pedagogue in Ogdensburg for a five-year vocation of merchant at Waddington, felt that residence at the latter place was tentative. It was a sojourn, rather than a permanent abode; diversified by visits and little journeys, with happy hearthstone experiences forming the warp and woof of life. His wife's declining health spurred him on in 1831 to wind up his affairs "in a trice," and to give her a two-hundred-mile carriage-drive by easy stages to Saratoga Springs for a stay of months. And then westward on a venture.

V. STRIKING ROOT

For a better and higher gift than this there cannot be, when with accordant aims man and wife have a home.

Odyssey VI, 181–185, B.C. 1000.

Come live with me. . . .
And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

— Christopher Marlowe, A.D. 1600.

On November 3, 1831, Mr. and Mrs. Silver arrived at Edwardsburg, Cass County, Michigan Territory. The town was bounded on the west by Beardsley's Prairie three miles long, and so prodigally spangled with wild flowers as to be fit for a Moslem paradise; and here, for a score of years, roses in large variety were to blossom under Mrs. Silver's sympathetic hand. Picture her, as I remember her, wearing on her head a snood or calash made of wine-colored brocade shirred on to slender willow rods, rendering it, when in disuse, collapsible like a jointed carriage top.

The village, whose main street was lively with post coaches in transit, was situated on one of the roads radiating from Detroit. A hundred miles west of Edwardsburg lay Fort Dearborn, around which gathered a few inhabitants; the spot to be incorporated within two years as the town of Chicago.

Mr. Silver entered promptly into mercantile arrangements, establishing one store at Edwardsburg and another at Cassopolis, the county seat; the two equidistant from Niles, the point of arrival by vessel for his commodities which came from New York *via* the Hudson River, Erie Canal, Lakes

Huron and Michigan, and the St. Joseph River. Increasing his four thousand dollar purchases the first year to twenty thousand dollars the second, he had also gained a lesson in selection; his first cargo of coffee being sold out in three weeks, and his tea lasting three years. Here, in 1835, he secured a home, purchasing for twelve hundred dollars the old Edwards estate of twenty acres bounded on the north by Pleasant Lake. As years went on, Mr. Silver's mercantile ventures were subject to vicissitude. Later, he had thrown the business on his partners, and had become in a degree a silent member.

His official life comes into view. Mrs. Silver writes from Edwardsburg under date of April 21, 1833:

"Mr. Silver has just received an appointment from the Governor of the Territory as Judge of the Circuit Court of this County." The original official document in the form of an appointment lies before me, and begins after this wise:

"George B. Porter,
Governor in and over the Territory of Michigan,
To all to whom these presents may come — GREETING:
Know ye, that, reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity and ability of Abiel Silver, I have nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council of the said Territory have appointed him Associate Judge of the Circuit Court in and for the County of Cass for the term of three years." It was renewed in 1836.

We have seen Mr. Silver as a fun-loving pedagogue, and as a state official; we see him now as a fun-loving federal official. In one of his wife's letters to old friends, he adds the following:

"Do you know of a rhymster who writes to save pence
In odd jingling rhymes, whether sense or nonsense?
Then place to the credit of that poetaster
One shilling and sixpence —

A. SILVER, *Postmaster.*"

A Washington letter lying before me from the Second Assistant Postmaster General under President Van Buren is dated February 20, 1838, and appoints Mr. Silver postmaster

at Edwardsburg. The appointment was renewed on August 17, 1843.

It seems difficult to keep out of office in Michigan. Before me lies an appointment made by the head of the state and confirmed by the senate offering Mr. Silver the Commissionership of the Land Office at Marshall for two years. It is dated February 16, 1846, and signed by Gov. Alpheus Felch. A reappointment for two years more is dated February 5, 1848, and signed by Governor Epaphroditus Ransom.

In March, 1848, Mr. Silver as Commissioner went on horseback through the mud from Marshall to Lansing, the new Capital of the state. The distance was fifty miles. He was eagerly interested in education, and by the laws of the state, the sixteenth section of every surveyed township was to be set apart for the support of public schools. He found that the school section at Lansing was an admirable site for the State Capitol, being fifty feet above the Grand River. The keen scent of land speculators had brought them there, and they presented their inferior site, with a remote, almost intangible hint of bribery. Mr. Silver dismissed them in six words: "Gentlemen, I am not for sale." He carried the day by devoted effort. After Mr. Silver's death in 1881, the Detroit Society of the New Jerusalem, through its clerk, Mr. James Wilkie, sent my mother and me a letter of sympathy embodying in its preamble these words:

"And Whereas, Mr. Silver, as a citizen of Michigan for many years, and especially as Commissioner of the State Land Office, performed for our state important trusts and uses (among others projecting and by his efforts securing the location of our State Capitol on school lands, thereby largely swelling the State school funds), therefore, Resolved," &c.

VI. ABORIGINES

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
  Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft —
  Sleep, as a papoose should.
The coyote howls on the prairie wild,
  And the owlet howls in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
  As it slumbers peacefully.

  Sleep as a papoose should;
For, safe in your birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace, and rest,
  If the little papoose is good.

—From an Indian Cradle Song interpreted by the Chilocco Indian School Journal.

Indian traditions supplied a background for the Edwardsburg life. Our oak tree, huge and ancient, standing between the house and Lake Pleasant, had been a peace-rendezvous for hostile red men where they had buried the hatchet and smoked together the pipe of peace. Real live aborigines added a touch of picturesqueness. Occasionally a young mother of the friendly Pottawatamie tribe appealed to Mrs. Silver for succor. Slipping from her forehead the strap by which she carried her papoose in its little woven cradle on her back, she leaned against the sunny side of the house the board to which all was fastened; and, leaving the grave little one outside, she entered, asking for *quashgun* (bread). Pokagon and other chiefs visited the Silvers, bringing their interpreters, and adding pantomime of their own. When urged to a final helping at the table, they expressed their sense of repletion by patting their stomach, and placing their hand under their chin — "full up to here." The hospitality was returned. Several white gentlemen sat in an Indian tent around a table on which the central dish was succotash, a mixture of corn and beans. After partaking for a while, the chief said, "Squaw, carry it off." Later he said, "Squaw, bring it back again." And it was repeatedly removed and returned, until it had been served as many times as the number of courses observed by the chief at the white man's table. Mr. Silver often related this incident: A white man

and a red man were in a forest, and were conversing side by side sitting on the fallen trunk of a tree, when, almost imperceptibly the Indian crowded his neighbor to the end of the log. When the latter protested, he received this retort:

"That is the way that the paleface crowds the Indian off of his land."

Mr. Silver often remarked upon the equity of the Indians in small matters. Upon killing a deer, they would hang a quarter on a tree, and other fellow-tribesmen did not steal the venison from this outdoor larder. It was by no means so safe among white men.

Sculpture, Music, Fiction, and Ethnology are paying tribute. Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin's equestrian series embodies the attitude of the American aborigines toward the conquering race from Europe. The first, "The Signal of Peace," depicts a Sioux chief in feathered bonnet, pointing upward with his spear as a recognized symbol of peace toward the white man. The sculptor, familiar with Indian life, witnessed this scene at the conclusion of a treaty of peace in Utah, the home of his boyhood. The second, "The Medicine Man," with hand raised in warning, sets forth the dawning suspicion of the tawny native toward the white invader. The third, "Protest," portrays the Indian with clenched fist and rearing horse, engaged in the warfare of tribesman against settler. The final one of the series, in front of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, represents "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," the devout Indian in prayer looking upward for deliverance. Edward McDowell in his Indian Suite, Anton Dvorák in his Indian Symphony, and the Smithsonian in its illustrated volumes, keep the aborigines in remembrance.

Skiushushu, Chief Red Fox of the Blackfoot Indians, is pictured in a bonnet of spreading feathers, with keen eyes and a strong face beneath. He is in the correspondence department of our Theological School with a view of giving the principles of our faith to his people. He is founding an eighty-acre Home for Indian Boys and Girls, and a Christian Tepee Mission Society for their home training in preparation for the public schools. See *New-Church Messenger*, October 22, also November 5, 1919, p. 302, where he writes:

"It is a very interesting fact to me, that Black Hawk and I notice in very many of the studies of Christian Church ministers that we find books of the New-Church teachings. . . ."

VII. A REMARKABLE BISHOP

THE SHIP AND THE RAFT

The one well authorized, the other self appointed; the one put together by the hand of a Divine Artisan; the other, the voluntary fortuitous meeting together of discordant material.

—The Episcopal Church set forth by antithesis, by Bishop Chase. P. 268.*

To be shepherded by a Bishop in Michigan from 1832 to 1836 was a great event to Mr. and Mrs. Silver. For years, after the manner of truly zealous laymen, they had attended Church at Niles. The round trip by carriage was twenty-four miles. "How excellent," they would say in their happy-hearted way, "the sun at our back when driving westward in the morning, and also behind us on our return in the afternoon."

Philander Chase, born in New Hampshire in 1775, was the great-great-great-grandson of Aquila Chase of England. At thirty-six, Philander was rector of Christ Church at Hartford, Connecticut. Here he reached the very acme of ease in Zion; admirable parish, ample income, lovely wife, two noble boys in school, and an affirmative attitude toward him on the part of his co-workers: a picture pretty much all high lights. But the lure of the West was upon him, coupled with the conviction that he should extend his beloved Church toward the setting sun. He was consecrated as bishop February 11th, 1819. Eight years later, eight thousand acres of land in Knox County, Ohio, were advantageously purchased for Kenyon College. This institution was as truly a child of the Bishop as the Virginia University was a child of Thomas Jefferson. The land was fertile, well-watered, well-timbered, healthful, and with good well-sites; but the Bishop was told that to found his college "from the stump" was "madness." He and two others visited it. They found

* *The Life of Philander Chase*, First Bishop of Ohio and Illinois, Founder of Kenyon and Jubilee Colleges. By his grand-daughter, Laura Chase Smith. 341 pp. New York, E. P. Dutton and Co. 1903.

a plain a mile long covered with fallen timber interlaced with undergrowth where it was impossible to move a rod without cutting a path; and they slept to "the howl of the wolf, the call of the fox, and the hoot of the owl," diversified by rattlesnakes in the daytime. The Bishop summoned workmen, and, in less than three years, eight hundred acres had been cleared for wheat and Indian corn.

In 1828 Kenyon College Building was rising according to the draft made by our great American architect, Bulfinch of Washington. The Bishop's *Life* tells us that he was everywhere, and did everything. He was his own forester, landscape-gardener, architect, and builder, constructing his own saw-mill, flour-mill, and printing press. He was the educational head of Kenyon, with great appointive privileges. He was the ecclesiastical head of vast spiritual powers. As time passed on, friction ensued; he resigned his offices; and he pointed significantly to a picture of King Lear on his walls, as he quitted forever the scene of eight years of Herculean labors (*Life*, p. 238).

Shortly after this, Mr. and Mrs. Silver knew him in Michigan. He had turned his back on his wrongs, and diffused sweetness. Under date of April 21, 1833, my mother writes from Edwardsburg:

"To-morrow Bishop Chase and lady are coming to spend a week with us, and preach in this and surrounding villages. He is a father of the Church in every sense of the word, and a very interesting old gentleman in the private circle." He was original. Cincinnatus, his chief pet, a pony about the size of a Shetland, was as individual as a human child. Once, the Bishop apologized for coming in late to see a guest, because he had "just been turning Cincinnatus into the Mediterranean" (out to pasture). He dated his letters from "Robins' Nest" because his house "was built of sticks and mud, and filled with young ones." He and his family spent their last week in Michigan at my father's home on their way to a permanent home in Illinois, where he founded Jubilee College. The Bishop's little daughter writes to her brother (pp. 276, 277, in the *Life*):

"At length the day arrived when we should leave our once

happy home. . . . The ox-team driven by a hired man, led the van; the old carriage with the family came next; then H. in the other wagon, and P. on old Cincinnatus brought up the rear. At Lima I mounted old Cincinnatus, as we had agreed to take turns riding him. The next morning we were up betimes, and rode ten miles before breakfast. We entered Edwardsburg about noon, and were received very kindly by Mr. and Mrs. S., where we intended to spend Sunday. Father preached the next day to a large congregation of attentive hearers. Cincinnatus was here found to be so lame that we could ride him no farther, and we were obliged to send him back; but as we could find no one going that way, father tied a bit of board about his neck, with, as near as I can recollect, these words upon it:

'My name is Cincinnatus, I belong to P. Chase, Gilead, Bishop of Illinois. I am eighteen years old, and somewhat lame. Let me pass on to Gilead, Michigan, where I shall be well taken care of through the winter, as a reward for my past services.'

We then turned him out to seek his fortune. We have not heard from him since, but I have no doubt he went directly home."

VIII. ÆSCULAPIUS

> By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
> Will seize the doctor too.
>
> —CYMBELINE, v, 5, 1626.

In August, 1834, Mrs. Silver was stricken with bilious fever. Mr. Silver in his light buggy drawn by Old Kate scoured the prairie in search of a nurse, but sickness was widely prevalent and efforts were in vain. He then bethought himself of Mrs. Shintafer, a sturdy Dutch woman who had borne her husband twenty-one children. Rumor declared that she had much gold hidden away in the toes of stockings and in other places of home deposit; and it was well known that she would refuse compensation for solicited service. But the plight was desperate, and Mr. Silver, knowing of her big heart, ventured to put in a petition. She replied affirmatively, saying that she would stay until she had seen

his wife on her feet. Immediately after this juncture, her neighbors proffered advice:

"Don't go to Mrs. Silver's; she is a very proud woman, and she won't speak to you after she gets well."

"Never you mind, I have given my word, and I shall go."

She came. Illness was prolonged, and at the end of six weeks her patient was reduced to fifty pounds, on the old maxim, starve a fever. Mercury was the reigning remedy of the day; calomel was administered by physician's orders until Mrs. Silver was salivated. But her magnificent constitution triumphed, although the muscles of the jaw were contracted, so that for the ensuing year she must needs be nourished on liquids only. On Mr. Silver's earliest visit to New York after her recovery he brought to Mrs. Shintafer a handsome silk gown; and he and his wife drove frequently to her home with offerings of fruit, messages, and other expressions of good will. Finally, the long and useful life of the good woman was drawing to a close, and she sent for her former patient, and delivered to her this oral message:

"Mrs. Silver, I am on my dying bed; I shall never rise from it except to meet my Saviour at the Day of Judgment. And before I go I wish solemnly to affirm to you regarding your sickness, that if I had not thrown the greater part of your medicine out of the window you would not be alive this day!"

In the year 1849 Mr. Silver visited various Eastern cities. Cholera was prevalent, and he carried home the seeds of it. One morning soon after his return he came down to breakfast wearing a green and yellow aspect of countenance, and before night his recovery was highly doubtful, convulsions having set in.

While still able to assert himself, he laid down the absolute decree that under no circumstances whatever was any physician to be admitted to his chamber. He also called attention to a simple prescription for cholera which he had brought home from New York, as follows:

"Drop twenty drops of the spirits of camphor on a teaspoonful of sugar, and dissolve the whole in twenty teaspoonfuls of water. Administer one teaspoonful of the mixture

once in five minutes, diminishing the frequency as the symptoms abate."

Mr. Silver's two attendants, his wife and her sister, administered the remedy according to directions, and bestowed care as suggested by experience and common sense: the room darkened, quiet, well ventilated; nourishment slight and simple, cold applications to the feverish head, hot applications to the seats of pain. The case was very severe, but not fatal; Mr. Silver came down in a day and consumed three months in recovery.

In the meantime the doctors in and about Edwardsburg were consumed with curiosity that he should have triumphed without them; and they all signed a "round robin" letter humbly petitioning that they might be permitted to visit him in a non-official capacity. To this he returned a cordial note of welcome; personally he liked them very much; but he had vowed a mighty vow against their "Herculean doses." They came, and he expatiated on the remedial excellencies of camphor.

In 1836 a third event occurred which, if the reader will pardon the lack of chronological sequence in this narrative, I will now describe. Mr. Silver's orchard had just been pruned and he was reviewing the work when he discovered a little inadvertent neglect. Drawing down a limb with one hand that he might remove a few twigs, his pruning knife slipped and tapped the main artery of the left wrist. The blood spurted quite a long distance at each pulsation, but Mr. Silver with his usual presence of mind grasped the left wrist vigorously with his right hand, walked into the house and ordered the surgeon to be summoned. Dr. B. came. He was a man of years, had served professionally in the regular army, was a man of experience, skill and success. But he was becoming intemperate, a condition which affected his judgment but not his manners, and was as yet unsuspected. With a patient of admirable physique the surgical problem was a simple one, but Dr. B. blundered. Again and again the artery broke out; he introduced a styptic; he trenched on the edge of a nerve, and nearly produced lockjaw.

A council of physicians was called; blood poisoning was

pronounced imminent, and amputation near the shoulder was declared inevitable to save the patient's life. Anæsthetics were unknown in 1836, and the operating surgeon declared that Mr. Silver did not move a muscle of his face during the removal of the limb. Immediately after, the physicians pointed out to Dr. B. the condition of the wrist, whereat he turned perfectly white, and was silent. Later, he sent in a bill for fifty dollars for professional services, whereupon Mr. Silver sent for him, and delivered this ultimatum:

"Dr. B., if you were worth a dollar in the world, I would sue you heavily for damages; as you are not, you will go scot free, but you will receive no compensation from me."

The doctor silently quitted the house. He went from bad to worse, was responsible for much subsequent malpractice, gradually lost his patronage. When his own death was approaching, he gave this order:

"Fasten a bracket in the corner of this room; place on it a black bottle, and write underneath the following inscription: This is what killed Dr. B."

A pleasant bit of sunshine came into Mr. Silver's life during his illness. His brother-in-law, Enoch Long, with his two boys, Hastings and Stephen, came, accompanied by a brilliant and delightful surgeon, Dr. Peter W. Randle, who at twenty-five had married the lads' sister, Lucia Long, a charming girl of seventeen. Both she and her firstborn had been called to the spiritual world recently; and the husband, seeking distraction from his grief, had planned a rapid and extensive eastern trip; but finding Mr. Silver "in a serious and dangerous condition," he said at once,

"I will stay and see you safely out of the woods."

He lived to be an octogenarian and served in the United States Navy, practising medicine and surgery many years in San Francisco. But the sunshine of Dr. Randle's presence was as nothing to the psychological experiences of Mr. Silver in connection with the loss of his arm, which threw confirmatory crosslights on the new things he was to learn regarding the spiritual body; all of which will be related in the next chapter. He has often been heard to speak of this deprivation of a limb as one of the great blessings of his life.

IX. DISCOVERY OF THE NEW CHURCH

The Master is come, and calleth for thee.
—Martha of Bethany to Mary.

We now come to a transcendent event: the reception by Mr. and Mrs. Silver of the New-Church faith which changed the whole current of their lives. The first New Churchman whom they ever saw was a Mr. Lawrence, coming, I think, from Cincinnati. He liked to tangle up Mrs. Silver's mind in her illogical creed in order to show her the way out; and he lent her husband a volume of Swedenborg. But they opened it to a description of the spiritual world which they distorted and rejected, because they did not know the laws of that world.

We see therefore that Mr. Lawrence was at the best only a forerunner — a kind of Lief Eric; the real Christopher Columbus who brought my parents in 1839 to a knowledge of the new world of spiritual thought was Mr. Edwin Burnham of Detroit. He was thirty-six years of age, and his mother had already been baptized into our faith. The Rev. Holland Weeks (1768–1843), father-in-law of Mr. Burnham, consecrated as a clergyman of our faith in 1821, visited Detroit, and instituted its New Church Society on August 25, 1839. Mr. Burnham was appointed its leader, and continued services "on each welcome recurrence of the Holy Sabbath." After the manner of Mr. William Schlatter of Philadelphia, Mr. Burnham, who was also engaged in merchandise, was accustomed to place New-Church books and tracts in boxes of goods sent out; and Mr. Silver, dependent on Detroit as well as New York for his purchases, became the happy recipient of these spiritual commodities. Cordial personal intercourse between these two men followed. Mr. Edwin Burnham's brother Lyman, writing me from Brooklyn on April 1st, 1881, says:

"How well *I* remember the happiness of my dear brother Edwin, in Detroit, over forty years ago, when he came home late at night and told us of a conversation he had just had with Mr. Silver about the New-Church doctrines, and how delighted he was! And how many times since then have I

thought of that night, and of the happy and important results which have followed! And now I hope they will meet in heaven, — bright, useful and happy angels!"

Having attended a Burnham-Goddard wedding in 1866 and its Golden semi-centennial celebration later, I insert a direct New-Church genealogical line:

i. Rev. Holland Weeks married Harriet Hopkins.
ii. Elizabeth H. Weeks married Edwin Burnham.
iii. Mary Burnham married Rev. John Goddard.
iv. Bertha Goddard married Sherman Layton.
v. Sherman Layton, Jr., of Ellis, Mass., is a great-great-grandson of Holland Weeks.

We now return to the original thread of our story. As there had been for years in the minds of the Silvers an undercurrent away from the old creeds, the Burnham gift soon proved a delight. Mr. Silver began *Heaven and Hell* without saying anything to his wife; she discovered it tucked away in a drawer, and read it without saying anything to him; they traveled invisibly side by side and soon discovered each other. She exclaimed, regarding Swedenborg's book:

"How beautiful, if it could only be true! And yet, if I were a school girl, and attempted a composition on Heaven, could I write anything half as sensible?"

But her chief source of delight was the new teaching of One God in One Person, the Lord the Saviour Jesus Christ; the Inmost Divine Love as the Father, the Glorified Humanity as the Son; their combined Power shed abroad as the Holy Spirit. No longer the bewildering question: "Shall I pray to the stern Father as more powerful, or to the compassionate Son as more accessible?"

Mr. Silver found a rapid solution to many questions. He recalled his experience on Lake Erie: the ship on fire, death imminent, the panorama of his whole life in all its minutiæ flashing before his mental vision. Here was the psychological explanation of the record: Man's natural memory retains "everything that he has heard, seen, learned or thought in the world from earliest infancy even to the end of life" (*Heaven and Hell*, No. 461). Mr. Silver exclaimed, "I have experienced it and I know it is true!"

He recalled the loss of his left arm three years before; and now there still remained with him the sensation in the spiritual arm so distinctly that he had to learn whenever he got out of the right side of a buggy that he could not depend upon his left arm to brace him against the horse. Turning to *Heaven and Hell* No. 453, he read that man is while here a spiritual being in complete human form, and that by death, which is only the death of the earthly body, man cannot be said to have lost anything that is really his own. And he exclaimed, "I know that is true, for I have experienced the death of the physical arm, and it is only a covering." *

Mr. Silver had been observing that his two hands could not feel each other, although he was ignorant of the fact that they belonged to different planes of sensation. He had also observed that the fingers of the left hand could feel each other with a fine sensitiveness of touch which made that of the right hand — muffled with clay — seem dull. Turning to *Heaven and Hell*, Nos. 461, 462, he read that when the spiritual touches what is spiritual it is just the same as when the natural touches what is natural, except that the senses of the spirit are keener, that is, more exquisite. And he exclaimed, "Proved by experience to be true!"

Anticipating dates, I will state that Mr. Silver visited New York hospitals during the Civil War; found in a single ward twenty-seven soldiers that had lost limbs, compared experiences with them, and cheered them with assurances of complete equipment in the next world. His explanations appeared in a *Tract for the Soldiers*, giving the laws of the spiritual world as illustrated from Scripture, and declaring that "Steel cannot cut the spiritual body to pieces, nor sickness of the natural body injure it, nor time terminate its existence." Mr. Silver's tract rendered a second service: Mr. John MacLachlan of Toronto issued a reprint of five thousand

* A materialistic theory is abroad that the sensation remaining after an amputation is due to the brain receiving the message from the severed nerves as if they still had their normal extension. But Mr. Silver retained the sensation undiminished at the end of forty-two years, when the severed arm with its nerves, tendons, bones, and muscles had gone wholly out of existence as a bit of human organism, and its elements had been distributed elsewhere.

copies for distribution to soldiers after the Indian Uprising in Canada in 1886.

Mr. Field, a devoted pioneer in the New Church, tells us in his partially autobiographical work * that he learned of a Judge Silver, an Episcopalian, interested in the New Church; that he wrote him expressing his desire for an acquaintance; that Mr. Silver immediately responded, bringing him to his Edwardsburg home on January 1st, 1842, for a fortnight's visit and arranging for the delivery of lectures.

Visiting them later at their special and earnest request, he writes:

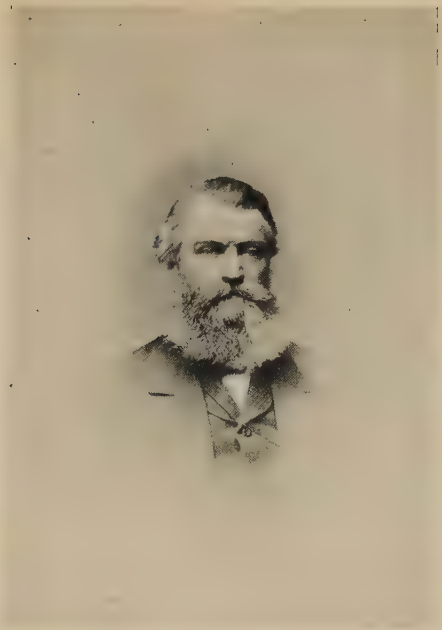
"Mr. and Mrs. Silver were no less earnest and indefatigable in their efforts to make known to all who had ears to hear, the beautiful truths and glad tidings of great joy which are now made known to the world in the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem. On leaving the abode of my kind entertainers at Edwardsburg, which I did in their company, riding with them in their carriage about sixty miles of my homeward journey, I turned my face again toward Battle Creek" (Field's *Memoirs*, p. 32).

Mr. Hans Thielson, entering the baptismal gate of the New Church through Mr. Field on the same day as the Silvers — January the third, 1844 — was a Dane from Flensburg, Schleswig-Holstein, whose ancestors had been merchantmen for nearly three centuries. He was marked by ingenuousness, and gentle kindliness of spirit. Combined with high ideals and reverence, were an excellent intellect and independence of thought. Coming early to America, he followed engineering with increasing honors for fifty years. Well equipped with recommendations, he entered service for the Michigan Central R. R., was transferred to the Burlington and Quincy, and did distinguished work under Henry Villard on the Northern Pacific, commanding fifteen thousand men. †

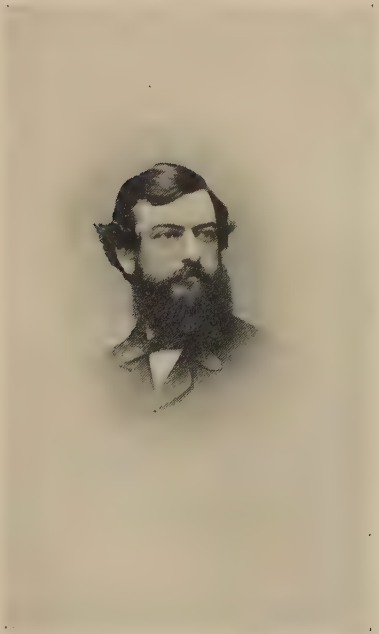
Judge Digby V. Bell and Judge Silver, beside sharing the

* *Memoirs, Incidents and Reminiscences of the Early History of the New Church in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Adjacent States; and Canada*, by Rev. George Field. Toronto, New York, London, 1879.

† Indebtedness for facts is acknowledged to Rev. J. S. David's appreciative tribute in *New-Church Messenger*, May 27, 1896, vol. lxx.



Judge Digby V. Bell



William Bell, son of Digby

bench, were both in the State Land office, and were spiritual comrades as well. The hospitality of the former was spacious, like his heart. Did not Mr. Silver once come to his Chicago home, when ill; and did not Judge and Mrs. Bell receive him as if the care of a guest under the weather were a vested right — precious and unalienable! And what a warm-hearted father; how he liked to summon as many of his eleven children as possible, place them in a row so that their heads formed a graduated line down to the little toddler, and then proudly exclaim to his visitor: "See my string of Bells!"

His little daughter Sally and I were comrades, and we thought that Dr. Charles L. Merriman — whose character was as sunny as his name — was a New Churchman worth while. He loved children, and he used to share double-kerneled or philopena nuts with us; and I recall how, in the Bells' Detroit home, we rushed out triumphantly upon him from an ambuscade behind the parlor door, and anticipated him in shouting the magic word "philopena," which entitled us to a gift from him. He might as well live in the hearts of children as to live in dry statistical Church reports.*

Rev. Horatio N. Strong was one of the living stones in the Lord's Church. The old-fashioned word *piety* fitly comes in here, for he was strongly devotional. He and his kind-spirited wife Rhoda bore bravely the transition to the higher life of their noble young son William who was a member of our household. They also had borne the privations of a new country with a humility which was really heroic underneath. If you knew the smallness of ministers' salaries in those days, you would realize that with many little mouths to supply, life was a bit hard. But his children were fed spiritually upon gratitude; their characters did not grow lean on complaint. He would gather his little ones about the frugal board, and point out the goodness of the Lord in making these things to grow for them. I am reminded of Robert Herrick's Thanksgiving:

* Dr. Merriman's discrimination in doctrine and his modesty as an expounder of spiritual truth are shown in *The Medium*, vol. iii, page 334 (1851).

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.

Mr. Strong carried on work thereafter, chiefly missionary, in a half dozen states during thirty years. He writes January 22, 1848, that he has baptized sixty-six persons in three years, more than forty being adults (*New Jerusalem Magazine*, vol. xxi, p. 202, February, 1848). I close with pleasant testimony to his worth as Chaplain for several years, beginning in 1848, of the Michigan State Prison. Some years after he left the institution he was traveling on a steam train when a stranger approached him, and said:

"You will not recognize me, Mr. Strong, but I was a convict in the State Prison when you were chaplain. On the expiration of my term I went west, where I was entirely unknown, and began life all over again. There is my wife," pointing to a prepossessing young woman, "I did not deceive her. She was told all my past history by me, but she was willing to trust me, and she has not regretted her decision. We have a happy, prosperous home; for with God's help I have led a straightforward life; and I owe much, very much, to your comforting companionship and inspiring religious influence."

Jabez Fox, then editor of a newspaper in Marshall, made a round trip of 180 miles by carriage that he and his young wife might be baptized by Rev. Horatio N. Strong in the home of Mr. Silver in Edwardsburg.

The Hon. Lucius Lyon presented a marked instance of

the effect on a man of a new point of view. The voice of destructive Biblical criticism had come over from France, and was luring its followers to the very border land of agnosticism. But with Mr. Lyon there lay beneath the surface, hidden from his conscious self, a longing to believe the Good Book. Hearing a lecture by Mr. Silver on the symbolic nature of Scripture, he came eagerly forward at its close; and his tears of gratitude dropped on my father's extended hand as he invited him to be his guest. The two men talked until midnight. Judge Silver was not a controversialist; but he had fought out many a mental battle in arriving at the truth; and in that day of growing physical science, and decaying blind faith, he was instrumental in leading more than one man through the Gate Logical into clearer light. Mr. Lyon, wishing to read at once, chose *Heaven and Hell* and the *Life of Swedenborg*. Exaltation and despair followed in unequal proportion:

"Mr. Silver, these truths are glorious, I never was so happy in my life. But I shall certainly be lost. Such opportunities have been wasted in all the dark years!"

"What! happy, and yet going to hell, as you say?"

"Oh! but I am rejoiced that there is so beautiful a faith, and that so many will enjoy heaven because of it!"

The number of New Churchmen in Michigan in this early period — the nineteenth mid-century — was small; but to a goodly number was given public office, some receiving two or three successively. Field, Strong, and Fox were made State Chaplains; Bell, Chamberlain, and Silver, Judges; Bell, and Silver, Land Office commissioners, the former also Auditor-General; Lucius Lyon, United States Senator and United States Surveyor-General; John Allen and H. P. Bush, State Senators; Amos T. Hall, State Treasurer. Mr. Robert Andrews was Treasurer in the State Land Office under Mr. Silver.

But among all these men none was more instrumental for good than the Rev. George Field, who belonged essentially to the Church Militant, was a man fearless in his convictions, and controversially able in their defence. He was a warm friend of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem, and liked to have the church activities in accordance with its eccle-

siastical standards. He labored nearly fifty years for the Church, and administered baptism five hundred times.*

Mr. Silver has many times been heard to say, "The Episcopal Church has been a good mother to me, and has kept me when a young man from much evil," and he still retained strong kindly personal affection for his old friends. Bishop John Henry Hobart of New York, who administered confirmation to my father in 1823, had passed in 1830 to the other life; but the Waddington rector still lived; and Mr. Silver wrote him of his change of faith and sent some literature. The reply came that the subject was too large for epistolary treatment; and in accepting proffered hospitality he preferred to talk the matter over face to face. He came to Michigan, bringing a clerical friend; the stay of some days abounded in mutual geniality and good cheer with no reference to the postponed topic until the moment of leaving, when he said to his Episcopal colleague while placing his hand affectionately on his host's shoulder: "Well, whenever Mr. Silver is tired of wandering we shall be glad to receive him back into the true fold."

X. ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND SPIRITISM

Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.
—Luke, xvi: 31.

Animal Magnetism is first mentioned on January 25, 1843, in Mrs. Silver's letters, and it became an absorbing topic among the receptive Western people. Hypnotic experiments by ignorant amateurs were frequently tried. Two persons sat facing each other, each holding his hand against the hand of the other, palm to palm, each gazing steadily into the eyes of the other. The hypnotist, with his strong, steady will and his power of concentrated thought, soon overcame the weaker will and the semi-passive mental attitude of his human subject. Hypnotic sleep ensued, sometimes aided by magnetic downward passes by the hand. Reversal upward passes usually brought the subject to his normal wakefulness; when these failed, there was usually consternation

* See article by Rev. A. A. Frost in *New Jerusalem Messenger*, Jan., 1884, vol. xliv, p. 45; *New Jerusalem Magazine*, June, 1843, vol. xxi, p. 391.

and alarm among the onlookers. I recall a man of good heart, easy temperament, and mental equipment a little below par, who was readily thrown into sleep in his chair by a keen-eyed, alert-minded, decisive man, who would then completely control him; causing him to ape all the motions of the angler; baiting an imaginary hook with an imaginary worm, and catching imaginary fish while holding an imaginary pole.

Mr. Silver examined and experimented a little, and soon became convinced that hypnotic power was dangerous, and he strongly discountenanced its exercise. There was no thought of therapeutic or other benefit to the person experimented on; it was largely a drawing-room diversion by which one person controlled the muscular system, and even the mind of another. It was more than physiological, it was psychological power invading the danger zone.

About this time Mr. T. S. Arthur, a New Churchman of Philadelphia, published a notable article entitled, *Agnes, or the Possessed,* regarding which he declared that its statements were facts well authenticated. Agnes, the heroine, was a sweet, ingenuous young girl, who consented to become a subject for hypnotic experiment, making this condition with the two honorable physicans in question, that she was never to be impelled, when unconscious, to do anything which she would not be willing to do if conscious. The pledge was given and kept. But post hypnotic suggestion constantly increased, until even in her wakeful and conscious moments, they could arrest her footsteps on the opposite side of the street, and otherwise gravely interfere with her freedom of action. Vainly she endeavored to throw off their influence, until it occurred to her to say the Lord's Prayer to herself when they endeavored to put her to sleep. It was wholly efficacious, and the two men completely lost control. We recall how the Lord, while here, used again and again the words of Holy Writ to neutralize hostile influences (Matt. iv, 7; Luke iv, 8, 12).

Thought transference, now designated as telepathy, was often discussed in Michigan in the late forties.

"Yes," said Mr. Silver, "I sit in my office absorbed in

my business affairs. Suddenly, the thought of an old friend comes vividly to mind, with nothing whatever appealing to the bodily senses to remind me of him or to break the earlier continuity of thought. Three minutes later the old friend walks in; he was thinking of me intently, and his thought was projected ahead of his body, and arrived first."

Spiritism traveled westward soon after hypnotism and spread like wildfire. Mr. Silver brought home from his eastern trip rumors of the "Rochester Rappings." On this subject my mother took an early stand with her characteristic decisiveness. One afternoon my parents were invited out of town for a little visit. The absorbing topic of the host's family proved to be slate-writing. They declared that my mother had a highly magnetic temperament, and all the qualifications for successful mediumship, and that if she would consent to be guided by invisible forces, wonderful messages might come through the slate awaiting her. Whereupon she lifted up both her hands, declared that God had given her these members for her individual use, and never would she yield them to any spirit, real or alleged.

One evening a man under the influence of liquor attempted to drive across a sandbar in Pleasant Lake near our house. The runner of his sleigh struck the projecting root of a tree, he was thrown out, and was found the next morning lifeless from exposure. Shortly, some one remarked that as the man had died in full health his body would be a good subject for dissection. The remark grew into a rumor which reached the ears of kinsmen, who finally drove twelve miles westward to consult at Niles a clairvoyant medium. She pronounced the rumor true, declared circumstantially that the body had been sold to medical students in Chicago, and even named the men engaged in the dishonorable transaction. Still unconvinced, the kinsmen drove a dozen miles eastward to Cassopolis to consult another medium, who told substantially the same story. Whereupon, village excitement grew, until the grave was opened, and the body was found lying in repose.

I was taught by my parents to let spiritualistic experiments severely alone. At one time, as a guest to hear music by a pupil of Rossini, I found myself unexpectedly in the house of

a medium. I was invited to join the circle for communications. I replied,

"Pardon me, I must decline to take part, but do not allow me to disturb the current of the evening. I will sit in the corner of the sofa and look on."

But the hostess was either too courteous to permit anything to the exclusion of a guest, or afraid of the non-sympathetic element present. My mission seemed to be the blocking of this séance.

XI. FATHERHOOD

Delia and I are driving alone,—
Driving, driving;
Sleepily jogs the reliable roan,
And over the meadows the blossoms are blown,
And the song of the thrush finds an echoing tone,
Shriving,
Shriving my soul to be clear as her own.
Delia and I are moving content. . . .

—George Herbert Clarke.

No, Mr. and Mrs. Silver were never quite content without the coveted voice of a child in their home. And one day Mr. Silver announced the advent of a daughter. No child was ever accorded a sweeter and tenderer welcome, and she grew up to discover beyond the peradventure of a doubt that life is a thousand times worth living. Her father was graciously pleased that heaven had sent a girl, and she came to be glad likewise. We know the happiness that results when the divine life flows into the spiritual organism of a woman. We cannot know by experience the kind of happiness that results when the divine life flows into the spiritual organism of a man. Never wish to exchange the known for the unknown.

Mr. Silver's rapturous letter a month after the child came is extant; and no one will deny him the possession of a creative imagination, when one reads the things he *thinks* he sees prophetically in the small face. After expending a hundred words or thereabouts on the newly-arrived maiden, he employs a similar space in an admirable tribute to his wife. He loved her name: hence the child was called Ednah; and in his most gracious moments he called her Edification.

Mr. and Mrs. Silver were conducting their first experiment in parental training. The childish requirement, par excellence, in those days, was Obedience. It ranked high and was written in large letters. No loitering delay, no dilatory acquiescence, no procrastinating fulfillment. Some day the child must face the world for herself; and this preparatory discipline would strengthen the fibre and brace the spirit.

This serious parental training on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Silver did not deprive the child of freedom, but tended toward self-control, as the following incident will show. In the eastern chamber, which was her playroom, she discovered some magazines on a high shelf in a closet. She succeeded in climbing within reach, and read of graveyards, ghosts, and clanking chains. As a result, fear of the dark loomed up as a horrid monster; but she proceeded to take the outworks of the enemy with a soliloquy:

"Now, Ednah Silver, you know there are no such things as ghosts, and you are to show that you know it by going alone over and over again through the darkest rooms in this house."

The immediate campaign was entirely successful, but many months later she awoke, and saw a spectre in white standing by the window. Plainly, the best way to exorcise a ghost is to investigate him; and he proved to be a piece of hanging drapery illumined by the moon. Victory for all time was now complete, won without parental knowledge.

Aside from school efforts at advancement, the adult companionship at home was unconsciously stimulating. One day she and her father were sitting in the orchard when some fruit detached by a passing breeze furnished him the chance for a bit of philosophy.

"Did you see that apple fall? What made it fall? Sir Isaac Newton says it is the attraction of gravitation; but that does not explain it. What is gravitation? It is the pulling power which a big ball like the earth has over a little ball like the apple. But that does not really answer the question. My child, I will tell you what drew that apple to the ground: it was the power of God." On another day she began:

"Father, I do not see how God could live forever, and ever, and ever, in the past, with nobody to make Him."

"My child, I do not want to know."

It was the best possible answer to a question running into infinity, and wholly beyond the province of the finite mind. And the answer was efficacious. If her big, wise father was content not to know, so was she. But new questions came up. One day she heard the metaphysical statement that "there can be no sound unless there is an ear to hear it," and she fought it with all the energy of her childish nature.

"Oh, Father, how perfectly absurd! Here is an avalanche weighing a thousand tons which comes tumbling down into the valley. If there are no ears about, then all is as still as death; but if there is one small mosquito in the neighborhood there is a noise." But Mr. Silver stood manfully by his guns.

His instruction was by no means addressed primarily to the mind. He held the key to children's hearts, and found ready entrance to hers. His simple, cordial talks regarding the Bible diffused a warmth in the atmosphere that a child could not help loving.

Rev. Charles Evans, a Baptist, enriched Edwardsburg life, and his children were the little Ednah's playmates. They sprang from three continents, and an island. Four were born in Sumatra, one at the Cape of Good Hope, four in England, and two in America. This fact was published years ago in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, when one of his sons, Thomas, was leader of the singing at the Sunday-School Teachers' meetings at Tremont Temple. The family is interesting.

Charles Evans, born in Bristol, England, in 1791, studied for the ministry in the Stokescroft Baptist College, and was ordained. At twenty-seven, he married Miss Martha Scriven, a highly educated maiden of twenty-one, who left a devoted and loving home to share the dangerous vicissitudes of Asiatic missionary life. They sailed December 24, 1819, from Gravesend; studied the Malay language, aided religious services, and ministered to sick sailors en route; received during their five weeks at St. Helena many courtesies from the Rev. Mr. Vernon, chaplain of the Station; and visited Longwood, where they saw the greatest of captives, Napoleon Bonaparte. Their entire voyage covered five months and a half, dropping

anchor on June 9, 1820, at Beencoolen (Benkulen) Roads, Sumatra. When we read Richard Burton, who had tested his missionary nerve by founding a station a bit earlier among the strange "lettered cannibals" called Bataks, we realize that the Evans wedding journey was a serious-minded affair. Their first chapter of Oriental life was made sunny by a very kind welcome from the British Governor, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles of Beencoolen. Himself a standard historian of Java and the Malays, he appointed Mr. Evans later to make extensive research of people and language in the Manangkarban country.

In the meantime, Mr. Evans had settled his family permanently under the Dutch flag at Padang. Years went on. Severe obstacles to his mission work presented themselves: the Malay mind was not receptive of Christianity; the Mohammedan religion was strongly entrenched; the Koran was jealous of the Bible; the local government was obstructive; the Home Board was overconfident of results from its missionaries, and Mr. Evans was conscientiously candid in reporting the limits of his harvest. Mrs. Evans had established a highly successful school at Padang for the daughters of European residents. But the tropical climate was hostile to the Evans household. Return to England was contemplated after years of heroic effort. A great-hearted mercantile friend Captain Edward Rogers, in command of the good ship *Padang*, offered to transport the Evans family free of charge to England. They sailed reluctantly, after seven years' absence.

Finally reaching Edwardsburg, after a sojourn in England, the Evanses exchanged amenities with other churches, established a social home centre, and were well beloved beyond their own fold. The friendship between little Susan Evans and little Ednah Silver, begun here, was continued in Brooklyn and New York, and further continued through repeated visits to her, as Mrs. Joseph B. Hoyt, at her beautiful home on Noroton Hill, Stamford, Conn. She asked much about my faith, and declared that her theology had softened with the years. She enjoyed my confirmation of her conviction that her sister Edwina really *did* see angels, and a glorious spirit-

ual light, at her death. We talked about the beautiful inner meaning of Bible parables. In 1909 I visited the Judson Memorial Church in Washington Square, New York. Here I saw two additions placed there by my former Michigan playmate, Susan Evans Hoyt: a memorial window by John La Farge, in honor of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Evans, missionaries to Sumatra in 1819–1826; also a St. Gaudens baptistry adorned with beautiful floating angels, in honor of Mr. Joseph B. Hoyt, deceased.

Mr. Silver returned from his eastern trips bearing juvenile gifts for his only child. At one time he brought a mechanical toy which presented on a revolving disc a series of pictures of horses in various stages of advance movement past a post. Seen through a slot, the spectator's persistence of vision ensured the effect of horses in rapid flight. This toy was the forerunner of the modern cinematograph which reaches many million people daily in moving picture shows.

The Silvers furnished home pets: Watch, the shaggy Newfoundland, that ran with exuberant joy to meet his little mistress; Jesse, the canary, a songster of famous trills and roulades, that used to carry on extensive dialogues with her. When she went away for a year he began in vain his morning conversation — the beloved voice did not reply. It will be remembered that Homer's Odysseus had a famous hunting dog, Argos, that recognized him after twenty years' absence. The difference is this: the Ithacan dog died of joy at his master's return; the Michigan canary died of grief at his mistress' absence. Kate, the chestnut mare, trotted many a mile over Beardsley's Prairie, carrying the Silver family in a light buggy with a collapsible top. One day, on passing a luxurious mansion, this conversation opened:

"O Father, see that beautiful great house; how happy the people must be that live there!"

"My child, do you see the plain, small building yonder? I know the people in both, and those in the little house are quite as happy as those in the big one."

Years later, entering his study, she seized a leisure moment to expatiate on a sumptuous wedding of international interest; the press contained columns devoted to gorgeous gifts

and gowns. Mr. Silver listened for three minutes; then, with an unconscious bit of indirect prophecy justified by results, he said:

"All this is of no account whatever; there are only two things that count: Is he a fine man, and do they love each other?" Whereupon, he plunged back into his dear world of theology.

Years later, he related an incident bearing on commercial morality. Entering a Third Avenue furniture store in New York where business was conducted on the usual paper currency basis, he found the proprietor rubbing his hands with glee over an unexpected profit. It was during the Civil War, and a woman from the remote rural regions had just purchased a sofa for twenty dollars, giving in payment a gold piece for that amount. She was content at receiving no change, being unaware of the enormous premium on the precious metal. Gold had not yet reached 285, but the merchant had received and retained at least twice the amount he himself had stipulated; and in Mr. Silver's eyes the extra margin was pure theft. He himself had been tested. When in Michigan he sold a large amount of land to an ambitious young man, although he strongly advised the transfer of fewer acres. The purchaser, sanguine and ardent, finally came to grief financially, and was quite in Mr. Silver's power, but the latter extended his hand, and helped the debtor to his feet.

But life is not all ethics. You should visit our cellar at Phoenix Cottage, Michigan, and see the shallow parallel bins one above another. Here lies the hand-picked fruit: Rhode Island greenings, Bell flowers, russets, striped apples of spicy flavor; and golden pippins which, green now, would mellow in ripening, and would turn yellow, thereby justifying their name.

Let us enter the living room of Phoenix Cottage in winter time. Ablaze in the generous fireplace, hickory wood sends out cheer; on the hearth, perforated apples exude delicious juice; above the brass andirons, corn is popping; on the table are nuts from the attic — the shagbark hickory, the black walnut, chestnut, hazelnut, butternut; lastly, the beech-

Phoenix Cottage, home of Abiel Silver at Edwardsburg, Michigan, erected by him in 1843 on the ashes of its predecessor

Rev. George Field

Mrs. Susan M. H. Dow

nut. Hear Rev. John Worcester on the symbolism of the beech, not given verbatim, from his *Plants of the Bible*, pp. 63, 64.

Its cleanliness, seen in the smooth bark and polished leaves, suggests a principle of purity; the oil of its fruit signifies that its works are works of love; the fact of the nuts growing in pairs indicates that they relate to marriage; and represents a knowledge of the *duty* of singleness in marriage; the warm lining of the bur suggests a comfortable home; the bur's prickly exterior suggests the instinct of protection around one's marriage life; and the very sharpness of the beechnut's angles sets forth the perfect definiteness of the laws of singleness in the conjugial relations.

Our favorite climbing vine was the honeysuckle, which offered slender cups of nectar to the humming birds as it climbed the veranda pillar in a graceful spiral, and gave its little tribute of perfume to the robins nesting at the top under the eaves, songsters which instinctively knew their home, and place of abode, after the manner of the blessed angels (*Divine Love and Wisdom*, No. 134).

Wordsworth praises the skylark as an ethereal minstrel; he calls the green linnet a brother of the dancing leaves, and he says to the cuckoo, "Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring." Keats, in an exquisite classic, addresses the nightingale as a "light winged Dryad of the trees." Shelley hails the skylark as a blithe spirit, and an embodied joy; James Hogg addresses it as a musical cherub, and an emblem of happiness, blithesome and cumberless. No transcendent genius writes rapturous lyrics to the robin and his mate. To some they are only a prosaic Darby and Joan; but their presence happily is not too good for daily food, and Mrs. Silver helped them out with her own music.

When we observe the current songs at the lighter theatres, and recall Mrs. Silver's sweet voice in old-fashioned ballads, we may say with Shakespeare:

> Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
> That old and antique song we heard last night;
> Methought it did relieve my passion much,
> More than light airs and recollected terms
> Of these most brisk and giddy-pacèd times.

In reviewing Michigan life, more emphasis should be given to Jabez Fox, one of a group of Marshall New Churchmen. He was frankly cordial in spirit, clear of thought, and generous in labor, serving long years in the ministry.

A much valued neighbor just across the state line in Elkhart, Indiana, was Dr. Havilah Beardsley (1795–1856), to whom his New-Church library was one of his dearest treasures. His wife, Rachel Calhoun, was kinsman to the South Carolina statesman. She was not only generously hospitable to friends, but had the rare and big-hearted gift of putting herself sympathetically in the place of those less favorably circumstanced than herself. She and her husband learned of our faith through Rev. George Field's lectures; and Mrs. W. S. Howland of Denver writes me:

"My grandfather accepted the Doctrines at once; he seemed to be ready to receive them, and my grandmother also. They knew they were the truth right away; they had no doubt about it!"

Mrs. Josiah (Susan M. H.) Dorr, long a member of the Boston Society, contributed, with her husband, a valuable element in Michigan New-Church life. Their opulent home with surrounding grounds in the suburbs of Detroit was a place for religious gatherings, a centre for social life, and a warm shelter for Rev. George Field's little children when suddenly made motherless.

A pleasure journey of a thousand miles was made by the Silver household in 1851 in a covered carriage with seats for four, drawn by a pair of dappled grays eight years old —well-matched, well-broken, fairly spirited. They were managed by Mr. Silver, with his one hand, after this wise: the reins a little taut formed a loop caught in a strong hook at the back of the seat, and on them were fastened leather knobs in pairs, so that he could slip his hand rapidly for-

ward, and get a good purchase in case of emergency. He knew the sandy roads; and he cut across with horses and carriage by boat from Cleveland to Buffalo. Resuming wheels, the drive was delightful in May and June through northern New York, and over the Green Mountains of Vermont. The horses danced gaily over the bridge at Concord, New Hampshire; the return was made by cars. This journey was preparatory to a permanent home in the east.

Three events of vital significance in Mr. Silver's life had occurred during his twenty-two years in Michigan:

I. His discovery of the New Church in 1839 through Edwin Burnham at Detroit. This both illuminated and enlarged his horizon, adding a deeper meaning to life.

II. His baptism in 1844 by Rev. George Field. This rebaptism seemed to him right, because administered with the idea, in the mind of both officiating clergyman and candidate, of One God in One Person; the atonement being the reconciliation of man with God.

III. Prominent in the Michigan life was his ordination at the hands of the Rev. Thomas Worcester at the Philadelphia Convention of 1849. Mr. Silver was fifty-two. Behind him lay nearly ten years of enthusiastic missionary lay teaching; before him lay thirty-two years of joyful labor in the Master's vineyard under the new consecration.

XII. CONTOOCOOK, NEW HAMPSHIRE

What I have done, my safety urg'd me to.
—*Henry IV*, First Part, v: 5.

Unexpected stress of ill health on the part of Mr. Silver, terminated his residence in Michigan, and sent him back to his native air. He settled near his old Hopkinton home at Contoocook, the village with the Indian name. The interest in the New Church which he aroused in 1851 was still alive in 1853. Circumstances favored the movement dear to Mr. Silver's heart. A Universalist Church edifice erected in 1837, was still sturdy in fibre, strong-timbered, well-constructed, and unoccupied. It was easily transferable to the New Church. Here, after western itinerary missionary

work was his first fixed parish with its happy privileges. Having the nature that takes home-root, he furnished a social centre for his flock by designing and erecting a dwelling house for his family — a structure with four equal gables surmounted by a miniature reproduction for a cupola.

To his Sunday services came the village doctor, the village lawyer, the village postmaster, the village merchant. Schoolteachers abounded, but the bulk of his congregation was rural.

The farmers for miles around harnessed their teams, stowed the entire family in the vehicles, and drove to church, sheltering their horses in the capacious shed room. They brought luncheon and provender for the noon hour feeling that two religious services were but an adequate return for their long drive.

Precisely while Mr. Silver was at Contoocook, Kingsley was preaching to illiterate toilers in the field. The critical capacity of his rustic hearers in Old Hampshire I cannot estimate; but I can assure you that the New Hampshire farmers are apt to be parishioners whom the clergyman must equip himself to meet adequately. They had a keen, shrewd humor which gave them a sense of proportion, and made them quick to detect incongruities; and their very simplicity of character made them clear-sighted.

Mr. Silver was indebted to Contoocook for his five years' practice in pulpit preaching without notes. He found character-study in his parish, which, like all parishes, is a world in miniature, with as many aspects of temperament, disposition, tastes, and capacities, as the number of people in his pews: it was a vastly interesting study in human nature, and an admirable opportunity for him to practise adaptability. He loved them, and made warm friends.

Mr. Silver had been a country lad, and he and the grown country lads in the pews knew the habits of plants as well as the haunts and ways of bird, reptile, fish and small land animals, and he often brought them into his sermon for illustration. For example:

"Our faults, when quiescent, are like snakes in their holes; while hidden, we are safe from immediate danger. Temptation brings them out; *now* is the time to strike. One blow

will only "scotch" them, wounding them more or less superficially; repeated blows will be requisite to disable them hopelessly. Watch your chance, strike vigorously, when they put out their heads!"

Children sometimes caught the tenor of his discourse. One Sunday the small boys of Mr. Charles Gould heard a symbolic sermon on the children that mocked the good prophet Elisha, and of their subsequent destruction by the bears. Mr. and Mrs. Gould made no comment on the sermon within hearing of the little folk; but the latter were in the nursery the next day when matters waxed warm between them. The younger raised his hand to strike, whereupon the other exclaimed: "Take care, take care, little brother, that's the bear principle."

A letter lying before me from Contoocook dated November 4th, 1853, speaks of Mr. Silver's increasing audiences: "There are occasionally three hundred present, the average number being about two hundred." And under date of February 14th, 1854, Mr. Silver's first New-Church lecture at Warner is mentioned, with an audience approximating five hundred. The services were aided by the Contoocook choir.

Church music was a vital feature of divine worship, and a great social resource of parochial life. Choir rehearsals were held at scattered homes, the music-loving farmer gladly opening his doors. In winter the singers sped on runners to the happy music of sleigh bells. The leader, Mr. Henry Clemons, who cooperated cordially with Mr. Silver's efforts, had a fine tenor voice, an enthusiastic temperament, and long-practised skill in teaching musical notation by blackboard. He carried to the rehearsals for accompaniment a large lap melodeon constructed like an accordion. The well-filled choir gallery traversed the entire width of the church building, girls in white raiment abounded, and divine service was enriched by the acompaniment of a portable pipe organ, violins, a bass viol and an ophicleide.

Following the formation of the legal society to look after the material interests of the church, came, on May 24, 1857, the institution of The Contoocook Society of the New Jerusalem over which the Rev. Thomas Worcester of Boston

impressively presided. Among the charter members were Alonzo and Erastus E. Currier, who had served six years in the town militia (the institution dating from 1792), and who were now tillers of the soil; and who with their wives and growing families gradually added nine to the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gould also enriched our numbers by nine. He had been much engaged in teaching, and brought a pedagogue's analytical mind to the study of Swedenborg; and, loving mother earth, he retained the family estate on which he was born. The name Hardy is pleasantly recalled. Mr. and Mrs. Asa Kimball imparted their zeal for the parish welfare to their six adult children. The latter group migrated to California, where Warren C. and Frank A. Kimball purchased in 1868 the *Ranch de la Nacion*, containing forty-two square miles of land in San Diego, with six miles of water frontage on the harbor, and laid out National City in 1869.

Fourteen Morrills, in the combined households of Jonathan M., Jacob M., and George W., made Mr. Silver glad that they had been born; and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Dean and her husband brought to us her already ripening faith in the New Church. Walter Scott Davis was the son of Captain Nathaniel Davis, and the grandson of Gen. Aquila Davis — a worthy ancestry. In early manhood, after academic training, a teacher, he removed later from Warner, N. H., to Contoocook, where he purchased extensive water power, entered largely into manufacturing, was the father of valuable industrial inventions, and served as state senator in 1885, and representative in 1878. He identified himself strongly with the Contoocook Society, and served it loyally as lay reader during pulpit vacancies. He and Miss Dolly Jones were parties at a double wedding solemnized by Mr. Silver on May 3, 1857.

To convert a critical man of the world at forty-six — a man completely detached from religious organizations — to convert him into a devoted churchgoer is so infrequent a pulpit experience that space shall be accorded it in this narrative.

Captain Paul Rolfe George of Contoocook, had, in 1853,

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"Life and Times in Hopkinton, New Hampshire"
by the late C. C. Lord

Walter S. Davis

Printed by permission of Mrs. Lord

already sifted every known creed and had found it wanting. Occasionally in driving about the country on a Sunday he dropped into a church; and as he was the village magnate whose identity was easily recognized, the officiating clergyman would sometimes dexterously shift the tenor of his discourse, and preach a sermon to the unconverted.

Reaching a mark through the pathway of the soul is not as simple an activity as direct military target practice; the pulpit shot always failed to reach effectively the man distinguished for social tact in his exact and careful study of human nature.

One day Captain George's attention was arrested by a placard on the wall of the Contoocook postoffice kept by Isaac D. Merrill. Here he learned that the Rev. Abiel Silver was to present the teachings of the New Church, and he at once exclaimed:

"Here is a new-fangled religion, I will go."

And on quitting the church after service he said to a friend,

"I like that man, he gives me a peg to hang my hat on."

And for the next five years the sun in its daily appearance was not more trustworthy than he in his weekly appearance in his pew when not absent from town. At this early time he lived with a brother-in-law, and brought to Sunday morning services his three golden-haired nephews — Roger, Hamilton and Frank Perkins — and if they were a bit restless he touched them on the shoulder, pointed to the pulpit, and, without fairly removing his eyes from the minister, eagerly held the thread of the discourse while enforcing discipline.

The eldest of these nephews, of whom Mr. George was very proud, we seldom saw. He was an ensign at Annapolis, and was sent later on the *Cyane* to look after Gen. Walker; to Paraguay to chastise Dictator Lopez; took part on the *Release* in the coveted Mediterranean cruise; and entertained us with accounts of his experience on the *Sumpter* down the west coast of Africa to suppress the slave trade. Winning promotion, he was on the *Chickasaw* under Farragut in Mobile Bay in August, 1864; he was subsequently known as Commodore George H. Perkins, to whose memory a bronze tablet has been unveiled at the Annapolis Naval Academy,

the cords of the concealing flag being drawn by his daughter, Mrs. Larz Anderson.

Captain George utilized his younger nephews for ethical purposes in furtherance of his own soul. He told us that during his army life in the Mexican War he had contracted the habit of using too strong language; and now he made an arrangement with the boys whereby they were to watch him, and at each offence they were to say, "Skip the hard words, Captain"; and for each rebuke he would pay them one cent. Occasionally he would report progress to his minister, saying, that although the lads at first received a considerable revenue, it was diminishing, and gave quite handsome promise of reaching zero.

Mr. George was quick to respond to vivid and unexpected revelations of character. Coming upon a young housebuilder whom he knew, at the moment after his fall from a staging, thereby breaking his leg, the latter's first exclamation was, "Oh, what will become of my dependent father!" Whereupon, Mr. George instantly replied,

"Don't worry, I will gladly be responsible for his care and support for six months."

But Mr. George was to attain greater heights under Mr. Silver's preaching in a growing sensitiveness as to standards of life, as we shall see a bit later in his dealing with his workmen. He purchased the handsome homestead of his brother-in-law, Hamilton Eliot Perkins, who, a Harvard Law School graduate, removed to Concord, N. H., to establish an office; Mr. George's new possession consisted of fertile alluvial land on the banks of the Contoocook River, which gave the present owner an opportunity to practise scientific farming and to emulate the agricultural efforts of his neighbors by his own superior crops. One year he secured New-Church workmen to cut his grain, and carefully stipulated in advance the exact price for the labor. The grain had been beaten down and tangled by wind and rain, and proved a much severer task than either party had anticipated, but the reapers were prepared to accept silently the situation, as one of the mutations of life.

They found themselves summoned to their employer's

library. Mr. George dearly loved a dramatic situation, and here was one. On his desk lay two unequal piles of money, and he opened the interview in the colloquial language which befitted the occasion, and with great geniality.

"Your job finished?"

"It is, sir."

"Pretty tough one?"

"Pretty tough."

"Good deal worse than you expected; the wheat was lodged quite badly?"

"That is true."

"But," and here his voice assumed a Wall Street tone, "we agreed beforehand on the price?"

"Yes, sir."

"Business is business, and a bargain is a bargain?"

"Yes, sir."

At this point his manner suddenly softened, and, pointing alternately to the smaller and to the larger pile of money on his desk, he said:

"That is the amount on which we originally agreed; this is what the labor is really worth; that is the old way; this is the new. I am going to give you the larger amount; you are to receive New-Church pay."

I have never heard Mr. George make any illusion to this incident; but I have more than once heard the workmen relate it with great gusto.

Early in 1855, Capt. George said to Mr. Silver:

"I am going to marry Miss Caroline Livingston of Lowell in March, and, after a trip abroad, shall settle down in Contoocook and make myself the best New Churchman that I know how. But I shall never join the Church, because it would not be good for the Church."

And he quite lived up to his assertion. Mrs. George stood by his side in her general attitude toward matters, loving his friends to the end, sharing his church attendance, continuing his hospitalities during the forty years she survived him. I saw her last in 1902. At her death she left $1000 to the Contoocook New Church.

Red letter days indeed for Contoocook were those of the

Maine and New Hampshire Association in August, 1861. To a detached little society, it was a rare privilege to extend hospitality to fifty visitors, including seven clergymen. Rev. George H. Marston filled well the rôle of chief host. Rev. Samuel F. Dike, presiding minister of the Association, gave a never-to-be-forgotten sermon on the pool of Bethesda. An enthusiast from his Bath Society declared, in comment, that he had only given a fair example of his powers; but Captain George demurred:

"No man could rise to that height fifty-two Sundays in a year."

Mr. Edwin Gould of Montreal, an exact and conscientious student in the field of religious thought, with large outlying possessions in the domain of literature and music, received on this occasion from the presiding minister the license to preach, as the preparatory step to a long and devoted pastorate. He still lives in his able son, Rev. E. M. Lawrence Gould. Mr. George S. Hilton, whose church work in Meredith, N. H., gave good promise, received the same official sanction from Mr. Dike. Rev. Charles Dunham, embarked in a life-voyage of useful ministerial service, enriched the occasion by a sermon; and Mr. Edwin Hale Abbot, then a tutor at Harvard, gave a lecture on "Love of Country" which was full of patriotism and talent. Mr. Frank Sewall of Bath brought a devotional and consecrated spirit, the forerunner of an unusually rich and varied contribution to the Church, both in and out of the pulpit. Rev. William B. Hayden of Portland, Maine, brought the point of view embracing a broad horizon of interests, secular and spiritual; and Rev. Richard Norman Foster, a man of ability, brought an independent mind a little wary of narrow ecclesiastical walls. Rev. John C. Ager, Professor in the Urbana University of Ohio, was warmly welcomed among old friends of his boyhood; and Rev. Abiel Silver, now of New York, was very happy over the promising condition of his little flock, and their excellent privileges on this occasion for enlarging their New-Church acquaintanceship. Captain and Mrs. George harbored guests generously in their spacious home, and gave their grounds for a lawn party. He in the meantime was

studying the types of character around him, and said later:

"Mr. Silver, from my observation, the New Church is made up of two classes of people — studious, thinking people, like Mr. Hayden and Mr. Edwin Abbot, and, on the other hand, simple-hearted folk in the good of life; and the clergyman goes up and down, up and down, trying to fill the gap."

Captain George had viewed the world at various angles, from frontier life at the scarcely known upper Mississippi, to the office of quartermaster in the Mexican War under Colonel Caleb Cushing, with whom he established an intimate and lifelong companionship. He had seen all sorts and conditions of men, and loved my father for his genuineness and frankness.

When my father was called to the New York pulpit Captain George was as proud of him as if he were his favorite son. In those early sixties he and his wife habitually spent their winters there.

He delighted in the theatre and often invited us. One evening he read aloud to us *The Lady of Lyons,* and it was a vastly finer rendering than the Wallack company could give in its supreme moments. No member of that cast had a soul with so many vibratory chords, and he could play them all. The last night I ever saw him, our theatre party broke up into little groups, in returning to the hotel, and as he fell to my share, he said:

"Miss Silver, your father is getting to be an old man, and some day he will leave you; and I want to say now that the little blue room in our home is yours for life."

But although ten years younger, his hold on life did not compare with that of my father, who outlived him seventeen years. He grew to be a bit apprehensive about death; he felt that he discovered the higher ideals late in life. And heaven was kind to him, and largely veiled from him the coming of the angel of the resurrection. He was stricken at his Contoocook home on a Sunday morning in 1864, and was unconscious most of the few remaining days. At his decease, Mr. Silver came on to address a trainload of hearers from Concord, New Hampshire, as he paid the last warm tribute over the clay tenement that had housed a very unusual occupant.

A notable event in Mr. Silver's five years' ministry at Contoocook was the discovery, through his preaching in the New Church, of Mr. John Ager, who later became a most valuable factor both as educational instructor and preacher. He accepted the new spiritual message after intelligent investigation, and serious-hearted aim. One of his pedagogical lectures upon amusements helped to sweeten and elevate the diversions of young people for that day. Mr. Silver gave him a note of introduction to the faculty of Urbana University, describing him as a young man of talent and merit; and shortly after his arrival the authorities wrote back fervently, "Send on a dozen more like him!" He was ordained into the ministry in 1860, being then twenty-five. After a three years' pastorate in Brookline, he married Miss Newhall of Chicago; and they held their children in the Church fold. After forty-four years in the Brooklyn, N. Y., pulpit, he became a successful instructor in our Theological School at Cambridge.

XIII. WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

I push through a thicket of memories in which the thousand-fingered branches arrestingly catch.

—Henry James's *Notes of a Son and Brother.*

On a winter day in 1858, Mr. Silver received a letter of stirring import which deflected southward the current of our lives. It was written by Mr. Daniel Lammot as representative of the Society of the New Jerusalem at Wilmington, Delaware, asking the recipient to make a tentative visit of two or three weeks, with a view to permanent establishment in its pulpit. He went, he saw, and the affirmative attitude of mind in which he returned found expression later in an acceptance.

As shepherd of his New Hampshire flock, Mr. Silver preached his farewell sermon on April 4th, 1858. A nucleus among them had, to a degree, instructed themselves in matters spiritual by Bible study, and by the repeated purchase and reading of Swedenborg's works. The Society has had to struggle against the increasing city-ward drift of rural

populations everywhere, and the consequent drainage of vitality. The Contoocook parishioners gave Mr. Silver a warm place in their hearts. His picture etched by the sun which you may see in the church building is not more real than his image incised on their memory by a higher and subtler instrumentality.

Migrating southward, we knew little about Delaware, except that aristocratically it was named for a lord, and democratically it led the historic procession of Thirteen Colonies by its ratification of the Federal Constitution — little Delaware at the head, little Rhode Island in the rear. Arrived at Wilmington, Mr. Lammot and two of his sons met us at the station, Mrs. Lammot greeted us demonstratively as she descended her steps to receive us as guests at her home, and Miss Lammot, lingering within the walls, extended to us a welcome less impetuous but equally genuine. We were soon installed in our new home near the Brandywine River — a stream cheerfully picturesque in its wooded banks, and darkly historic as the scene where Washington had been defeated, and Lafayette had received a wound.

The institution of slavery still lingered in Delaware, giving a distinct color to life, and here Mr. Silver counted among his parishioners the only slaveholder he ever had — Mrs. George Reade Riddle, wife of a United States senator. She often described to us life on her Virginia plantation. If a black toe was injured, "Missus" was sent for to suggest relief; if death threatened, "Missus" was sent for to pray; she was called upon to be physician and chaplain. War and emancipation swept her plantation life out of existence later, but she retained in her city home her house servants whom she kindly sheltered and cared for long after their capacity for service had ceased. Her house was luxurious, its viands served in silver, and its atmosphere generously loyal to the faith of the New Church. Her gift still on our walls is Hollaway's 1810 engraving of one of Raphael's cartoons. When a missionary was her guest, and she could not quite decide whether her parting gift should be a five or a ten-dollar gold piece, she would place the two in her pocket, and present the one which her fingers first touched.

Soon after Mr. Silver's arrival at Wilmington came the dedication of their little blue granite church. Exteriorly, one saw three slender parallel windows over the door. The circular corner tower stretching upward terminated in an elongated cone. Entering, and passing through the vestibule, the audience room revealed itself attractively. The timbered roof, pews, and other furnishings were of oak; three arches of cut stone outlined three sunken recesses: for the chancel in front, for the organ at the left, for a minister's room on the right.

Mrs. Alfred du Pont was most fittingly the godmother of the Wilmington Society of the New Jerusalem, as the eldest daughter of the man so often called the Father of the New Church in Delaware. As Margaretta Elizabeth Lammot, she married at the age of sixteen Alfred Victor Philadelphus du Pont, aged twenty-six, and removed from Philadelphia to Delaware. The next year, 1825, she revisited her native city to attend the famous Lafayette Ball, dancing with her husband's cousin, Francis du Pont, aged twenty-two, who later became rear-admiral in the United States Navy.

The bride, Margaretta Elizabeth Lammot du Pont, was very welcome into the family with which she had allied herself. Her father-in-law, Irénée du Pont, entered warmly into plans for a gift to the young people — a home on the Brandywine River a few miles from Wilmington to be called *Nemours*, which was a name with ancestral associations. The new house was of stone, having attractive grounds, with trees and blossoming shrubs without, and spacious rooms within. Here Lafayette came for social purposes, he and Irénée du Pont having been old comrades in the French National Guard. Here, seven little du Ponts, four boys and three girls, were sent by heaven to enrich the home life. Here for thirty-one years Mrs. Alfred du Pont chiefly represented the New Church until, in 1855, her father made Wilmington his home.

Allow me to introduce the readers to *Nemours*, the home in 1858 of Mrs. Alfred du Pont, the Lady Bountiful of the New Church. On entering directly from the veranda to the very spacious hall, nearly square in size, we see a piano, where our hostess often plays for dancing, to the edification

of the young people drawn from the eight Episcopalian du Pont families on the Brandywine.

At the right of the hall lies the library containing three thousand volumes in nine languages, especially French, in which latter Mrs. du Pont revels, as she reads that language with the same ease as her native tongue. She reads home and foreign *Reviews*, buys new publications, peruses Swedenborg and observes current conditions, saying, "One must know the world if one is to meet it."

Mrs. Mary Augusta Hounsfield was the second daughter of Daniel Lammot. One of the happy remembrances of her childhood was the dedication of the Temple of the New Jerusalem in the Quaker City; and she learned to appreciate its munificent donor, William Schlatter, and to form an intimate and lifelong friendship with his daughter Julia, who became Mrs. Theophilus Chandler of Brookline, Massachusetts.

The Hounsfield home was on Delaware Avenue, in an attractive house of wood with a bit that was rural in front — trees, shrubbery and flowers. "Sheltering Arms" was the name suggested by some one for this homestead, where reigned hospitality for friends, kindliness to the neighbor in trouble, motherliness to the orphan children of her brother, Ferdinand Lammot, and devotion to her own.

Eleanora, third daughter of Daniel Lammot, married in 1844 Edward W. Gilpin. Their home, standing beside that of Mrs. Hounsfield, also prepossessed you in advance by its graceful trees, and pleasant verdure bright with flowers, enlivening the enclosure in front. Her wifely pride was gratified by the advance of her husband from the position of lawyer to that of attorney-general, and from that of attorney-general to that of chief justice of the state of Delaware. Her motherly instincts were gratified by the advent of two little daughters, Meta and Paulina. Her love of our beautiful faith was gratified by witnessing the reception by her husband of the New-Church teachings.

The successive departure of Mr. Lammot's children southward from Philadelphia began in 1824; and he arrived in Wilmington in 1855, rich in descendants: Margaretta Lammot du Pont and her seven children; Mary Lammot Houns-

field and her two children; Eleanora Lammot Gilpin and her two children; and the orphan children of Ferdinand Lammot. But the multiplication did not end here. Mr. Lammot himself, after the translation to the other world of his wife, Susannah Beck, married, in 1819, Anna Smith of Philadelphia, who added seven children more, among whom Harry and Alfred carried their New-Church light to California.

Mrs. Anna Smith Lammot, who captured our good will on our arrival in Wilmington in 1858 by the warm spontaneity of her welcome, was a person of uncommon gifts. Her mind was of the order of genius rather than talent, with intuitive flashes of perception. She was wedded to the earlier school of literature. She characterized the modern analytical novelists as grave intruders on the sacred recesses of character. She quarreled with Thackeray, and, as his foil, used to set up her beloved Walter Scott:

"*He* was a gentleman, with his high and fine reserve! He did not place human nature on a dissecting table."

Mrs. Lammot was also conservative regarding the New Church, and entered a rebuke for any superficial readers among us who do not digest what we accept. She wrote early in 1869:

"People see New-Church books, and take much for granted that they must be *on the right side;* whereas the most dangerous are those that under the guise of New-Church doctrine broach speculations of their own. This is wounding the Truth in the house of its friends."

Mrs. Lammot left a volume of her own *ms.* verses, and her paraphrase of Psalm cxxxix shows that she was beloved by Polyhymnia, the Muse of sacred hymns. These are the opening verses:

Lord! Thou my inmost soul hast known
  Throughout my life-long days,
Thou knowest every word I speak,
  Thou seest all my ways.

Such knowledge is too wonderful,
  Too high, too vast for me!
Where, from Thy Spirit shall I go?
  Where, from Thy Presence flee?

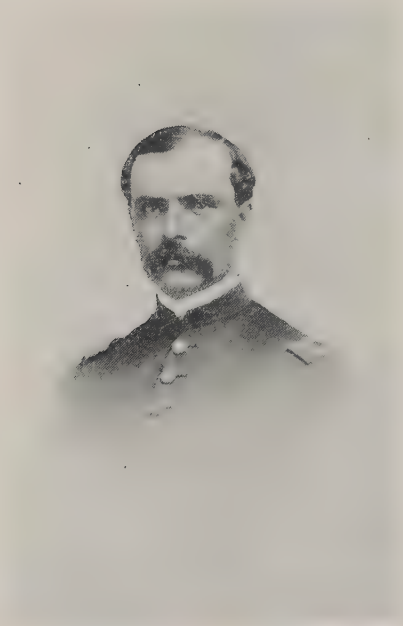
Mr. Daniel Lammot

Mrs. Daniel Lammot

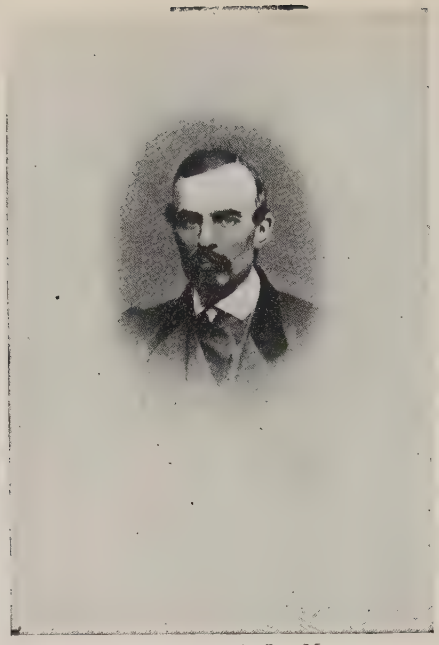
Mrs. Mary Lammot Homesfield

Mrs. Eleanora Lammot Gilpin

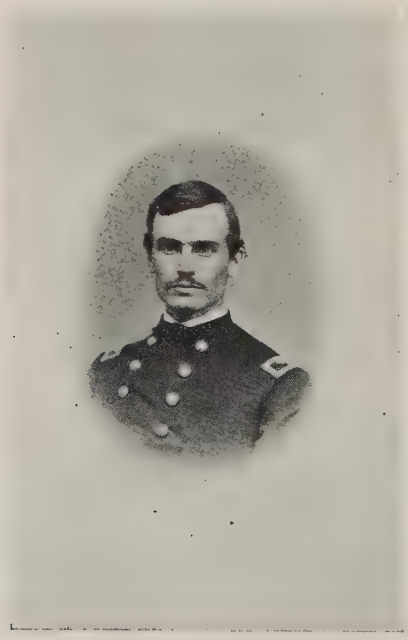
Mr. Dan Lammot



Major Robert La Motte



Col. William A. La Motte



Brigadier-General Charles Eugene La Motte

Dan led the second group of children born to the patriarch, Daniel Lammot. His alert interest in the welfare of the New Church corresponded with his alert physical activity. He married Signorita Dolores Morguiandi, a strikingly handsome lady reared in South America; and around their hearthstone gathered attractive little Lammots, olive of complexion, Castilian in manners, and Spanish in temperament.

Major Robert, second son of Daniel Lammot, departed from his father's family name, and reverted to the French spelling — La Motte. He returned during our stay in Wilmington from several years' absence in California. He was very precious to his mother's heart, and his home-coming was heralded in advance with delight. Arriving unexpectedly on a Sunday morning, he slipped into church just in time for the sermon. Mr. Silver was discoursing on the Prodigal Son. He dwelt forcibly and in detail on the wanderer's sojourn in a far country, on his downward path, and on the glad joy over his return to his father's house. The pulpit was unaware of the presence of the new auditor, but the pews knew him, and recognized the incongruity: that, on the very threshold of his arrival, the noble absentee should be greeted with so tragic a warning regarding Wicked Wanderers. After the benediction came a family jubilee; and Mrs. Lammot soon made her way to the preacher, and said with smiling good humor, and a sparkle of fun in her eyes:

"Mr. Silver, this is my son Robert, he is *not* a prodigal son, and he has *not* wasted his substance in riotous living."

Col. William La Motte outdistanced his brothers in Gallic traits, with his Parisian accent, his French love of precision and accuracy, and his instinct for the amenities of drawing-room life. Social honors naturally fell to him. When, in 1876, Dom Pedro II, the public-spirited Emperor of Brazil, visited many manufactories, including that of the New Churchman, Mr. William H. Swift, Judge Wales of Wilmington tendered a dinner to the royal visitors, and Col. La Motte was one of the guests.

He did not, after the manner of Frenchmen described by Hamerton in *Around My House,* attend church by proxy through the feminine members of his household. The pulpit

can testify to his constant presence in his pew up to eighty years of age. During the last two years of his life his thoughts turned increasingly toward the other world. We hope that God has given him the companionship of little children, whom he loved devotedly while here. From the latter circumstance, it would seem as if there were a touch of pathos in his celibate life, but one could never detect it in his sunny temperament.

Brigadier-General Charles Eugene La Motte, the youngest son, quitted at twenty-one the law office he had but recently opened, and volunteered for the Civil War, serving with enthusiasm in the Army of the Potomac for four years. When promoted to a colonelcy, he modestly bore his access to the higher position, but wrote home playfully to his mother:

"I must hasten home on a furlough before I grow round-shouldered with the weight of my honors, and become cross-eyed from trying to look at the eagles on both shoulders at once!" He was brevetted on the field with the title of Brigadier-General, in March, 1865, for "gallant and meritorious conduct during the war."

His Church loyalty was unswerving; and in later years he revealed his spiritual soldiership in bearing incredible severity of pain with the heroism of God's true children. Robert La Motte became major in the war, and William, a colonel.

Lewis P. Mercer became a New Churchman through the instrumentality of Mr. Silver in Wilmington, and, like John C. Ager, who was similarly drawn to our faith, he served unremittingly in the Master's vineyard for many long years thereafter. He wrote me in 1879:

"It fills me with emotions of gratitude and gladness as I recall my own knowledge of your father's ministry, and my obligations to him as my 'spiritual father.' Blessed day, and wonderful to me the mercy of it!"

Mr. Mercer, for a year, spent three evenings a week for religious instruction in Mr. Silver's Wilmington study, continued his investigation under the Rev. Willard H. Hinkley, the Rev. N. C. Burnham, and in the Theological School of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem, being ordained in 1872.

Rev. John C. Ager at one time in
Rev. Abiel Silver's sheepfold

Rev. Lewis T. Mercer at one time in
Rev. Abiel Silver's sheepfold

Dr. August Negendank was the man in the pews who makes the pulpit happy, because he loved the Church more than the minister, and was loyal to it under all circumstances; my father used to describe him as "true-blue." He had married in 1856 Rebecca A. Snyder of nineteen, who shared, for more than half a century, his steadfast love and loyalty to the faith of their adoption. She was gentle-spirited, and capable of much home devotion. He rose to high honors as a physician, and had wide mental interest.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Swift were led within the gates of the Church by Mr. Silver. Their fidelity was enduring as granite, and people far away arose and called them blessed. She superintended the Sunday School for many long years. Annie La Motte and Mrs. Pyle will appear on another page.

Let us take our last look at Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lammot during their fiftieth marriage anniversary.

"I have hardly gotten over my Golden Wedding day yet!" she writes in 1869, "I really think it was the happiest day of my *so long* a life — the fruition of all that my first wedding day promised." There was a Midas-touch to this fiftieth anniversary. Picture to yourself a procession of twelve grandchildren approaching the venerable husband and his frail-looking wife, each bearing a fifty-dollar gold piece — sumptuous testimony, in material and denomination, to the occasion. And little great-grandchildren came, bringing with unconscious grace their fragrant offering of celestial innocence.

The beautiful blue granite church which I loved in Wilmington has been swept out of existence by the right of eminent domain, and is replaced by a handsomer edifice in a finer district, in which is a window to the memory of the three noble daughters of the Father of the New Church in Delaware. Let me give my triple tribute of love.

Margaretta Lammot du Pont represented dignity of character, and a reserve in which her more demonstrative pen sometimes forgot itself in her letters. She was as upright as the walls of Jerusalem. In the du Pont library of three thousand volumes I once drew her attention to a sixteenth-century

French classic, asking her if she had read it. She replied in the negative. It had fallen under her disapproval, and, although it stood on a shelf on a level with her hand for several decades, her conscience was never decoyed by her curiosity. Regarding the Swedish seer, she used to say: "Swedenborg's standpoint differs from the prevailing one; therefore it is necesary to readjust one's mind in accepting his books." You have met Mrs. du Pont, the Church godmother of *Nemours;* later in this book you will meet Lady du Pont of *Goodstay* and her picture.

Mary Lammot Hounsfield impressed one after this wise: with an impetuous temperament that promptly asserted its cordiality, with a perennial vivacity that defied the envious years that were trying to frost her hair and rebuke its lively inclination to curl; with brilliant black eyes sparkling with fun or glowing with enthusiasm, with a resolute courage which could wrest a blessing from untoward events, with a capacity for personal loyalty as steadfast as the sun, with devotion to the Church that never wavered, she may be counted as a truly valuable parishioner and friend.

Eleanora Lammot Gilpin, although reared in the same Philadelphia environment as her sisters, developed an individuality quite her own. She was like a Claude Lorraine picture, of which the outline is softened by an atmospheric haze. Her character had beautiful aërial effects; and in spite of her semi-invalidism, you went to her chamber to gather sunshine of the soul which, in her seclusion, she irradiated for the benefit of her family and her friends.

XIV. NEW YORK CITY

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?

—*Othello II:* i. 1502.

The Moor, commenting on his old acquaintance in the isle of Cypress, said, "I have found great love among them"; and we could echo it regarding our acquaintance in the island of Manhattan. It had thirty bark-covered dwellings when it was purchased through barter by Peter Minuit from the Indians for $24.00 in 1626. It had 800,000 inhabitants

when, in 1860, Rev. Abiel Silver, at sixty-three years of age, began life anew in the chief metropolis of the land. Rich in stored-up energy, compact of muscle, and sound in nerve, he could afford to lend an ear to a call from the New York Society of the New Jerusalem.

A Triumvirate of men presided over the activities of the New York Society on our arrival — at least they seemed in the foreground among a group of excellent parishioners. Mr. Thomas Hitchcock represented a large field, from zealous activity in the issue of New-Church books by the press, to a paternal care over the temperature of the church on Sundays. He penned *The Child's True Christian Religion*, a simple exposition of our faith adapted to the growing mind; and he also wrote a book about earth and heaven, called *Willie Harper's Two Lives*. After more than fifty years, the little volume has been born anew through its recent emergence from the London press with both full-page illustrations, and marginal significant decorations.

Mr. J. K. Hoyt was the second triumvir, a man of impulsive generosity who came close, as Sunday School superintendent, to the hearts of the children. He gave many long years of service, and was our friend loyal and true. He is associated with an invitation for our first carriage drive among the environs of our new home. He especially showed us Central Park, crude and but faintly showing incipient beauty which was to be multiplied a thousand times under the magical touch of the great landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead.

Mr. Charles Sullivan was the third triumvir of my father's parish, and he filled with assiduity his trusteeship of service, being described by Rev. Samuel S. Seward as one of those who "not only hold up the hands of the minister like Aaron and Hur, but cheer on the soldiers of the field like Joshua." Henry G. Thompson, who continued his father's manufacture of carpets at Thompsonville, Connecticut, and presided over their wholesale traffic in New York, was, like him, of towering height. He was also a man of lofty convictions, who would have held his position unflinchingly as a minority of one against the world through his clear recognition and

advocacy of the light of the New Church, in the distribution of which he spent very lavishly.

For the sake of Cephas Giovanni Thompson's early portrait of Hawthorne on its walls, I visited the Grolier Club of New York in 1917. This institution, founded in 1884, has gathered thirteen thousand volumes. It embodies the finest aspiration toward the ideal production of books, characterized by the most artistic illuminations, the highest skill in beautiful bindings, and perfection in type and paper. It selected *The Scarlet Letter* as an "American Classic" worthy its highest output.

Hawthorne and Thompson knew each other in Boston and Rome; and Miss Una Hawthorne, whom I met in Dresden on November 23, 1868, gave pleasant reminiscences of little Cora and Edmond Thompson. Joined by three other New-Church artists — William Page, Joseph Ropes and Abel Nichols — with an occasional visit from Robert and Mrs. Browning, Mr. Thompson held religious service in his own house, and nurtured for seven years his spiritual lamp in Rome, in spite of repressive political conditions, returning with his family in the late fifties to the New York New-Church Society.

Brooklyn sent us Col. William C. Church, a Civil War officer, and founder of the *Army and Navy Journal*, who became an avowed disciple of Swedenborg's spiritual philosophy. His wife possessed manners which seemed to me a beautiful exponent of the true Christian Religion.

Visit with me the entertaining drawing-room of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tryon, where well-disguised guests at a costume party astonish each other as they unmask. But there is a serious side: three young Tryon songstresses swell the anthems of praise at Sunday worship. Juliet (Mrs. George Kemp), Laura (Mrs. Grosvenor P. Lowrey), Virginia (Mrs. George Kent), and a brother Francis, receive baptism, the first endowing a kindergarten for our New-Church settlement work at Kennedy House in memory of her little one transplanted to the garden of God.

During our stay, Mr. Joseph Kennedy Smyth returned from a prolonged residence in Paris, bringing a bust of

Swedenborg made from the best available pictures, which is now installed as a gift from his son, Rev. Julian K. Smyth, in the library of the New York Society. The father also brought seven little Smyths to enrich the Sunday School. His delightful wife, one of five New-Church Ogden sisters, you will meet elsewhere.

Christian Henry Meday was already well planted in New York on our arrival, and possessed the enduring discipleship to the Church which the minister knows how to value. Espousing our faith at nineteen, he became president of the New York Society, and Treasurer of the New Church Board of Publication. His wife and her sister were among those who modestly stand in the background, and turn out very efficient treasures when discovered. Edward Riley, echoing the name of his father, the New-Church pioneer, was sixty-one when we knew him, and had a record as musical inspirer for the early society. His warm-hearted family, our near neighbors, represented home harmony and instrumental harmony with their piano, 'cello, and violin. Grandchildren have been in the Waltham New-Church school.

Italy enriched the New York Society through its son, Agostino E. Cerqua, a patriot keenly alive to his country's welfare. He was training little Italians to be good intelligent American citizens; but they must not fail to know the stirring modern history of their fathers' native land. Here is the opening of a little address by one of his pupils:

"Victor Emmanuel owned a boot down in the Mediterranean Sea; and it began to pinch about the toes and to be uncomfortable; and he sent for a famous French boot-maker. Now the Emperor, while excellent in making showy things, did not always make things that will wear; and after a while Louis Napoleon got kicked by the very boot he was trying to mend!"

Mr. Cerqua was much aided financially in this educational scheme by an Italian importer and merchant, named, I think, Signor Fabricotta; he was a noble looking man, and very efficacious in putting superior ideas into little heads. We were often invited to these juvenile political disquisitions.

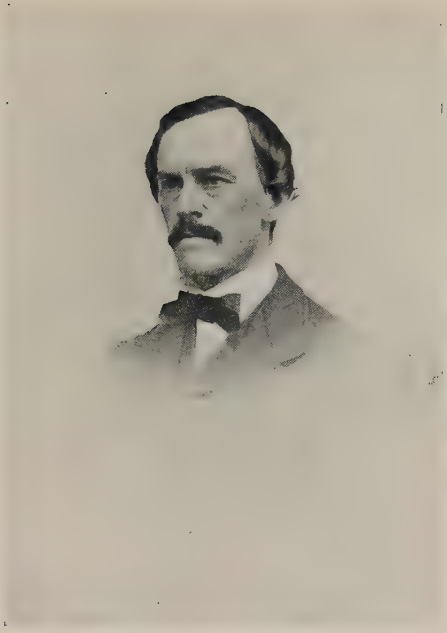
Mr. Cerqua was born in 1826 under Pope Leo XII, was

reared in the Roman Catholic Church, and became a student for its priesthood; but discovering the faith of the New Church he enlisted as a devoted follower, and was warmly seconded by his wife. She was six years his junior, and survived him eleven years. Brooklyn knew her in her widowhood as a devoted church member, and her trust in the Divine Providence never wavered during her later years of total blindness. Her husband was a teachable disciple of our doctrines, a broad and unselfish patriot of two countries, with a love for his native land not incompatible with unswerving loyalty to our stars and stripes, and possessed a simplicity and directness of character that the average American rarely shows.

Mr. Otto Wilhelm Schack was a member of the New York Society who came from the land associated with King Canute, with Hamlet's father's ghost, with Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, and with the vexed Schleswig-Holstein question. His father, Estatoraade Gregers Schack, was counsellor to the King of Denmark — a position seemingly akin to a membership in our President's cabinet; as the council includes the ministries of war, marine, foreign affairs, the interior, justice, finance, and so forth.

One day, young Ensign Schack suffered an accident on one of his Majesty's vessels; whereupon the proposition to see America during his convalescence was urged by the Danish consul to the United States, Mr. Henri Braem, who requested permission therefor from the King, and from the ensign's father. The two men arrived in New York, and young Otto Schack shared his friend's roof.

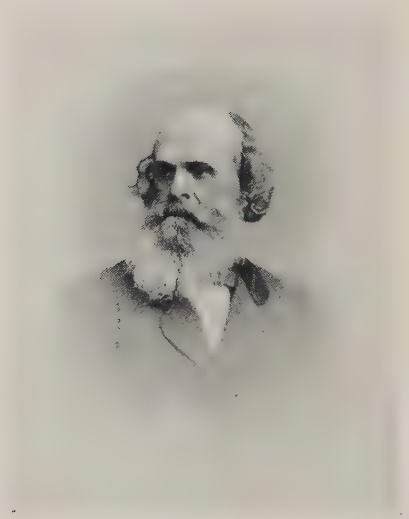
Denmark is much given to furnishing princesses for monarchs on European thrones. She also furnished a suitor, in Mr. Schack, for the beautiful and gifted young Elizabeth Inez McCarthy, whose father, the Hon. Peter McCarthy, and son were mentioned in the New York Directory as "Gentlemen Landed Proprietors," and as one of the then forty families who owned their horses and carriages. Mr. Schack met Miss McCarthy at a ball at the Countess de Dion's residence in De Pau Row between Fifth and Sixth Avenues near Fifteenth Street, now the site of a hospital. The marriage was on August 21, 1843, the bridegroom being twenty-three. A



Mr. J. K. Hoyt of New York

Mr. Robert L. Smith of New York

The Angel delivers Peter from Prison
Book of Acts xii. 3-11
Painting by Cephas Giovanni Thompson



Cephas Giovanni Thompson, whose early portrait of Hawthorne is in possession of the Grolier Club

life-long friend of Mr. Schack was Mr. William von Meyer (uncle of Secretary von Meyer under President Roosevelt), who stood as godfather, and left legacies to Mr. Schack's little grandchild, Constance Ulee Gracie.

Mr. Otto Schack was a typical Dane, fair-haired, blue-eyed, fine-featured, a man of gracious courtesy, and enduring loyalty to his friends; and with his beautiful wife, and flock of children, added much socially to our numbers. He loved to study the fundamental principles of religious faith, and to discuss them with his minister.

The navy reminds me of Capt. William McCarthy Little, a young gentleman in my father's flock in the old New York days. He was a nephew of Mrs. Otto Schack, and the son of a New York banker. I renewed the acquaintance on January 17, 1869. We met at the house of the Rev. Alfred E. Ford in Florence, Italy, at a Sunday morning service held in his own spacious drawing room. The group of worshippers included the family of Mr. Hiram Powers, the sculptor, a few Italians, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ticknor of Boston. Mr. Ford gave an excellent sermon, and a piano sustained the music. Mr. Little, when offered a liturgy, produced a worn copy of his own which had been his companion in his travels.

After service, the Americans, by invitation, gathered around Mr. Ford's open fire and exchanged experiences. Mr. Little, now an Annapolis midshipman, had recently been appointed Aide to Commodore Pennock, and had profited by two years of rich European experience with the Admiral Farragut expedition; his opportunities in the shadow of greatness were magnificent, and we heard excellent things of him through Judge Aldis of Vermont, who, while consul at Nice, had arranged honors for the Admiral, and had noted the young New-Church midshipman. The latter rose to honors in rank. A group of young people baptized by Mr. Silver is pleasantly remembered — Messrs. Little, Tryon, Church, Moore, Lowry, and others.

Into the veins of John L. Jewett eight generations of New England Jewetts had been pouring their sturdy Puritan blood. Because of his English ancestors, we expect in him tenacity of will and firmness of purpose. King Charles the First, and

Archbishop Laud did not like the liberal-minded Jewett weavers, who were sometimes naughty nonconformists; and they, not liking the king's "Acts of Conformity," migrated to America in 1638. Although Puritans, they were not so unworldly as to leave their heraldic devices behind, with the Jewett motto: "*Toujours le même.*" Neither were they so spiritually unpractical as to despise riches, for Governor Winthrop calls them "godly men of good estate."

John L. Jewett, born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1799, was entrusted by Harper's, Appleton's, and other eminent publishing houses with the revisions of their most difficult work in foreign languages. He was translator of German, Spanish, and French, editing and issuing in 1854 a French and English dictionary. On January 17, 1849, Bryant, Irving, Greeley, Raymond, and other eminent men heard his "most highly finished and original address" on Benjamin Franklin.

Mr. Jewett was, on our arrival in New York, holding separate services on Sunday mornings in a hall down town as a representative of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem, of which the New York Society was not a member. My father's position was this: The Convention had faults, but he preferred being within the organization, trying to mend them, than without, bombarding them with criticism. Whereupon Mr. Jewett, his wife, and his four or five musical children transferred themselves to the pulpit ministrations and the parochial activities under Mr. Silver. He was editor of the *New Jerusalem Messenger* from 1855 to 1862.

I was fairly driven into my first venture in Sunday-School teaching by the authoritative voice of the New York superintendent: "You must come, you live near." It was a case of enforced draft, not of spontaneous volunteering; and there never was a more signal instance of unpreparedness. Suddenly, two little Thachers, and two little Smyths, two little Bells, and two little Schacks, one little Turner, one little Meday, and one little Sprague were thrust into my care! I had had no brothers and no sisters, and only an intermittent cousinly acquaintance with little folk. The sunshine of playfulness emanating from these little New Yorkers danced

One of the treasures in Miss Silver's New York Sunday School class

Another treasure in Miss Silver's New York Sunday School class

gaily all over the corner where we sat. Their bubbling spirits and roguish fun which would have been delightful and normal on Monday, were reprehensibly out of place on Sunday in the eyes of the tyro of a teacher.

I did not know a line of pedagogy, I had never been near a normal school, I was without training in forms, rules or systems, I was ignorant of child-psychology as a science. But teachers are born and not made. By instinct I kept completely within the children's range in the instruction given; they were eager listeners, and volunteered questions worthy of a forum: Would the little unbaptized baby next door who had died go to heaven? Would the wicked father ever see his child again?

They entered into the assigned topic, picked it up, and carried it farther. One day I said that we are real people and that our material body is like clothing; that our spiritual hand feels through its covering of clay: whereupon the child of luxury in the class, the one with the velvet coat, lifted up her hand, exclaiming,

"O yes, I have two gloves on, one of flesh and one of kid!"

On another day, the instruction was repeated with variations: We, as real people, live in our bodies as in a house, and we look out of our material eyes as through a window. And, as they had seen a lifeless human body, I pointed out to them that, although the material eye was there with all its beautiful lenses, it could not see: whereupon the handsome, mischief-loving boy of the class, with his quick mind, exclaimed,

"O yes, Miss Silver, I see, I know all about it, the person has gone away and left the window, and the blinds are shut."

May I lead you out into the world with these children? One lad would now be called Archbishop, with the United States and Canada for his archdiocese, if our Church were organized ecclesiastically after the manner of the Anglicans. Over against the Church is the Stage, on which another lad trod as a comedian until the fall of the curtain on his earth-life in 1918. The angel of the resurrection called the only ewe lamb from her mother; and another young girl from her betrothed. One married a publisher, and from their home little human editions came, bearing the name of the firm;

another, a lover of economics, married a man who represented Labor's welfare under President Wilson. A third represents domestic life in California; a fourth, named for the Empress Eugénie, drifted to France after the manner of her father and grandfather; to a fifth the tragedy of the Titanic came home to her husband, and heaven subsequently called away all her children. She might have been like the Greek Niobe, or the Scriptural Rachel — "she would not be comforted, because they were not." But, instead, she writes me: "All my jewels are safe and free in the Heavenly Life." One ardent child named her doll for her Sunday-School teacher; and her little brother, deliberate of speech, said on our leaving New York:

"Oh, I am so glad that I am not in Miss Silver's Sunday-School class, because I do not have to be sorry when she goes away."

I will now turn to the minister's part in the New York life. The Society had had clergymen to some extent nonresident, who came in town for pulpit service; and, as a new social centre, the parlors embracing the entire second floor in Mr. Silver's English basement house, No. 84, East 35th Street, were now thrown open at stated intervals, once or twice a month, for parish reunions. All came, the opulent, and those of slender purses, people of all sorts and conditions, thereby making the gatherings widely representative; parishioners furnished readings and music, vocal and instrumental. We learned to know each other.

Study of spiritual truth was also desired; and a goodly number of persons met in the Sunday-School rooms each winter to interchange sentiments. I recall Mr. Hitchcock with his Latin version of the *Apocalypse Explained*, and Mr. William Mason, invited to preside at the humble reed organ. The public should be reached: and my mother's letter before me dated March 19, 1861, speaks of a four months' course of Sunday evening lectures just completed; and both she and the *Messenger* record good attendance. In 1865 she writes that nearly one hundred have been baptized during her husband's four-years' stay. He had issued two volumes of his lectures through the Appleton Company, *Symbolic*

Character of the Sacred Scriptures and *The Holy Word in Its Own Defence.* He loved to visit his parish, which had fringes reaching into Long Island, New Jersey, and Staten Island.

The dear old New York parish had color, warmth, variety, and, above all, opportunity. The New York House of Worship on Thirty-fifth Street near Park Avenue was dedicated in 1859. I paid tribute to it by attending its semi-centennial celebration in 1909, the Hon. John Bigelow presiding, Judge Francis J. Worcester giving a historical address, Col. William C. Church, reminiscences, Rev. John C. Ager from Brooklyn, fraternal wishes, Rev. S. S. Seward, a fervent greeting, and Rev. Julian K. Smyth, the pastor, diffusing a spirit of spiritual hospitality.

XV. SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
— *Twelfth Night,* iii: 3, 18. A.D. 1601.

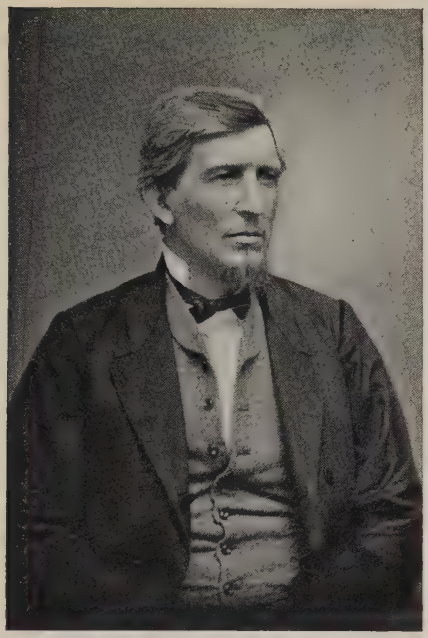
Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem in 1804. He fed as a child on Shakespeare and Milton, attended Bowdoin College in Maine, and returned to Salem to woo the delightfully congenial Sophia Peabody in the Grimshaw house. Henry James, writing of Hawthorne, is keen to discern the matchless Rembrandt shadows in his stories, but pities his meagre, colorless surroundings. I protest. Life there was new, but not necessarily crude.

Henry James should have seen Salem, and the quiet grace and dignified repose of its very porches and doorways, and its best houses harmonious in structural proportion, and exquisite in their subordinate design. Visiting at the Cook-Oliver house, 142 Federal Street, Mr. James would have observed the Alsatian paper on the hall, hand-printed from blocks fifteen by eighteen inches, now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Seated in a faultless Chippendale chair, with his cup filled from a Paul Revere coffee pot, slender and graceful, Henry James would have admired here the supremely good work of McIntyre — a genius in bringing

beauty out of white pine through his conscientious craftsmanship by hand-processes in carving and the use of a hundred different tools. The family of Mr. James's host, well arrayed and well mannered, should have driven him on Sunday to the Lancaster church, designed by Charles Bulfinch, whose spire delights the eye for miles around. He had part in designing the matchless Capitol at Washington.

Our first home in Salem was at 29 Charter Street, near Hawthorne's birthplace and near the scene of his wooing. In our spacious brick building, with high-studded rooms twenty-two feet square repeated on each story, were long, dark mysterious passages and baffling closets suggesting tragedy. We found that we gained prestige by living in this Stephen H. Phillips mansion, and we enjoyed the borrowed glory. But any undue pride was likely to be cowed by our contemplation of the neighboring "Burying Point." Here was interred in 1698 the body of Timothy Lindall. The central arch of his headstone encloses a cherub's head, suggesting the happy land above. Minor arches are on either side: one crowns a skeleton in bas-relief whose eyeless sockets remind us that the light of our earthly life will soon be put out; and opposite stands a winged figure of Father Time bearing on his head the significant hourglass to admonish us that the sands of our life are fast running out; and carrying in his hand the fatal scythe to warn us of the grim reaper. These, with the weeping willows and the lugubrious epitaphs on those "sleeping below" all reminded us of the coming of the Great and Terrible Judgment Day.

A happier theology came to Salem when Major Joseph Hiller discovered the New Church in 1796. In 1840 there was a continuation of quiet testimony, as expressed through Sunday worship in private families in Salem. Mr. John Burleigh (1780–1862) had shown his colors, and was an early disciple. His daughter, Eleanor Pauline Burleigh, when twenty years of age married, on June 3, 1842, Dr. John T. Harris of Abington; and the church there, and in Roxbury, can testify to the service rendered by himself and family who will appear elsewhere in this narrative. Abel Nichols shared the Salem enthusiasm.



Dr. S. M. Cate of Salem

Dr. John T. Harris

Dr. S. M. Cate gathered up the threads dropped by Mr. Burleigh and others, and was instrumental in bringing Mr. Silver to Salem, having himself conducted lay service when necessary. For these occasions, he promulgated previously a playful decree to his patients that they were not to take sick, or grow worse between ten and twelve A.M. on Sundays. The Silver and Cate friendship, which suffered neither variableness nor shadow of turning, began during the minister's semi-missionary vacations in Maine. At an earlier period, Cate had turned as wholeheartedly to the teachings of Hahnemann, as to those of Swedenborg. As a zealous disciple of the latter, few men have been more concentrated in purpose, and diligent in spirit. At the instance of Dr. Cate and his confreres, Mr. Silver accepted in 1866 an official invitation to the pulpit of the Salem Society of the New Jerusalem.

George Ropes, not yet transferred to the Boston Society, strengthened the little group at Salem. He enlivened our evenings by his spirited account of voyages in his Uncle John Bertram's ships to Zanzibar for dates and spices. His brother, Joseph Ropes, long a resident abroad, was perfectly fitted by temperament, culture, and a degree of delicacy of health, for leisurely social life on the continent. Joseph Ropes, uncle of these brothers, was later strongly associated with Salem, whence he returned for the evening of life after years in Italy where he and his wife, a sister of Rev. Frank Sewall had aided in keeping alive the light of the New Church in days of little religious liberty.

Visit the spacious home on Chestnut Street of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Nichols. He is of Quaker descent; she is a sister of Rev. Thomas P. Rodman, ordained into the New-Church ministry by Rev. Thomas Worcester in 1843. Mrs. Nathan Nichols was of ardent temperament, with a large generous nature, and real glad-heartedness. She maintained an affirmative attitude toward her minister and his household, and was impetuously ready with her purse for a Sunday-School festival subscription. Tall and impressive in figure, her mobile face was alive with emotion as she enacted the typical hostess at her Silver Wedding Anniversary.

Miss Harriet Mansfield of Broad Street in Salem, although a semi-invalid and shut-in, preserved sunshine of temperament, and has always kept her lamp of spiritual truth trimmed and burning. Her home had the usual sea-faring traditions, and I recall a sofa of massive wood carving brought by a kinsman from Russia, which is determined to stay in the family, and quite scorns, as inadequate, a proffered purchase price of one thousand dollars. But another sofa less princely, was vastly more impressive; here sat my father, fifteen years later, when, on the verge of another world, he paid her his last visit, and, as she said, illumined the dark March day by his spiritual message.

The Salem New-Church Society, having no consecrated House of Worship of its own, met during the first year of Mr. Silver's stay, in the chapel of the Howard Street Baptist Church erected in 1805. It was a bright, pleasant gathering-place, and here the Sunday School held its first Christmas festival. It was a tentative effort, and timid prophets declared that the children would not be equal to the adventurous musical programme. But the chorus which included one little Ingersoll, two little Cates, and three little Whitmores, sang like nightingales, and had all the glad-hearted spontaneity of feathered songsters in the trees; and they received their gifts with the happy eagerness of childhood. Mr. Hardy exercised quiet fidelity as Sunday-School superintendent. He, and his wife, and Mrs. Bartlett, were unobtrusive workers in the society, of the kind who are never fully recognized except by the recording angel.

The chapel proving too small for Sunday evening lectures, they were transferred to the main church itself, with good audiences; and Mr. Upton, the unassuming New-Church organist, gave sympathetic expression to the musical service. Mrs. Ingersoll was another worshiper; and if you look down her ancestral perspective you will find more sea-captains: the storybook of nearly everybody's life smells of the salt sea air. Margaret Barker's zeal for church work and her absorbing devotion to her friends were only equaled by her ability to paint charming sketches of plant life. Mrs. Newhall is worth your acquaintance: many winters had

frosted her hair, but its wintriness was neutralized by the benevolent sunshine on her face. She was tall and impressive in stature, and weighty in influence. Deliberate in action, she pondered in thought; and she decided in her rapidly ripening years, to receive New-Church baptism, and to enter our fold.

During Mr. Silver's second year, we removed to Chestnut Street, and New-Church worship was transferred to Hamilton Hall, built in 1805. And now a new element came temporarily into our devotional life. New-Church people making a long summer stay at Swampscott Beach drove over on Sundays — the Robbinses, Hortons, Wooldredges, William Dunbars, and William Cutlers. They brought earnest purpose in worship; and, because we went up to the praise of the Lord together, life-long friendships with the Silver family took root.

Life in Salem was not wholly religious. Picture Mr. Silver in his parishioners' gift of an easy chair — with an adjustable back, that he might incline at his ease, and an attachable bookrack, that he might read. But, with his wife opposite, he is at chess — a game inherently monarchical in its king and queen, feudal in its knights, aristocratic in its castles, and ecclesiastical in its bishops. Kings, barons, and troubadours loved it; but Wycliff rebuked the clergy for playing it at the inn, until "thei han lost there witt."

The wife of Dr. Cate (Martha J. Messer) survived him many years. Her transition from her earlier faith, that of the Episcopal Church, to that of the New Church, was by a path hedged with questions; and the answers were carefully weighed. Through the heart-warming hospitality of her household she had known many New-Church clergymen; and the Rev. William B. Hayden was successfully instrumental in the solution of her queries. Mr. Silver valued her; and unremittingly after his decease they continued the old beckoning welcome to his family.

For Mrs. Cate, her last brief, sweet sleep which men call death, followed a protracted and trying illness, softened by the devoted care of loving children. At her funeral the silent form surrounded by flowers expressed a certain majesty

of character born of a strong and conscientious will; the benign look on the countenance spoke of victories won; and there was also youth mingled with the tranquillity. She had left her message behind as is often the case when the spirit and the body part, and we recall the promise of the New Church teaching us that years belong to the body which the temporary tenant has now left, and that she, carrying life-giving goodness with her, is now to enjoy perpetual youth forever. The Rev. John Goddard, who shares with the present writer a friendship with the Cates covering half a century, gave a heart-stirring and spiritually illuminating address at the obsequies. It breathed such a benediction as a servant of the Lord of golden ripeness of character can give.

XVI. AUTUMNAL DAYS IN ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

> October, tawny maid, with russet gown
> Embroidered with the sumach's scarlet dyes,
> The sweet-gum and the maple's traceries,
> Comes lightly through the fields and meadows brown.
> Upon her lips there is the purple stain
> Of grapes — blue asters bind her nut brown hair,
> And all about her is the golden air,
> And silvery veil of softly falling rain.
>
> —*Reverie* by Viola Virginia Antley.

At seventy-one, Mr. Silver began his thirteen years in Roxbury. Gladheartedly he enlarged his efforts in the Master's vineyard which always supplies the wine of gladness — as the Psalmist calls it — for those who love the work.

For the initiative in the New-Church movement here, we are indebted to Mrs. William Francis Jackson, a lady of great nobility of character, high-spirited but with admirable self-control, and firm as the everlasting hills in her religious convictions. In the winter of 1858–1859 she gathered persons in her very spacious drawing-room, where services by visiting ministers or laymen were conducted. Gradually a determined effort began for permanent public worship. The Brookline Society was at that time shepherdless; and Mr. William B. Haseltine with Mrs. Jackson visited Mr. Silver in Salem, to ask that he assume spiritual charge of the two

groups of receivers a few miles apart, preaching in the attractive little stone church at Brookline on Sunday mornings, and in a hall at Roxbury on Sunday afternoons.

Mr. Silver accepted the double field, beginning in May, 1868. Dr. John T. Harris, an earnest co-worker, organized a Sunday School which grew in seventeen months from 28 to 59 members. Miss Georgiana Appleton gives contemporaneous testimony of its first Christmas Eve, where old and young gathered with happy hearts. Again she writes:

"March 6, 1870. — A beautiful day, and one, I think, many of us will never forget; and may we all be led in the right path, in the way of goodness and truth! Our church services were of the deepest interest. The hall was crowded with an attractive audience. Twenty-two of our little society were baptized, — from the head of a family, down to a little child. It was a very interesting sight. Many tears of joy and thankfulness came to the eyes of those who were watching the friends they loved so well." *

Mr. Silver, desiring that the religious Society should not be hastily or crudely formed, that the ground should be carefully measured, and his own efforts seriously tested, preached two years and eight months under the Roxbury Association, a body organized for external uses — pulpit expenses, securing of hall for worship, advertising services, etc. The latter part of this period shows the richest harvest, Mr. Thompson recording (p. 14): "From the sixth of March to the twelfth of December, 1870, forty-two persons were baptized."

In forming the religious society, Mr. Silver again acted with deliberation. Before leaving Salem he had conferred with the Rev. Thomas Worcester and the Rev. James Reed regarding the Roxbury-Brookline proposition; and an official communication is the pleasant fraternal reply formulated later by their Society. I give a brief extract:

"*Resolved*, That we take great pleasure and satisfaction in the prospect of another society of the New Church within

* Pages 13, 14 in *History of the Boston Highlands* (*later called Roxbury*) *Society of the New Jerusalem* by John A. Thompson. Boston. Published by the Society. 1887.

the limits of our city; that we cordially extend to it the right hand of fellowship; that it has our best wishes for its peace and prosperity; that we trust that the two societies in Boston may be spiritually, as well as literally, near to each other, and may work harmoniously and efficiently together in the promotion of the common cause in which they are engaged."

On December 6th, 1870, the religious Society was instituted with forty-nine members who signed the "Articles of Charity and Faith." Many from the Boston and Brookline Societies were present, and warmly congratulated the members of the new spiritual sheepfold. Following the institution service, Mr. Silver's address dwelt on the fact that it was primarily the living principles mutually embraced that made us a Society, but that our reciprocal desire for an outward acknowledgment of this union tends to bring the divine elements down into ultimates, and helps us to become more strongly united, and readily progressive in the heavenly way.

Offerings for the edifice came generously, when, after seven years' worship in halls, we were ready to transfer to a consecrated Church of our own. The lot was eligible, and the building rich in the browns of the Roxbury pudding-stone. The audience-room has a timbered roof, the story below comprises a vestry seating 200, and five minor rooms.

Donald MacDonald, a noble Scotchman and most worthy disciple of the New Church, aside from furnishing the stained glass at large through a business arrangement, presented a most effective window for the vestibule, setting forth the Scriptural Pharisee and Publican in a manner to incite us all to humility of spirit as we enter for worship. Mrs. Robert L. Smith made a gift of chairs for the chancel. Through Horace P. Chandler came the stone font, a perfect specimen of Gothic art with a heavy moulded and decorated base, round shaft, enriched cap, and octagonal basin, upon which are cut appropriate emblems. It is supplied with a jet, thus carrying out to a degree the idea of baptism by living water. Mr. J. P. Fenno proffered the larger sum by which the audience room might be finished in richer wood. A window to Mr. and Mrs. George Howe designed by Fredericks of New York was given by his daughters, Mrs. Peleg Eddy and

Mrs. William F. Jackson

Mrs. Abiel Silver

Glimpse of Church of the New Jerusalem at Roxbury, Massachusetts, dedicated in 1875

Mrs. Edward Harris; it contains three figures, each in a large quatrefoil: at the left is Moses with the Tables of the Law indicating the Jewish Dispensation; above, the Good Shepherd who founded the Christian Dispensation; at the right, the Angel of the Apocalypse, trumpet in hand, proclaiming the promise of the New Jerusalem. For aid in musical service in the Sunday School, Dr. George G. Kennedy gave an excellent organ for the vestry, and numerous copies of the Liturgy for adult worship.

The fatal illness in 1874 of Lieut. William B. Cushing, who performed the remarkably daring feat of torpedoing the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle* in the Roanoke on October 27, 1864, quickened the religious devotion of his mother, Mrs. Mary B. Cushing. She sat under Mr. Silver's preaching in Salem, and presented a copy of the Bible for the Church sanctuary at Roxbury, her later home.

All this reminds us of the scene near Mount Sinai, when the willing hearted and the wise hearted brought their free offerings to enrich the tabernacle of the Lord; the craftsman, the skillful worker, the embroiderer, the weaver (Exodus, xxxv: 35 R.V.). I might add our joy at Christmas when we brought the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together to beautify the place of His sanctuary. On the chancel wall is this inscription:

"O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy Holy Hill, and to Thy Tabernacle."

The Dedication service was on January 5, 1875, and in one feature it recalled that on the consecration of Solomon's Temple in I Kings, viii: 6–9, when a procession of priests brought in the ark containing the two tables of stone — the Divine Covenant — and deposited it in the Most Holy Place. Now, the venerable Rev. Joseph Pettee bearing a copy of the Divine Word in his hand, entered at the head of a procession of consecrated clergymen, including Rev. James Reed, Rev. Samuel S. Seward, Rev. John Worcester, Rev. F. H. Hemperly, and others, and he placed the Volume in the Repository permanently constructed for that purpose. Mr. Silver's dedicatory address was followed by a beautiful sermon

from the Rev. John Worcester, from Revelation, i: 4, wherein the vital elements of spiritual life are defined.

Who were some of the early Roxbury parishioners that have been translated to the higher life?

Dr. Joseph P. Paine gave for thirty-one years a superbly liberal margin of time from his professional labors; he was never blue from pessimism, nor gray from apathy. Dr. John T. Harris, beloved of his patients, had a cheerful face which furnished psycho-therapeutic treatment in addition to his little pellets. And this reminds me of Miss Appleton, who scattered sunshine among us for forty years. The face of Dr. Hiram B. Cross was a benediction, and he administered consolatory treatment to the bereaved by his tactfully distributed pamphlets on the other life. His wife, recently deceased, was a faithful ally, and devotee of the Sunday School. William L. Blanchard has been called "the strongest man on the Prudential Committee," his annual commercial trips abroad giving him large outlook as a man of affairs. Samuel F. Howard held the scales judicially as a presiding officer, and, although living far from church, rivaled the diurnal motion of the earth in his regularity of attendance in his pew. Simeon H. Keene supplied the warm church welcome to new comers; and Cornelius T. Dunham had the moral courage and stamina for furthering a new cause. John A. Thompson was our treasurer. Societies are subject to vicissitudes; and financial clouds might frown, congregations might wax and wane, waves of calamity might dash high; but there sat Mr. Thompson for forty-four years, as unmoved as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Upon the heads of the Nathanael D. Silsbee household of six or seven Mr. Silver laid his hand in baptism. On their severance of relation with another Church, they wrote of their withdrawal to their Unitarian pastor, Rev. Mr. Bowen, himself on the verge of the other world. And he replied with appreciation of their loss, but largeness of vision, ending his letter to them as follows:

"There are many paths that lead to heaven, and I hope that we shall all finally meet in the Holy City, New Jerusalem."

James R. Phelps gave lavishly of time and vitality; presiding for thirty years at our Church organ, winning young people to the choir, inspiring infantile choruses in our cantatas, and possessing the musical temperament.

The parents of Captain Thomas G. Jewitt of Maine transmitted the New-Church faith to the fifth generation, George and Lora French, who were confirmed in the Roxbury Society. We warmly welcomed the Captain's sister, Mrs. Henry B. Hoskins, and five of his adult children, and their households — the Jesse Jewitts, Charles Jewitts, Perkinses, Hallets, and Mrs. Charles T. Pratt. Captain Jesse Jewitt was successively detailed on the staffs of Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hamlin, Canby, Banks and Hurlburt in the Civil War, after which he brought to Bridgewater, Massachusetts, Mary Wood, a bride of sixteen, from her New Orleans home in a garden of pomegranates, figs, oranges, bananas and plums. Rev. Theodore Wright opened to her the gate of our Church, after which a whole detachment of Jewitts from Bridgewater moved Roxburyward.

Mrs. Mary G. Chandler Ware was one of Mr. Silver's earnest auditors during his five Lancaster summer vacations in 1871–75. A great-granddaughter of Judge John Chandler, she inherited picturesque acres on the sinuous Nashua, enjoying nearly eighty years her stout oak house and its admirable library. She moved back the intrusive barn and taught it good manners. Her fences showed thrift, her fields, intelligence. "She is the best farmer of us all," said the New-Church Jonas Goss and Horatio Humphrey. Her *Thoughts in My Garden* speaks of the practical utility of fallen leaves, and the spiritual significance of flowers, weeds, and squirrels. She labored for women prisoners, and neighborhood betterment. When forty-three she married the noble Dr. John Ware, son of Professor Henry Ware of the Harvard Divinity School.

Mrs. Francis W. Kittredge gave zest to the Roxbury choir musically, held the interest of her Sunday-School class, and contributed valuable social life to our parish. Her sisters were Misses Florence and Mabel Wheaton. All were children of Charles A. Wheaton, who was a very earnest New-Church

lay lecturer. He had come into the New Church through Noble's *Appeal,* and wrote symbolic illustrations from Scripture for the *Daily Standard* of Syracuse, living afterwards in Minnesota. His wife was Ellen Douglas, daughter of Judge Birdseye, and happy were we who knew eight of their children.

Mr. Kittredge wrote out for me from memory in 1911, a funeral discourse by my father in 1877, over a beloved nephew. He says:

"We were all in the depths of gloom and misery. And then, there was an *immediate* translation of our minds and hearts from the physical suggestions of pain, permanent loss, and mourning, to the shores of the spiritual world in its brightness, and freshness, and strength. Mr. Silver described the joyful reception by the heavenly angels of the immortal spirit of young Morgan; and of his appropriate home-coming and entrance into his own inheritance. The sense of our loss was wiped out; there was no loss to him; and we could not wish him back."

Mrs. Horace P. (Eliza Withington) Noyes was the daughter of a scholarly and Bible-loving Episcopalian clergyman. Developing self-poise and self-determination, she entered the New-Church fold. She proved an admirable Roxbury Sunday-School teacher for boys, sometimes purposely leading them a little beyond their depth that she might incite them to explore the vast expanse beyond, and holding them after their entrance upon the great ocean of life. They wrote her of their difficult spiritual navigation, and she gave them sympathetic help. Miss Mary A. Ingell was often a silent and invisible benefactor of Church and friend, and only the recording angel could tell her beautiful story. Maine, which seems to produce New-Church people to enrich other regions, sent us Mrs. Annie Seavey Foster, whose early home was illumined by our faith, and who came, conscientiously bearing her lamp in her hand. Mrs. Henry G. R. Dearborn was another treasure. Her husband's family aided the Revolutionary War, served in the cabinet of President Jefferson, and gave name to Fort Dearborn where Chicago now stands. She was fine-fibred, and loved her friends graciously.

Lancaster Home of Mrs. Mary G. Chandler Ware, and scene of "Thoughts in My Garden"

Home of Rev. Abiel Silver at Roxbury, Massachusetts erected by him in 1874

"These," she would say, pointing to the pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Silver, "these are my Penates." She was alive to spiritual truth and loved her Bible. The Christmas gift of a little brass taper-holder turned her thoughts to the Divine assurance: "Thou wilt light my candle."

Among the many marriages consecrated by Mr. Silver, perhaps the most unusual was one at his own home in Roxbury on the evening of January the sixth, 1876. Upon the head of the bridegroom-elect had descended the snows of seventy-seven winters, and upon the head of the bride-elect had fallen the sunshine of seventy-two summers. They had been lovers in their youth, but had become estranged. In the course of years both had married, and both had lost their consorts by death. And now, in the crimson and gold of their autumnal years they renewed the vernal romance of their youth. Both received the genial approval of their descendants who were present at the ceremony. And after the final benediction on heads which, if the soul ever grew old, we should call venerable, they began the closing journey of life with the privilege of counting the milestones together.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale was an excellent illustration of interchangeable good will between Churches. He and Rev. Abiel Silver first met and became acquainted as guests at a Unitarian lawyer's dinner table. When we all met him, he gave me a sweeping invitation to attend for all time his Ladies' Literature Class. I accepted for three years, where I found his instruction vivid, stimulating, whole-souled. His flaming zeal for Shakespeare was shown at a reading of "Twelfth Night" by Professor Robert Raymond of Brooklyn at the home of our charming and gifted neighbor, Mrs. William Atherton. She was the great-great-granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, but the blood of austere Calvinism which he handed down was softened in her veins by her upbringing under Henry Ward Beecher; her mother, who married into a branch of the Yale Dwights, loved to discuss theology with my father. Mr. Hale's social tact was shown when, one day, I incidentally found myself beside him in an open street car. He instantly began:

"O Miss Silver, I am so glad to see you, I have had a

story laid up for two years to tell you. One evening in our vestry a lady called your father an old man; and I said, 'Don't knock us all flat by calling Mr. Silver an old man, he is younger than I.' The lady smiled a cryptic smile, and subsequently inquired your father's age. Now, Miss Silver, I honestly thought that he was younger than I, and also thought that the incident would please you." (Mr. Silver was twenty-five when, in 1822, Mr. Hale was born.)

Twice, in Mr. Silver's illnesses, Mr. Hale sent big masses of flowers from his church; and once, at a Unitarian funeral when their singers were lacking, our choir furnished the music; which reminds me that he wrote with ardent enthusiasm of the hymns of our New-Church Mary Lathbury, saying: "Her chance of having a name two hundred years hence is better than that of any writer in America today." Her Easter hymn and its music by Rev. Frank Sewall are of extraordinary value, and greatly enrich our liturgy.

Mr. Hale was fond of saying that the man in his family history of whom he was the most proud was the man who was hung (Philip Hale). And in our World War we realize the value of his *Man Without a Country*, and do not wonder, in its subsequent reprint of a million copies abroad, that the Italians call it "a great luminous taper."

Within ten days after the sudden transition of my father to another world, Mr. Hale, whose parish was all Boston, came to see my mother and myself, declaring that we could not realize how much it had cost him to stay away so long, and that he had abstained from coming because our other friends had nearer claims. He spent an hour, in his generous way, in extending comfort, saying:

"In railroad and other accidents I have more than once expected to be instantly killed; I have faced death, as far as attitude of mind was concerned, as completely as I ever shall, and I wish to assure you that the sensation was perfectly delightful, because I should soon have my questions answered regarding the other life."

The limitations of the great-hearted Mr. Hale remind me of a similar instance. Mr. Silver was asked by one of his parishioners to pay a tributary call of courtesy to a lady who

had attained one hundred years of life. He thus described it:

"I was ushered into the drawing-room, and quite soon a grey-haired lady of sixty entered; she was the granddaughter. A bit later, a grey-haired lady of eighty entered; she was the daughter. Then came the centenarian. Her white hair was in little curls all around her face, and she looked just like a century plant in full blossom!"

Not long afterwards, the angels of the resurrection wished to welcome her to their world, and she fell into that sweet, brief, beneficent sleep which men call death. Previously, consciously facing the situation, she grew into an intensely questioning attitude. Her Unitarian minister was summoned, and she asked:

"What kind of a world am I to enter? What are its conditions? Who will meet me? How will things look? What will be my activities?"

And the honest-hearted clergyman — well-read, scholarly, intellectual — answered squarely, "I do not know."

So the sweet centenarian passed on with her questions unanswered; and her family said, "O why did we not send for Mr. James Reed, or Mr. Silver?"

In religious classes, Mr. Silver's answers were brief, to the point, and above all, clear; with just enough of philosophy to reinforce them by appealing to the reasoning faculty, and just enough illustration to make them interesting. For example:

"We may therefore settle down in the absolute conclusion that, as the spiritual world is the world of causes, and the material world the world of effects, therefore natural bodies can never rise into the spiritual plane; that effects can never ascend to causes; that the brain does not produce the soul, nor the universe, God; that the Lord's works are onward; that the butterfly does not return into the chrysalis, nor the hen into the egg-shell, nor angels into bodies of clay."

Mr. Silver loved to indoctrinate novitiates, and during the simple afternoon services in the Roxbury Hall invited auditors to remain after the benediction and ask questions from their seats. I recall only three questions: one person asked, whether a man must not do wrong from sheer fatalism if

God foresaw that he would certainly do it? And Mr. Silver replied that God would not be infinite, if He could not foresee, without touching in the faintest degree man's freedom; and that, when He foresaw that the man would do wrong He also foresaw that he need not have done it, if he had acted from the higher power which God is constantly extending to all His creatures. The man took his choice. Another questioner, believing in phrenology (now regarded as a pseudo-science) presented this proposition:

"If a man has an enormously large organ of combativeness, is he not practically predestined to become a pugilist, or a contentious peace-breaker, or a quarrelsome husband, or an abnormal controversialist?" To which Mr. Silver replied:

"Not at all; he can by the grace of God turn that very tendency the other way, making it combat the very dangers that threaten; transforming his energy into a splendid weapon toward achieving self-control. All depends on this; whether he puts that weapon into the hands of the Old Man in the flesh, or into the hands of the New Man. Remember that the Lord is behind the latter." On another occasion Mr. Silver had been saying that the Lord in His incarnation had wrapped Himself around with an outer finite nature similar to ours which can be tempted in all points like ourselves (Hebrews, iv, 15). And a visiting clergyman of another faith, asked, with a bit of triumph:

"What became of this nature? Did it die like the beasts of the field, or is it now a distinct personality?"

"That other nature," Mr. Silver replied, "did not possess by itself the element of immortality; it perished when no longer needed. We must have a higher or inner nature beyond the outer one where, through freedom and rationality, we have the capacity for union with God. Our higher nature is finite, but that of Jesus Christ was the very Divine Itself."

But Mr. Silver's great opportunity and delight was his parochial visits of which he practically made two almost every evening. He went early to see the children who would rush to meet him, lead him to a chair, plant themselves one on each knee, and begin the conversation. The mother, after

carrying them off to their slumbers, would return, and ask questions suggested by his stimulating sermons, thereby unconsciously turning the visit into a Bible class. The husband, perhaps a non-Churchgoer, has been known to listen behind his newspaper. Mr. Silver would reach home by nine o'clock and commune for an hour with his family. These parochial visits, which might be purely social according to circumstances, ensured one-third of Mr. Silver's undoubted success; the parlor classes ensured one-third; and the rest was gained by his Sunday morning sermons together with his Sunday evening lectures, where I have seen standing room occupied.

His missionary message during ten years as a lay lecturer, and thirty-two as a clergyman, was chiefly this: To show that the Lamb's Book of Life — the Holy Word — was written within and on the back (Rev., v, 1); and that the renewal of the ancient interpretation by symbolism would break the seals, and reveal the inner sense.

To gather up every thread, even the remotest, in his parish and weave them into the fabric of Church life; to impress vividly on his members the distinctive value of our spiritual treasures; this was another phase of his work, as well as to teach, from the very beginning, the new comers — like the Apthorps, Barteaux, Chipmans, Dixes, Hudsons, Richardsons, Woodwards, etc. Mr. Silver brought a missionary impetus from the west; it has increased in Massachusetts since 1866.

In common conversation, aphorisms sometimes dropped from Mr. Silver's lips:

"Tell me what a man laughs at, and I will tell you what kind of a man he is."

"The element in a man which makes him feel humiliated by poverty is the same element which makes him feel elated by riches. In both cases he puts the emphasis on the wrong thing."

"When a Christian meets a man on the street his first thought is, What can I do for you? When a non-Christian meets a man on the street his first thought is, What can I get out of you?"

Mr. Silver, like all clergymen, touched the world in unexpected ways outside his parish. He received repeated

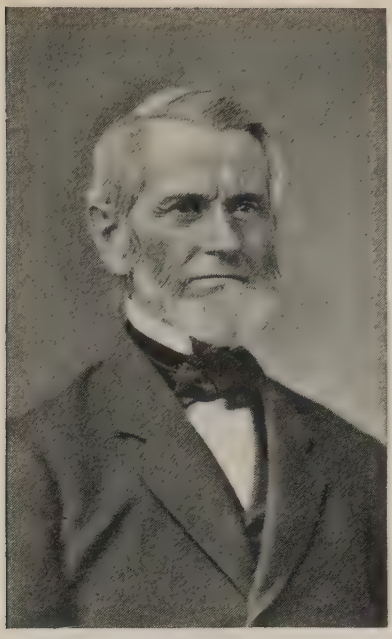
invitations from a New Churchman employed by Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers in South Manchester, Connecticut, to come and preach in their Chapel. Mr. Cheney at its head had established permission to those under him for the expression of all creeds, and he entertained Mr. Silver with cordial hospitality on his visit in the year 1880.

In the seventies, Mr. Silver received from Mr. Edmond de Chazal his photograph with a friendly message on the back in French. This greeting came from the tiny picturesque African island of Mauritius, twenty-three by thirty-six miles; and the spontaneous gift sent half way round the globe shows how the *New-Church Messenger*, as intermediary, makes us all brethren. Of French blood, Mr. de Chazal was born on the island in 1809, lived seven years in Europe, and returned permanently to Mauritius. In 1835 he married Mlle. Claire Rouillard; both were reared Roman Catholics, but united in accepting our faith. He employed a thousand laborers from India on his sugar plantation, and made his home a social and religious center. He preserved his lamp of spiritual truth, zealously spread its light around, and found assistants among his twelve children for handing it down (*New-Church Review*, October, 1919, pp. 536–559).

Roxbury Church members have extended their activities beyond our borders. Six have served as presidents of the Massachusetts New-Church Woman's Alliance. They have been installed in our Book-Rooms, one remaining thirty-two years. They serve as pianist and superintendent of the Lynn Neighborhood House; the latter has been elected presiding officer of the National Sunday School Conference in 1918.

About the year 1879, Mr. Silver suggested to the Roxbury Society the calling of a younger man as assistant minister. The Rev. Duane Vinton Bowen was selected, and began his ministrations in 1880. He had preached about fifteen years as a Unitarian clergyman, entering our Theological School in 1878, and espousing our faith by ordination in 1880. His sermons had simplicity of explanation, sincerity of purpose, and high appeal.

At Mr. Silver's last administration of the Holy Communion in his own church, as he lifted his hand over the consecrated



Rev. Abiel Silver

Monsieur Edouard de Chazal of Mauritius

Reverend Julian K. Smyth in 1882

Rev. Julian K. Smyth in 1899

Ednah C. Silver in 1877

bread there came momentarily into his face a perfectly beatific expression never seen there before. It made my heart stand still, and I whispered to myself, "We shall not keep him long." Shortly after, his life ended suddenly by accidental drowning at the close of a much-occupied Sunday, March 27, 1881.

The Rev. John Worcester gave a beautiful address at the obsequies. A Unitarian clergyman present commented later on the bright color of the tributary flowers, and on the indefinable absence of depressing gloom, and continued:

"The services were calm, sweet, elevating, as becometh the New-Church faith; and, as to Mr. Worcester's address, its simplicity was sublime, and the Lord's Prayer seemed the only fitting close."

Mrs. Silver survived her husband eleven years, and enjoyed Rev. Julian K. Smyth's ministrations in Roxbury for a decade, attending church services regularly until sixteen days before her departure, when nearing her ninety-fourth year. I never knew whether she preferred Mr. Silver's simple church services, or the richer and more enlarged forms of his successor; she did not say, but I conjecture that she loved the welfare of the Roxbury Society more than she loved the ways of her husband; and I do know that she stood constantly behind the young preacher strengthening his hands.

And the Smyths were kind in return. We learned, that however small to nothingness a geometrical center may be, a Roxbury parish center is large enough to hold the Smyths and ourselves with ease. The Old Régime and the New Régime were warm friends.

With the briefest illness, and no pain, Mrs. Silver passed from this life. Mr. John Worcester, at the Golden Wedding of the Silvers had suggested a golden marriage hereafter in the golden city. And you remember Charles Kingsley's words regarding his own happy marriage, written by himself to be placed on a cross over the graves of his wife and himself:

"Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus."

(We have loved, we love, we shall love.)

Among many things which I believe about the other world, I will mention two:

I believe that my father and mother are making a little home together somewhere.

And I believe that they sometimes speak about me.

I append a dream once experienced by Mrs. Silver:

"She thought that she was in a boat crossing the ocean of life. The winds and waves were tempestuous, and alarming peril seemed imminent. As she finally drew near the opposite shore, friends were visible, leaning forward and watching with intense eagerness her arrival.

"Approaching still nearer, she saw the Lord standing among them, with an expression of benign and ineffable compassion on His face. Looking more closely, she perceived in His hand a cord hitherto invisible which was attached to her boat. Then she knew that he had been her ever present help from the beginning."

And He led them safely on (Psalms, lxxvii, 53).

IX

THE PERSONNEL OF THE NEW CHURCH

The coveted opportunity came at last. It occurred in May, 1889, in a recreative interval between sessions of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem held at Washington, D. C. There sat the Rev. Chauncey Giles on the deck of a small Potomac steamer en route for Mount Vernon. In spite of his great social popularity, he was for the moment unoccupied. He had seen much of the New Church abroad, and I wished to compare the audiences which I had seen at three or four places in London with those in the United States. And I remember that he analyzed our own, saying that teachers formed a large element; and that the professions of law and medicine were generously represented. This chapter therefore will include detached sketches of members of our general body, that we may see what type of person is attracted toward our faith.

I

> And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
> Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
>
> —*King Henry VI*, Part II, ii, 4.

Edward Gilpin, Chief Justice of Delaware, held a position of esteem in a little state that has produced the Rodneys, Claytons, Bayards, and Judge George Gray. Mr. Gilpin rose from the position of lawyer, through that of the Attorney-Generalship, to the highest legal office in the gift of the state. A court decision by him involving the death penalty occurred while we lived in Wilmington. The condemned man had attempted robbery in the house of Mrs. Chambers, a familiar center for charming musicales, which brought the

tragedy quite close to us. The maid-servant was nearly murdered by the house-breaker, in her valiant defence of the family silver; and those present at the trial were strongly impressed by the fervor of Chief Justice Gilpin's address to the prisoner, who was a colored man. There was in it a pathos that was strongly humane and Christian. The culprit was clearly convicted, chiefly from circumstantial evidence; and the law enjoined capital punishment; a difficult position — that of Judge — for a man of much tenderness of heart.

He was devotedly attached to his two daughters, and on the transition to another world of the elder, he grew ten years older in a day. He loved the secluded apartment of his wife, a semi-invalid, who radiated sunshine from within. She had been cradled in the New Church; he had been reared a Quaker; but he came to see the value both of our faith, and of the sacraments; and, when nearing sixty years of age, at the side of his wife's reclining chair, he received baptism in devout humility at the hand of my father. Later, he read aloud the Scriptures at a series of informal house gatherings for religious study and conference, and he otherwise aided the Society's success. He became a warm personal friend of Rev. Willard H. Hinkley — formerly a lawyer — who was ordained into the ministry at thirty-four by Rev. Abiel Silver in 1865, and who became successor of the latter in the Wilmington pulpit.

Chief Justice Mason of the Superior Court of Massachusetts had not quite attained the Scriptural three score years and ten in the year 1905. His last audible utterance on earth gave the key to his character. He said that his vacation was ended, that his associates had kindly given him all the time that they could spare, and that he must get up, and go to his work. He expected to recover. He had revealed earlier his solid estimate of the meaning of life, and his own half unconscious standard, when Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes was about to leave the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for the Supreme Court at Washington. At the public gathering in honor of the departing guest, Justice Mason gave this felicitous tribute:

Chief Justice Albert Mason

"We know no man well until we know him in his calling, for one's vocation is much more than the instrument by which he secures support for himself and those dependent on him. In it he makes the most complete manifestation of the true quality of his life that he can make in this world." * This quite reminds us of Swedenborg's statement that the life of charity which is to act justly and sincerely in every function, business and work, from a heavenly origin, is the life which leads to heaven (*Heaven and Hell*, No. 535).

At twenty-five, young Mason entered the Civil War for three years. As regimental and brigade quartermaster, he was exempt from active fighting, but volunteered for the assault on Port Hudson. In an unfavorable turn in affairs, he realized the need of rations for his brigade on their withdrawal. Under a shower of rifle balls, "by sudden sallies, by creeping, by climbing over fallen timber, followed at all times by the fire of the enemy, he succeeded in withdrawing without injury, brought up his supply train, and had rations ready for the troops when they came out from the line of battle" (pp. 13, 14).*

Resuming law for nine years after the war, Mr. Mason opened an office in Boston in 1874, was appointed to the Bench of the Massachusetts Superior Court in 1882, and became Chief Justice in 1890. Late in life he declined a promotion to the Supreme Court of the State.

He gave college education to daughters as well as sons; and Miss Martha Mason fills worthily the position as Principal of the Waltham School for Girls.

Fifteen members of the bar — Messrs. Badger, Bartlett, Cowley, Dunbar, French, Greenough, Hammond, Jones, Lord, Mayberry, Nay, Morse, Pillsbury and Sugre, ending with Attorney-General Parker — took part in the posthumous Mason testimonial heretofore mentioned. The lawyers keenly appreciated him. Observe their tributes:

"He was content to be the Judge, and never sought to try the case for one counsel or the other, nor to get into the jury

* From *Proceedings of the Suffolk Bar and Superior Court in memory of Albert Mason*, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, June 16, 1905, 44 pp. Boston, George H. Ellis Co., Printers, 272 Congress St., 1905.

box. . . . He was not wholly free from the spirit of combat; and his keen eyes would flash with appreciation of the sharp thrust and parry." *But:*

"The young man who went before him with a motion, and had neglected to observe some rule of the court, or had not paid attention to some statute that he ought to have known bore on the point, was never met with sharp retort or sarcastic observation. He was never sent out of the court with his face flaming, and a feeling that he had made a fool of himself" (pp. 19, 20, 24).

Albert E. Pillsbury says of Mason's religion:

"He lived and thought on a higher level than is permitted to most of human kind. . . . He had the spirituality, and perhaps some of the mysticism, of the church of his affection. . . . So permeated was he with this impalpable essence that his whole life and conduct seemed to be the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. It illumined him. It radiated from him."

Judge Mason discovered the New Church in 1857, the year of his marriage to Lydia Phinney Whiting, who shared his discipleship during his remaining forty-eight years. His magazine articles included *The Ministry from the Layman's Point of View, The Use of Clubs, Wealth and Progress, The Divine Law of Use in its Application to Industrial Problems,* and *Patience in Social Reform.*

At his obsequies in 1905, the bench and bar were well represented, and the Rev. James Reed's address sympathetically earnest.

Many of the good Chief Justice's fellow-pilgrims in the New Church knew and loved him in the mellow ripeness of his late years, when a certain childlike ingenuousness — the wisdom of innocence — convinced us that he had been in the world, but not of it.

Albert W. Paine has been called "the Nestor of the Penobscot bar." His book, *Paine Genealogy,* Ipswich Branch, 1881, reveals the lawyer's clever reasoning in his able handling of circumstantial evidence.

Is character founded on heredity? Did Albert draw the

energy of his ninety-five years from his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, William Paine, who sailed from England in the ship Increase in 1635? Grants of Massachusetts acres gratified his British land hunger. In return, he labored to ensure unrestricted navigation for the Hudson, by freeing it from the Dutch. Arriving here the year before Harvard's birth, he established the first endowed Free School, whose income of $330.00 was still alive in 1879; you could visit the Paine Schoolhouse in 1881 at the mouth of the Ipswich River. William Paine and Gov. John Winthrop established the Lynn and Braintree Iron Works which were exempted from taxation on condition of their furnishing means for "instructing their workmen in knowledge of God." Paine was a "sincere professor of religion," and Winthrop's piety was beyond question. William's son John received a land grant on condition that he should settle twenty families near Ipswich, and then procure and maintain "a Godly and Orthodox ministry there."

William, Jr., of the fourth generation, when eighty-three, marched with his sons and grandsons to Cambridge to present them for service to Gen. Washington in 1775. He returned to Mansfield, and used his "king's arms" valiantly against the howling wolves around his home.

William Paine, third, exhibited emphasis of character in the form of serious convictions. He clung to his religious standards. Whenever the bass viol was played to augment the music in his church he instantly quitted the building. He "would not sit and hear the fiddle scraped in the house of God." He was scrupulous to tenacity in his business ethics. On buying a farm he gave his notes payable. When they became due, the Continental currency had sunk in value nearly to zero; but he kept his promise "to the letter," and paid 100 per cent.

What are the prominent Paine traits in these seven generations? Many omitted incidents reveal the dynamic energy, the stirring initiative, the quest of adventure, needful in early frontier life.

And always, a strong impetus to action; intelligence applied to use; public spirit; and conscientious convictions.

Having built a pedigree pedestal, we will now place on it the central figure of this narrative.

Albert Ware Paine (1812–1907) was born in Winslow, Maine, on the Kennebec. His parents, members of the Congregational Church, extended free and welcome entertainment to all clergymen. Their pew for worship was seldom less than full, and they represented that nearly extinct species that went constantly to church, and considered storm and cold as affording no excuse for non-attendance, but as an incentive in the opposite direction.

A graduate of Waterville College, now called Colby, just across the Kennebec from his home, young Albert Paine in 1835 removed to Bangor on the picturesque Penobscot, and was admitted the same year to the bar, where he did large service. In 1853 he pleaded before the Supreme Court at Washington. He served at home as Bank Examiner, and Commissioner on State Insurance and Taxes. His most distinctive work, covering many years, was the procurement of an Act permitting parties accused of crime to testify before the jury in their own behalf. Through petitions in the Maine legislature and the Massachusetts press, he saw it established by our Congress, and rejoiced at its adoption by the British Parliament.

Mr. Paine discovered the New Church in 1834 through Rev. Henry A. Worcester, then a young bachelor and Yale alumnus. In 1840 occurred the marriage of Albert Paine and Miss Mary Jane Hale. Their daughter, Miss Selma Paine, contributed a volume of valuable verse issued in 1907. As seen at our earlier Conventions with her silver hair, lily complexion, delicately chiseled lips, and white raiment, she had to my vision a flower-like delicacy full of ethereal grace.

Albert Paine enriched the New Church in Bangor during seventy-two years, living until ninety-five. He is described by one of his descendants as "entirely devoted, heart and intellect, to the teachings of Swedenborg."

II

I do come with words as medicinal as true.
—*The Winter's Tale*, II, iii, 35.

Dr. August Negendank, homeopathic physician of Wilmington, Delaware, was born at Güstrow, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in 1823. He quitted this home in 1849, the very year that witnessed the departure from Germany of the liberal-minded Carl Schurz, and the radical Louis Prang; also, from the doctor's own duchy, the fiery Carl Zerrahn; and we entertained a semi-conjecture that the Negendank lungs might also have desired a Republican atmosphere. After 1871, I was curious as to his attitude toward the Franco-Prussian war. I had been in Berlin when Bismarck was making stirring speeches; from there to Rome, where the civil power of Pope Piux ix was somewhat precariously upheld by French bayonets; and earlier to Paris, where Louis Napoleon had made it the gayest of cities. But there was a lurid counter-glow of volcanic fire beneath; largely concealed, but very much alive. I saw the Emperor on July 18th, 1868, when all vehicles were stopped by officers, as out of the Tuilleries gate he came in the Imperial carriage; its wheels, in passing, almost touching our wheels. The people cheered slightly, he saluted indifferently, with a countenance utterly impassive, inscrutable, sphinx-like.

Dr. Negendank was a true-blue American, but he loved the Vaterland which had given him medical training at the "Klinik" at Kiel, Holstein; he continued his studies in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, and in association with Dr. Hering. Already a New Churchman, he removed in 1854 to Wilmington, Delaware, for nearly fifty years' residence; building up a large practice, organizing the physicians of his own school, and aiding to found the first Homeopathic hospital in the city. He was at once made physician-in-chief, and dean of its training school, both of which offices he held until his death.

The Doctor's metaphysical mind enabled him to defend the

writings of Henry James, Sr., in which he took great delight.* Widely read, and with a keen and genial sense of humor together with mental stimulus which he brought to his patients, they were strongly tempted to recover slowly, and enjoy him the longer.

Dr. John Ellis, according to his pedigree book, was descended from Richard Ellis, a Welsh officer under Cromwell, whose descendants had a becoming desire to be right, and were often decided theologians with very positive opinions regarding salvation, damnation, infant sprinkling, immersion, predestination, and foreordination. In 1745 the Ellises took root in Ashfield, Massachusetts. The serious earnestness of those days is shown by names bestowed on the maidens in the Ellis family, as follows: Remember, Experience, Desire, Thankful, Patience, Grateful, Submit, Prudence, and Consider. The names Amiable, and Wealthy, are less sombre. Remember married Ebenezer Smith "who, at nineteen, had been strikingly converted from the fear to the love of God."

"There being no minister or magistrate at Ashfield on the wedding day, the groom took the bride behind him on horseback, and, guided by marked trees, rode from Ashfield to Deerfield to have the ceremony performed. His father, Chileab Smith, went before them on another horse with his gun, to guard them from the Indians."

Chileab's log dwelling-house was surmounted by a tower pierced with port holes for armed men to guard against tomahawks. It was surrounded by a stockade twelve feet high, enclosing eighty-one square rods, constructed of bullet-proof upright logs. Is it strange that the young bridegroom Ebenezer lived to fight the battles of the Lord with amazing energy, resolute will, and high consecration of purpose, bearing "one of the sanctified names in the Baptist denomination"?

* All people are not thus endowed. A critic was once asked to review a treatise by Henry James on *The Secret of Swedenborg*. He grappled with it in vain, and finally took revenge on its incomprehensibility by saying that he guessed that Swedenborg would keep his secret, for there was no danger of its leaking out through Henry James.

Dr. John Ellis, born in 1815, settled in Detroit in 1846, and his success with cholera in the epidemic year of 1849, drew public attention. He held a Chair in the Homeopathic College of New York City, with William Cullen Bryant as Honorary President. He was a New Churchman forty-eight years, and bequeathed $30,000.00 for New-Church uses here, and $10,000.00 for distributing Swedenborg's works in Italy in the language of that country.

III

> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.
>
> —Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.*

Professor Truman Henry Safford, when less than three years of age, manifested a marked gift for mathematics; at six, he could make remarkable arithmetical calculations; at eight, he had entered on the study of algebra, geometry, trigonometry and astronomy; at ten, "he could multiply mentally one row of fifteen figures by another of eighteen, in a minute or less, according to the testimony of the Rev. H. W. Adams, who put him through a grueling three hours' examination." He was one among five lightning calculators, the others being Ampère, Bixton, the elder Bidder, and Gauss, who have shown high all-around mental ability.*

Professor Safford was born in Vermont in 1836, was graduated from Harvard in 1854, and received a Ph.D. from Williams in 1878. Regarding the breadth of his vocational work, I have consulted Professor Frank W. Very — a well-equipped judge, since he has had large opportunities along similar lines, having been connected with the Westwood Observatory, Mass., since 1906, and for seventeen years at the Allegheny Observatory associated with Professor Samuel P. Langley in his unveiling of the invisible rays of the infrared spectrum, as well as in the experiments which led to

* *Lightning Calculators.* A study in the Psychology of Harnessing the Subconscious. By H. Addington Bruce, *McClure's*, September, 1912. See pp. 589–596.

aviation. Professor Very writes me under date of February 28, 1918:

"In reply to your letter . . . on Professor Safford, I would say that, though he was noteworthy as a mathematical genius, his attainments were by no means confined to the mathematical side of astronomy. Bond's great work on the Orion nebula in the *Annals of Harvard College Observatory* owes much of its merit to the careful editing of Safford, then a young man; for Bond had in the meantime passed from the scene of his earthly labors."

We now come to Professor Safford's work elsewhere. In 1863 came an opportunity before the public to buy from Clark in Cambridge the largest and best refracting telescope in the world at that time, with an aperture of eighteen and three-fourths inches, and a focal length of twenty-three feet and two inches. The Chicago Astronomical Society purchased it, and in 1866, an Observatory to house it was furnished by Mr. J. Young Scammon, who gave it the name of Dearborn Observatory.

Professor Safford was called from the east, and became Director of the Observatory at its opening, Mr. Scammon furnishing his salary.* "The first thing Safford did was to discover one hundred and eight new nebulae." Everything proved excellent except the increasingly unworkable revolving dome, which difficulty Professor Safford solved by using the telescope for zone work with a fixed dome, and observed three thousand stars in a southern zone. The great Chicago fire of 1871 bankrupted the financial resources of the Observatory, and this ended Safford's observations and discoveries.

Professor in the Chicago University from 1866, Safford submitted his report on March 16, 1874, giving the mean declinations of nine hundred and eighty-one stars for January, 1875. After filling a government position in the United States Coast and Geodetic survey for two years, he went in 1876 to Williams College, Massachusetts, as mathematical

* For Safford and Scammon, see *Popular Astronomy*, vol. xxiv, No. 8, p. 475, *The Semi-Centennial of the Dearborn Observatory*, by Philip Fox, October, 1916. Also, *The New Church and Chicago*, 1906, pp. 26, 27.

astronomer and teacher for the remaining twenty-five years of his life.

Professor Safford, having accepted the tenets of the New Church, joined the Boston Society in 1857. His printed views on church music and ritual were characterized by reverent and devotional feeling.

Professor Theophilus Parsons writes regarding his grandfather Moses Parsons, an Orthodox parson of Byfield, Massachusetts, that on a salary not exceeding eighty pounds a year, payable partly in silver and partly in produce, he sent three of his five sons to Harvard, and maintained also for his wife and two daughters a comfortable and hospitable home. Back of his church stipend was his large farm; and his virile energy was matched by his moral courage.

Theophilus, son of Moses, born in the Byfield farmhouse erected in 1703, came fairly by his intellectual ambition. After Harvard came the law with a brilliant beginning at Falmouth, now called Portland, Maine. The burning of the town by the British in 1775, although a rude interruption to his labors, proved a blessing in disguise. On returning to Byfield, he gained immediate access to one of the finest law libraries in America, that of Judge Trowbridge, who was then under the Parsons roof, from which he gathered a vast amount of learning. Becoming a lawyer in Newburyport, he declared that the finest suit he ever gained was when he won his wife. John Quincy Adams and Robert Treat Paine studied under him; and Judge Joseph Story declared him to be head and shoulders taller than any one in the state. In 1806 he became Chief Justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts.

Professor Theophilus Parsons of the Boston Society of the New Jerusalem, grandson of the educationally ambitious parson, and son and biographer of the classically trained chief justice, was born in the spacious paternal mansion in Newburyport, built in 1789 and still visible on Green and Washington Streets, the grounds filling a whole square. In 1800, the little Theophilus, aged three, went with the family to Boston, and grew up in a stimulating atmosphere. As a

lawyer he wrote valuable books pertaining to his field, and he filled for twenty-two years the chair of Dane Professor of Law at Harvard, his Alma Mater.

In 1869, Mr. Charles W. Eliot, then thirty-five, became president of Harvard, surrounding himself with young workers, and introducing the elective system as an aid in the determination of studies. Professor Parsons, who was then seventy-two, resigned his position in 1870 questioning whether this new method would conduce to stiff mental discipline, and to the production of vigorous mental fibre. Those who have followed the system down to President Lowell's day can judge whether Professor Parsons's remarks had a gleam of prophecy.

His method of reasoning is shown in his *New Jerusalem Magazine* article (vol. v, No. 5) entitled *Swedenborg's Statesmanship and the Charge of Insanity;* also in his book on *The Infinite and the Finite* (1872) where he presents a clear-cut demarcation between the realms and methods of reasoning on the natural plane below, and those on the plane of spiritual thought above.

In 1823 Mr. Parsons married the accomplished Catharine Amory Chandler, of great beauty as a bride, but more beautiful at her Golden Wedding. The Rev. James Reed gives us another aspect of her:

"She had a bright, original mind, great good sense, a keen possession of humor, ready wit, evenness of temper, and a depth of reserve unsuspected."

The Professor's daughter, Emily Elizabeth, sprang to her country's aid. At the outbreak of the Civil War she entered on an arduous year of training as an army nurse. She next volunteered her services, and was led into positions of great responsibility, from hospital work at Fort Schuyler, to a Vicksburg steamer. She was our guest in New York, and we had a glimpse of her motherly spirit — tender, but resolute. In the rough barracks on Blackwell's Island, her little chamber, partitioned off in a corner, was open at the top. Here, in her warm wrapper, she was alert to hear the faintest cry of distress. She was also alert to hear any bad words from the soldiers; on discovery, she would march straight to their

bedside, and threaten them with expulsion from her ward. It was sufficient: they loved her for her great heart; and they learned — sometimes for life — good speech and good manners.

Rudolph Tafel was not yet sixteen on reaching America; but with his scholastic training, he soon found his level. In 1854, at the age of twenty-three, he became Librarian of the U. S. Naval Academy; in 1855, Professor of Modern Languages at the Maryland State College, St. John's; in 1862 he accepted the Chair of Modern Languages and Comparative Philology at the Washington University at St. Louis; his able philosophical thesis brought him the Tübingen degree of Ph.D., whereupon he was admitted to Societies for Oriental and Philological research.

How was Rudolph Tafel fitted for work involving ready knowledge of several tongues? His father, Dr. Leonard Tafel, at Ulm, Germany, was a celebrated teacher of classical and modern languages in the Royal College, and he trained the lad to be a fine linguist.

From his cradle, little Rudolph was reared in the New Church, and was stimulated, mentally and spiritually, by his uncle Immanuel Tafel, Librarian and Professor of Philosophy at Tübingen University.

During Rudolph's twenty years here, the most important event was his appointment in 1869, bestowed after New Churchman had expressed serious consideration regarding the condition of Swedenborg's *mss.* deposited in the Royal Library at Stockholm. These precious documents were suffering from the ravages of time, and in danger from destruction by fire. Many were untranslated, and some were even unpublished. They must not only be preserved, but reproduced in *fac simile.* Picture Professor Tafel's alacrity in espousing their guardianship, when Convention gave him a commission to Stockholm, having secured the sympathetic Cooperation of the English New-Church Conference. Mr. Tafel entered with great energy on his work, which was endorsed afresh after his reports. He conscientiously scrutinized every letter in the photo-lithographed copy of the un-

published *mss.*, the resulting work of which filled ten huge folio volumes.

Completing this great work, he discovered another; he would collect all possible documentary evidence concerning Swedenborg himself. He at once enlisted the service of librarians, and advertised through the Swedish press for private letters giving the desired information. He sought out Swedenborg's ancestry; he obtained glimpses of his student University life; he discovered his Journals of travel; he gained access to records at the Court of Appeals; he weighed his financial resources and expenditures; he examined his official reports in the Royal School of Mines; he read his speeches filed in the archives of the rigsdag (parliament); he caught fleeting views of his social life; he studied Bishop Swedberg's parochial and diocesan career as bearing on his distinguished son's story. The territory which all these facts covered included the lower one-third of Sweden itself; and all this evidence was carefully sifted; and the value of the witnesses searchingly scrutinized. This material was translated, systematized, extensively annotated by Mr. Tafel, and, after eight years, published in London in 1875–1877 in three folio volumes comprising in all 1382 quarto pages. To us who have long had companionship with these *Documents Concerning Swedenborg* in our libraries, Mr. Tafel's work looms up as a matter for intense gratitude.

Rudolph Tafel in his boyhood at Ulm used to visit his uncle, Dr. Gottlob Tafel at Stuttgart. In 1869, when honors were thick upon him, he visited it again to claim his accomplished cousin Emilie Tafel as his bride. My most pleasant acquaintance with her is epistolary; and I hereby thank her heartily for furnishing from London exact data for this sketch.

When I read Rudolph Tafel's book upon the Lord's Prayer, I felt as if I were riding on a placid lake where the plummet is sometimes dropped deep; and when, after his ordination, we heard his sermon in New York from Isa. xxxiii. 20, we were lifted into the heights, where we caught a rapturous glimpse of Jerusalem as a tabernacle which shall not be taken down; and we were inspired to strengthen its stakes and cords.

Rudolph Tafel spent the last twenty-three years of his life in serving the London Camden Road pulpit, strengthened by the religious devotion of his wife. He wrote extensively for the Church, was appointed to higher offices, won warm friends, and tranquilly approached that brief sleep which men call death.

Rudolph Tafel's brother Louis received New-Church ordination in 1869; his father, Leonard, in 1871, his nephew, Walter Winfred Tafel, in 1913; Rudolph's brother-in-law, Fedor Goerwitz, in 1879, becoming, from Zurich, Switzerland, missionary on the continent of Europe; Fedor's elder son, Emanuel Goerwitz, ordained in 1899, was short-lived; his younger son, Adolph Ludwig Goerwitz, is his successor in church work abroad.

Dr. Thomas Moses (1836–1917) was both surgeon and pedagogue, the latter vocation filling the larger number of years. After his birth, his little barque was moored for a good many years in the excellent harbor of Bath, Maine, before venturing elsewhere on the voyage of life. Reared under New-Church influences at home, young Moses went to Bowdoin College at seventeen for the full course. He loved study, and joined a Greek Letter Society, but his boyish autograph epistles which lie before me reveal elasticity and exuberance of spirit with a sense of fun. Once he was decoyed into willing absence from class lessons. The boys often tried to entrap him again. At one time he escaped through the window, slid down the lightning rod, and arrived in time. He was a studious student.

Thomas Moses graduated from Bowdoin in 1857, and indicated his choice of a vocation by entering the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. Here he received his degree. His summer in London in 1859 was rich in opportunity at Guy's Hospital, one of the three largest in the city. Returning to America, he spent a year in Bellevue Hospital, New York, recrossing the Atlantic for London in 1861. He next crossed the channel to France, and found apartments in a mighty interesting part of Paris near Notre Dame.

A breath of fresh and grateful New-Church life reached

Dr. Moses in vacation time when there entered his apartments one day Mr. (afterwards Rev.) Frank Sewall, who had played with him as a boy in Bath, who had shared Bowdoin College life with him for three years, and who now came flushed with delight over his month with enthusiasts of his own religious faith at Saint-Amand-Mont-Rond. This is a small town, included in the ancient and fascinating province of Aquitaine, the romance country where Richard Coeur de Lion engaged in singing songs, writing verses, and leading tournaments. St. Amand was the home of Mr. J. F. S. Le Boys des Guays — a judge, and a writer on Roman law,— a New Churchman, an enthusiastic distributor of the new light, and as unchanging in his devotion as the north star. Here young Moses received cordial hospitality also.

The year of young Moses in Paris, from which he writes enthusiastically of the Sorbonne, was but preparatory for his work in our Civil War. For him the transition was great from the hoary hospitals of Europe, carefully systematized and tranquilly administered in times of peace, to hospital work on ship board in a tumultuous war, where medical service was in a degree improvised to meet unexpected and constantly shifting conditions.

We first find him on the sailing vessel *Euterpe*, having two hundred and fifty-three sick men on board, with a shortage of nurses and inadequate aid elsewhere. He is surgeon-in-chief, steward, and paymaster, in fact, if not in name. His last ship, the United States Troop Transport, the *Connecticut*, is a Hudson River boat, very large, and with fine speed. His greatest charge is eleven hundred wounded from Fredericksburg, May 11, 1864. He is content with large opportunity for service, and small honors. He rejoices over the military promotion of his boyhood friend, Tom Hyde, because "it suits his temperament," and he prophetically declares that he will some day be a General. During later hospital work in Washington, Dr. Moses found, in 1867, a treasure of a wife in Miss Hannah Appleton Cranch. Her father, John Cranch, was a New-Church artist who spent 1830–1831 in Rome and Florence.

We now come to a sharp turn in the life of Dr. Moses.

The Rev. Frank Sewall, called in 1870 to the head of the Urbana University in Ohio, persuaded his old friend to relinquish the practice of medicine and surgery, and be his coworker in education. Prof. Moses remained twenty-six years at Urbana, instructing in his special branches, physiology and hygiene, and holding classes in Natural Science. His opportunity for knowledge of the latter field was varied. Bowdoin furnished Professor Parker Cleaveland, a man of extraordinary ability in geology; and, by felicity of circumstance, Professor Moses was able in 1873 to attend the School of Natural History founded by Professor Louis Agassiz at Penikese Island in Buzzard's Bay, and to see the great Swiss naturalist at the height of his sixty-six years. Dr. Moses went back to his own pupils, not only a storehouse of new knowledge, but a human battery surcharged with energy.

The Moses family removed from Urbana to Waltham, Mass., the Doctor resumed teaching, and added twenty-one more years to a useful life. The strongest praise I have heard of him as a pedagogue is his influence on the character of boys. He followed the young student lads out into life, throwing a guiding sunlight on to their path, and warning the atmosphere of their souls. He was a noble New Churchman.

Timothy Otis Paine (1824–1895), was at one time Professor of Oriental Languages in our Cambridge Theological School; and I recall, soon after the arrival in Boston of the Way Collection of Egyptian Curiosities, the appearance in the newspapers of Mr. Paine's translation of one of its ancient hieroglyphic prayers. It was humbly accepted by the leading journal, which admitted that there was no one in Boston wise enough to dispute the learned decipherer. Paine drew crowded audiences to our Theological School of which he was Semitic professor. Before him lay portions of the Egyptian Book of the Dead in the ancient picture language which he readily turned into English, and from which he drew with ease its teachings on the resurrection and judgment. His chief study was the Holy Word, and he examined Chaldee, Syriac, Coptic, and Samaritan tongues together with Talmudic and Rabbinical lore as far as they might throw light on the

Bible as a Book written in the East. He loved Hebrew; Greek gave him access to the Septuagint; he was familiar with Latin, German and Swedish. He possessed Bibles in many tongues.

At twenty-eight he began a nine years' labor in restoring the Holy Houses of Scripture, assembling materials from I Kings, vi, vii, and from Ezekiel, xl–xlii. He discovered that they supplement each other, and he built up from the original Hebrew a structure representing Solomon's Temple. Adding the Ark, Tabernacle, etc., he published an edition through Houghton, Mifflin & Company, at a retail price of twenty dollars. It contained thousands of Scripture references, and thirty full-page illustrations.

At thirty-two, Mr. Paine married Agnes Howard, who had been carefully reared under New-Church influence. At thirty-six, he received ordination, and gave quiet devotion to his Elmwood parish for his remaining thirty-five years. The history of his wife's ancestry is interesting. You may read how the Indian Chief Ousamequin "hath given, granted, enfeoffed, and sold" certain territory, forty-nine square miles, afterwards called Bridgewater. He made his mark — a picturesque signature — by laying his hand on the parchment and tracing its outline. The deputy purchasers, Miles Standish and others, in good English chirography, bound themselves for payment, as follows:

"7 coats, a yard and a half in a coat. 9 Hatchets. 8 Hose. 20 Knives. 4 Moose Skins. 10 yards and a half of cotton."

John Howard, ancestor of Agnes Howard Paine, was one of the original settlers of this territory, and the Howard Genealogical volume before me states that, down the centuries, the Howards intermarried with the Washburnes, Keiths, Kingsmans, Fobeses, Edsons, Mitchells, and Harrises — Bridgewater names now associated with the New Church.

Timothy O. Paine was quaint, reserved, and ingenuous, with a sensitive, shy sense of humor, and a poetic vein. I quote from a little volume of 89 pages of verse, issued in 1897. The poem on the *Wren* begins:

Little chubby, twittering wren,
In the eastern home again
Soon wilt build the hasty bed
Round the gray old barn or shed, —
In a mortise of a brace,
Bluebird box, or other place
Large enough for bumblebee,
Or, my feather-ball, for thee.
Wonder if you, little pest,
Still fill up the bluebird's nest
Now with straw, and now with twig,
Till the hole is not so big
As the bluebird's darling head;
Stealing from her her sweet bed,
Forcing her to work for you
A whole precious day or two? —

CHILDREN OF HEAVEN

In Heaven we shall be children again;
Children of One from children of twain.

None but children shall come into Heaven;
Children of seventy, children of seven.

So it is said, and so it is sung:
As we grow older we shall grow young.

In Mr. Paine's poem entitled *Measure* he treats of John's Apocalyptic vision of the Holy City (Rev. xxi: 16, 17) where the length, breadth and height were equal—"the measure of a man, that is, of an angel." And, after his transition to a higher life, loving friends placed over his forest grave a large symbolic granite cube.

Marshall Freeman Josselyn, Professor of Romance Languages in the Boston University, touched life on many sides.

When in 1882 the Rev. Julian K. Smyth accepted the pulpit of the Roxbury, Massachusetts, Church of the New Jerusalem, Mr. Josselyn was an eager-hearted lad of sixteen, with youth's capacity for hero-worship, which found expression through his membership of the Pastor's Aid where he worked

zealously in envelope-addressing together with hymn-copying and other clerical work for the *Magnificat*.

His eagerness for spiritual knowledge showed itself when Mr. Smyth instituted a class for the study of Discrete Degrees illustrated by charts; and in a still more marked degree when the Theological School kindly opened its doors to the public. As a member of crowded audiences for instruction by Rev. T. O. Paine in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," young Josselyn entered into the subject with ardor, taking voluminous notes, and fairly warming the atmosphere with his enthusiasm.

As Sunday-School librarian, he easily captured the hearts of the children, as a Sunday-School teacher he quite as easily won the loyalty of the older lads, as a flute player he joined the Roxbury Fraternity orchestra, and gladly gave his Sunday evenings to the religious gatherings for young people. At twenty-two years of age he received the rite of confirmation, being one of a group of twelve persons — half of them on the threshold of life — who, on April 1, 1888, took upon themselves the vows of the Church under the ministration of Mr. Smyth.

Mr. Josselyn was healthy-toned, well-balanced, and possessed a keen sense of fun. In our social gatherings his private theatricals, his imaginary talk through the telephone, his assumption of the rôle of a rustic school boy before a blackboard, were replete with delicious and unexpected turns of thought. He possessed the elastic spirit of gaiety, and the true heart for comradeship.

The attempt at a business career followed Mr. Josselyn's graduation from the Boston Latin School, but his gifts and preferences lay in other directions. On the completion of his course at the Boston University in the Class of 1898 he went immediately abroad and entered upon advanced studies in the Romance Languages, receiving in 1900 the degree of *Docteur de l'Université de Paris*. His thesis appeared in print the same year, and was a study of Italian phonetics under the most eminent of living teachers in that line, the Abbé Rousselot of the *Institut Catholique*. For this work he was made *Maitre de Phonetique* in the latter institution,

Rousselot declaring him the most brilliant student that had ever taken work with him. A joint commission of the five academic bodies composing the Institute of France further bestowed upon Mr. Josselyn for the above work the French equivalent of the German Ph.D., and awarded him a prize of five hundred francs.

Shortly after this, Dr. Josselyn became Assistant Professor, and later, full Professor, of Romance Languages in the Boston University, and we enjoyed his enthusiasm over Camoens and the *Lusiad*. His course of lectures on Dante showed the luminous effect of an acquaintance with Swedenborg's philosophy of life in interpreting the supreme religious poet of Italy. In 1904 three Italian societies in this country made Professor Josselyn their representative at Arezzo in celebrating the six hundredth anniversary of Petrarch's birth.

In 1907 Professor Josselyn resigned his chair in the Boston University and went abroad for permanent residence, renewing the acquaintance with Europe which he had learned to love through many sightseeing tours, and a special one on a traveling scholarship. He and his sister spent several years in Florence and in Munich, where he was employed in revising, editing and publishing text-books singly or in collaboration with others, and receiving special honor from Professor Flamini, the prince of Dante scholars. He had practically completed in his last years a translation of that difficult work, *La Vita Nuova*.

Returning to America in 1915, he was called to the higher life early in 1916. The funeral services were impressively rendered by Rev. James Reed and Rev. H. Clinton Hay in the Boston Church of the New Jerusalem, the earlier spiritual home of Mr. Josselyn's mother. Several educational bodies were represented in the audience.

On November 3, 1916, an organ given in memory of Professor Josselyn by his devoted sister was dedicated in Jacob Sleeper Hall of the Boston University. Its noble qualities were admirably brought out by his faculty colleague, Professor John Marshall of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who played the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, bringing out in a masterly manner the passages imbued with

pathos. Those still remaining of the faculty in Professor Josselyn's day paid the honor of their presence, Professor Alexander Hamilton Rice, an intimate colleague of the deceased, gave in gracious form and heartfelt eloquence a tribute of discerning appreciation which stirred our hearts. He dwelt on his true scholar's conscience and his ideal as a teacher, on his gallant gaiety, and his steady courage.

Sarah Alice Worcester was Professor of Modern Languages at Urbana University from 1892 to 1899. From it she had received the degree of A.M. for her thesis in three languages upon the *Nibelungenlied*. Spending several years abroad, she had studied in Paris, Heidelberg, and Spain. Sacrificing her vacation in the torrid summer of 1900, she acceded to President Eliot's request, and served in Cambridge as interpreter for the visiting Cuban schoolteachers. She was firmly intrenched in our faith, and translated *Heaven and Hell* into Spanish.

An unusual opportunity came to her in 1903–4 when she went to Palestine under the auspices of Père Hyacinthe to examine the ground for establishing a non-sectarian school for girls. Moslem influence was too strong, but she came into acquaintance — through her polyglot tongue — with Oriental Patriarchs, Arab officials, and foreign consuls.

In vain Sarah Alice's grandfather Jesse Worcester, of the elder branch in the 1750 Hollis homestead, declared, according to one of his grandsons, that he would burn every page of Swedenborg that came into his house. His fourth son, Gilman, of Harvard and Andover, translated Swedenborg diligently, and became the father of Sarah Alice herself, and of Judge Francis J. Worcester of Harvard, Columbia, and the New York New-Church Society; Gilman was father also of Henry of Malden, Civil War officer, and public-spirited benefactor of his town. He left a devoted wife and a history-loving daughter. Jesse's sixth son Henry of Yale entered our ministry and left twelve Worcester and Swanton descendants in the church fold, from Portland and Westport Island, Maine, to Washington, D.C. Jesse of Hollis might shake his head, but his darling fifteenth child, David of Bangor, who

A corner of Worcester House at Hollis, New Hampshire

loved Greek and Latin, included also the study of Swedenborg. And David's son George, loving laboratory work, and delighting in Molière, found time to trim his lamp of spiritual truth and hand it down to his Diephuis grandchildren at Waltham. The indictment of Swedenborg by the conscientious Jesse of Hollis was followed by New-Church baptism on the head of twenty-five of his descendants.

Miss Abby McClean, a veritable princess among schoolteachers, was the daughter of Captain McClean of Portsmouth, N.H. The child was reared at an Episcopal hearthstone, and came under the sheltering care of Rev. Charles Burroughs, officiating from 1812 to 1857 at St. John's Church — an edifice abounding in historical relics. The little Abby was summoned to church by a belfry bell captured at Louisburg in 1745, and recast by Paul Revere. Her parents carried her to the font of porphyritic marble captured at Senegal, Africa, in 1758; her baptism was administered from a christening bowl of silver presented to the parish in 1732 by Queen Caroline, wife of George II; the rector could use a copy of the *Vinegar Bible*, printed in 1717, and could read from the *Revolutionary War Prayer Book*, where a petition for the President was pasted over the prayer for the King. History was in the air; the edifice was redolent with it.

One day Captain McClean sailed away from Portsmouth as was his custom; the ship was lost, and left no discoverable trace. The tragedy soon carried off the mother, leaving four little McCleans to the care of two warm-hearted Irish aunts — quaint little old ladies as I remember them. The child Abby was fed on Scripture stories, and knew her Bible as few know it. Education for girls was meagre, and she was sent to the Exeter Female Academy. This was supplemented by private instruction from a scholarly uncle, under whose roof she became an excellent Latin and French scholar. With her intense power of mental application, her whole life became a school for self-instruction. She held a private day school for girls at Wilmington, Del., in her own spacious house. Out of it had graduated sisters of Thomas Bayard, and daughters of Judge Milligan. I place her as a peer among

great teachers from Alcuin, to Arnold, and Agassiz. She did not teach a forty-year-old Emperor how to write as Alcuin taught Charlemagne; but she did lead group after group of girls into the beautiful world of ancient Greece, and made us love it passionately through life. Her school was like Rugby where Donald Hankey in *A Student in Arms* tells us that he learned that "the classics are literature, not torture."

She began with Sappho, and came down. The recitations were held on alternate days and were two hours long, but not too long for us. Miss McClean was not familiar with the Greek language, and also had another limitation, she designated Greek divinities by their Latin names. Somehow, Jupiter sounds vastly less classic than Zeus, Mercury than Hermes, Venus than Aprodite. She was never afraid of them, under any guise, and would exclaim:

"Observe the difference in the temper of these two goddesses: Minerva would get so mad she could not speak, Juno so mad she could not hold her tongue." Miss McClean, fiery-tempered at times, was like Jove's noble daughter — face scarlet, lips effectually compressed. Our teacher had the historic spirit, just like John Fiske in his *Athenian and American Life* — she made us fairly live, and live vividly, in those days. I found great comfort in studying the Greek deities. They are the only persons about whom I can express my mind freely. The New England conscience prevents unlimited condemnation of living individuals; but when all possible evidence is gathered and weighed, I can be the veritable Day of Judgment over these gods and goddesses. They never existed, anyway; and moreover, they have no relations living whose feelings can be hurt. We all loved Minerva, who was the nearest to a guardian angel of anyone in Greek mythology; she watched over Ulysses and Telemachus, quickening their conscience, and stirring their memory to good deeds. One college president objects to her because she was a celibate: but she secretly loved romance, and brought about mutual recognition and understanding between the long-separated Ulysses and Penelope. It is well to fight shy of some of the gods, but an honor to have Minerva on your visiting list.

Miss McClean added to her instruction a gratuitous weekly

evening for Greek dramatic literature, to which attendance was voluntary. "The play to-night," she would say, "is *The Seven Chiefs before Thebes,* and you need not come unless you are prepared to tell me the relation of each person in the drama to every one else." Various playwrights are included in the course; we are indignant when our dear Socrates is incarcerated in a basket and hung up in the sky, in *The Clouds* by Aristophanes — what way was that to treat a philosopher! And, swinging back to Homer, we were equally indignant when Jupiter hung Juno up in the clouds by her wrists, and attached anvils to her feet — what way was that to treat a wife!

Miss McClean's school was probably a typical Southern one. I do not recall any classes in natural science; and mathematics stopped at arithmetic. But the Humanities with her were emphasized, and included good manners, good epistolary and conversational English, graceful, familiar, and yet scholarly knowledge of literature and history. Not only seriousness of spirit, but warm-heartedness, characterized her relation to her pupils, whom she held through life by an invisible tether. Her line of ancestry on one side was that of Goldsmith, Burke and Sheridan, and she possessed wit and imagination through her Irish blood. An amusement called *Mental Photographs* was in vogue in her day, wherein persons recorded in their friends' albums their preferences regarding persons or things. Most of us gave unimaginative, prosaic, monosyllabic answers — "red," "blue," "green," to the question, "What is your favorite color?" But she replied:

"White for infancy, purple for royalty, and the rest for the rainbow of circumstance."

To the question of her favorite diversion, she replied: "Gossip, not scandal, with my friends." At this, my reader instantly protests. But let us pause a moment. Samuel Pepys records in his nine years' diary much egotistical gossip about himself addressed secretly to himself, and revealing insatiable curiosity about others. And yet the world prizes it as material for contemporaneous history. Plutarch, priest of Apollo, biographer, and essayist, is the prince of gossips.

If he had not walked the streets of Rome, gathering personal anecdotes, small rumors, and trivial items, about Antony and Cleopatra, where would Shakespeare's immortal drama have been? Miss McClean used her observations and comments on human nature in a large way, and without malice, and her conversation had color and pungency. Abroad one year, I observed the increased enjoyment of those who, through academic training, had an extended knowledge of mythology: the gods and goddesses were as familiar as one's uncles, cousins and aunts. On my return, I said to Miss McClean:

"I cannot take classical studies at Harvard, but my mother will devote an entire year's leisure in reading aloud to me about Greece."

Miss McClean offered to lay out the course, and prescribed Mahaffy and Felton leading up to a leisurely, sympathetic study of Homer. It was practically a post-graduate year under a teacher who vivified the atmosphere about her, and transferred mental images from her mind to other minds by means of vivid, telling English. We *saw* Greece together a thousand years before Christ.

I recall her membership, when fifty-seven years of age, of the Roxbury Society of the New Jerusalem. Having many preconceived notions to combat, she belonged characteristically to the Church Militant. She found delight in the Hebrew prophets with their sublime imagery, wide horizon, and pathetic aspirations; indeed, her knowledge of Holy Writ was exceptional even among life-long readers. She recognized its parable structure and enclosed jewels, and loved Swedenborg's method of Scripture interpretation. She was nearing her ninetieth year when called hence in 1905. She was practically blind for years before her transition, her beloved books were beyond her immediate reach, but her religious fortitude carried her through. Having left the darkened windows of her tenement of clay, she is now enjoying the radiance which emanates from Him who is the Light of the higher world.

Anne L. Page loved human flowers, the Immortelles; — and her life's work — gathering them into kindergartens and

training them — has been memorialized by Wellesley College. Her birthplace at Danvers, Massachusetts, is interesting, and the quaint house is preserved to the public by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Its builder, Col. Jeremiah Page — Anne's grandfather — who was to fight in the American Revolution, already showed his belligerent tendencies by sympathizing with the famous American tea-party of 1773, and by forbidding the further brewing of the beverage under his Danvers roof.

But Mrs. Jeremiah Page could also be bellicose in her quick-witted way in a spirit of fun. She had already invited neighbors to a tea-drinking, and she evaded the letter of the marital law by ordering Mistress Audrey Dill, the black house servant and slave, to brew the tea on — not under — the roof, whose flat deck made an excellent *rendezvous* for these defiant ladies, who would have scorned the idea that there was any flavor of toryism in their cups. Lucy Larcom immortalizes the event, beginning as follows:

> In this old house, even then not new,
> A Continental Colonel true
> Dwelt with a blithe and wilful wife,
> The sparkle in his cup of life.

The piety of Anne Page's other grandmother named Fowler is evident in her use of the old English Bible which I have often seen. It was issued in 1769 by John Archdeacon, printer to Cambridge University. This volume was read through faithfully every year by grandmother Fowler.

The oldest portion of the house built by grandfather Page about 1750 includes the spacious eastern room with its quaint woodcarving on cornice, wainscot and mantel; and the cosy western room, its fireplace encircled by blue tiles bearing pictures varied in import: romantic, satirical, descriptive, pastoral, and Scriptural.

Jeremiah Page's son John went wooing in the house of the Bible-reading lady, marrying her daughter, Mary Fowler, and bringing her into the architecturally attractive and historically interesting Page house, where she found a happy home for nearly seventy years. You should see her as I saw

her in 1864, sitting by the happy-faced fireplace in which danced wood flames, its tiled border surrounded by a mantelpiece of acanthus-leaf design with delicate mouldings.

In this Danvers home of Mrs. Mary Fowler Page, her daughter Anne, the New-Church kindergartner, used to gather her neighbors, and invite the Rev. Abiel Silver from his neighboring parish at Salem to set forth in simple fashion some tenet of our faith, or draw forth the spiritual message of Scripture. Questions or interchange of religious sentiment would follow. Those were hallowed and reverent Sunday afternoons.

Miss Page was not petite, zephyrlike, and spirituelle, like her mother, born in the eighteenth century. No cap with flowing strings rested, even at seventy-three, on her capacious head, which was well-filled with twentieth-century ideas, including equal suffrage. No quaint kerchief was crossed over her heart, as capacious as her head, and with room for a vast deal of love for little children. She had a vigorous mind requiring sustained thought, and accepted the New-Church faith with a high degree of intelligence. She never wavered from her convictions. Aside from the Church, her life work was filial devotion to her mother, and unwavering allegiance to kindergartening. She founded a successful normal school in Boston, and administered for long years to a group of little Danverites after the Froebel fashion.

For her sake I have made a special pilgrimage to Wellesley College, because the Department of Education there has erected a building on the campus in honor of Miss Page, as "one of the great pioneer kindergartners." Here Froebel's system will be maintained free to all Wellesley children — the college and the town cooperating in its administration.

IV

As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there.

George James Webb (1803–1889) was born in Rushmore, Wiltshire, in Southern England. His niece, Mrs. Thomas Reed, told me that he was reared in a highly musical family; his father played the piano, and his sisters the violin, thus

The Colonial Page House in Danvers, Massachusetts, now a permanent shrine for the public

Miss Caroline, younger daughter of Mr. George James Webb, whom she resembles

forming a home orchestra. The *New Jerusalem Magazine*, March, 1888, tells us of the family's financial ease and cultivated tastes; of the lad's voice, and strong musical leanings; of his receiving instruction under Professor Alexander Lucas at Salisbury; of his acquiring a knowledge of piano, violin, harmony, and musical theory; and of especial attention to the organ. A larger opportunity came to young Webb through the arrival in London in 1824 of Manuel Garcia, who had been chorister at Seville, opera singer in Cadiz, Madrid, and Paris, merging into a composer. Webb now gained the Italian method of vocalism from Garcia himself.

We know of the young musician's arrival in 1830 in Boston, and of his large work in the devotional Sunday services of the Boston Society.

Mr. Webb led his musical forces into a wide field in his week-day amateur concerts. Mrs. Augusta Fernald Faxon has lent me the programmes covering fourteen years under him. Among operatic composers are Beethoven, Bellini, Donizetti, Gluck, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Verdi. Among his choice of composers of sacred music are Bach, Handel, Haydn, Hummel, Mendelssohn, Novello, Palestrina and Sphor; with many admirable song writers. Imagine the musical opportunities for our young people in the fifties and sixties!

I asked Miss Edith Abell for a musical analysis of Professor Webb. She writes:

"Mr. Webb's taste was impeccable, and its attitude to church music profoundly reverential. The study of ecclesiastical composers like Palestrina, and Bach, and Handel, and of the real English Church musicians, the use of the Gregorian chants and their incorporation into our earlier Book of Worship, made the musical form of our Church Service dignified, lofty, serious, and spiritual."

How well is Miss Abell qualified to judge of Mr. Webb's double range of musical work? She was his pupil, studying later under Lamperti, and other instructors abroad. She has memorized eighty operas, and has sung abroad in forty. Consequently, when she took lessons of Jenny Lind, neither needed any printed music, and she describes the Swedish

singer as playing the accompaniments magnificently. Large opportunities came to Miss Abell during her eight years, studying and singing professionally in Europe; and she was musical director of the Boston Society's choir for seven years after Mr. Webb's departure. I recall especially her singing in a public performance of Bach's Passion Music when her intelligent rendering and her depth of devotional interpretation far excelled that of the other professional soloists. Miss Abell continues:

"Among the many organists and conductors under whom I have sung in my professional life, I can remember none more able, serious, musicianly, and thorough, than Mr. Webb. Fortunate in being admitted into the Boston choir at a very early age, his choral teaching gave me so sure a comprehension of the best in the fine compositions he used, that I had nothing to learn from subsequent teachers however fine. Mr. Webb had said everything."

William Mason (1829–1908), pianist, New-Church organist, and son-in-law of Mr. Webb, was born in Boston. Ascending the ancestral line five generations we come to Barachias, who is the first recorded instance where the Mason line has a vibratory musical sound. He was a teacher of singing, a performer on the 'cello, and a Harvard graduate of 1742; making a valuable academic and musical great-grandfather to William Mason, the New Churchman. William's father, Lowell Mason, is widely known. Webb assisted him a little in his twenty sacred music books, and a great deal in his seven glee books. Together they founded the Boston Academy of Music, Mason representing church music, Webb devoted to voice culture and secular music.

William Mason was trained for the piano by Henry Schmidt, Symphony conductor, and by the pianoforte virtuoso, Leopold de Meyer. At twenty, he went abroad for five years' study, where he met a sufficient number of great musicians to fill a biographical cyclopaedia. In Mason's *Memories of a Musical Life* are many distinguished autographs, often with notation, the most noticeable those of the Kneisel Quartet, on a four-leaved clover. Richard Wagner

gave him his autograph with the dragon motive in *The Ring of the Nibelung* appended. This was June 5, 1852. Hauptman, who was Mason's teacher abroad, was skilled in church music, and held the place in the Leipsic Thomas-schule formerly filled by Sebastian Bach.

Liszt — that strange child of genius, child of the world, and child of the Church — had the pick from all the young musicians in Europe for his pupils. His home in 1853 was in Weimar. Mason's real test was after he had been accepted as a pupil. His ordeal on the piano was two or three hours long. Liszt incited enthusiasm, but drew on the vitality of young Mason until he was tired and actually stiff from nerve tension.

Returning to America in 1854, Mr. Mason soon settled in New York City, and opened a thirteen years' series of chamber concerts. We knew him there, and he always sent us tickets. His string quartet included Theodore Thomas as first violin. The latter, only twenty at the beginning, soon showed genius for conductorship, and finally rose to be the head of the concerts, cordially and handsomely recognized by Mason.

William Mason was reared in Orthodoxy, and followed his father as organist in Boston Congregational churches. When seventeen years of age, on entering the drawing-room of Mr. Webb, he saw for the first time Mary, his oldest daughter, aged thirteen. He says:

"I had not been in the room half an hour before I was deeply in love with her. She and I grew to be good friends, but the idea of an engagement between us was not to be thought of at that time, and while I lived in Germany we were not permitted to correspond. For five years I did not see her, but when I came back, I hastened to her father's house. This had been my constant purpose ever since the time that I left America." They were married on March 12, 1857.

William Mason, ten years after his marriage, made public confession of his faith in the New Church; but he had previously presided over the church music in New York in my father's day, and his wife was soprano in the Church quartette. As a girl she was the leading voice in one of Mr. Webb's large antiphonal choruses in the Boston Society. His

organ playing is described by Rev. Charles H. Mann in the *New-Church Messenger* of July 29, 1908:

"Mason's improvisations were never a wandering about in the realm of musical harmony, like a kind of aimless sauntering, ready either to continue indefinitely, or to stop at any moment. Rather Mr. Mason's improvisations were organic units. They had distinct themes, with beginnings, middle points, and ends."

Mr. Mason's life was like his playing — a well-ordered purpose: shown in his silent love of the unbethrothed maiden for long years when away; in his fixity of aim expressed in his vocation. He kept a high standard in music, and brought the public up to it successfully; never catering to popularity by the use of superficial and showy material.

V

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
—Holmes's *Chambered Nautilus.*

Here is a touch; Is't good? "
I'll say of it
It tutors nature.
— *Timon of Athens,* I. i, 44.

Daniel H. Burnham (1846–1912) spent his boyhood in Chicago — a lusty young city which lies on a four-thousand-mile water line, both ends of which touch the sea: not being content with reaching the Atlantic through great lakes and a big river, it must needs build a canal to reach the Atlantic through a bigger river and a great gulf; it is also the point from which radiate myriad freight car lines. We should expect an ambitious and well-endowed boy growing up in a seething centre like that to become a commercial magnate, a railroad president, or a gigantic promoter in other fields. We will watch the lad and see.

The Burnham household moved eastward that their flock might profit by the Waltham New-Church School, and Daniel breathed for four years the academic atmosphere of Harvard. The latter was not necessary to neutralize the commercial atmosphere of Chicago, because a city is not all commercial-

Daniel H. Burnham

Mrs. Edwin Burnham mother of the architect

ism if it has the elements which can set up a St. Gaudens Lincoln, a Theodore Thomas orchestra, and a Jane Addams Hull House. Mr. Burnham returned to Chicago, and after a course of study in the art of building, he did become the architectural expression of secular industries, and was called "the father of the skyscraper." His Rand-McNally building in 1889 was evolved on a new plan. Unprogressive pessimists prophesied that plaster placed upon a skeleton of welded steel beams would disintegrate, and the building go to pieces at the first jar of the machinery inside. Imagine their discomfiture at its failure "to crumple into twisted beams and shattered masonry" years after it was put to the test! So much for the utilitarian Daniel Burnham, represented by scores of banks and stores scattered from New York to the Pacific. The highly practical expressed artistically is found in his Railway Station at Washington.

It was a long step to idealism from the utilitarian needs of commerce, when Daniel Burnham and John W. Root, his partner, were instrumental in bringing into being that dream of beauty, the White City of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Mr. Burnham's next step was less purely idealistic and more tangibly altruistic — from the erection of an evanescent city of glorified staff, to the beautifying of prosaic cities in real life, that they might be well-ordered in sites and groupings of buildings, pleasing to the lover of harmony, healthy-toned, and hygienic. President Roosevelt appreciated Daniel Burnham's ability, and in 1905 made him one of a Commission on Public Buildings and Grounds which included expert geniuses — Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles F. McKim, and Frederick Law Olmstead.

A marked element in Burnham's career is the fact that he was trained and ripened in this country. In 1911, he, with his wife, son and daughter, went abroad for an automobile trip through France, Germany and Italy. Within a year, he passed away suddenly at Heidelberg, cutting short his observations of old-world art.

Mr. Burnham was for forty years a member of the Chicago Church of the New Jerusalem, and had much of the quiet decisiveness to be expected of a man whose grandfather

stood by his colors when excommunicated for Swedenborgian heresy. Rev. Frank Sewall in the *Messenger* of July 3, 1912, pays tribute to Burnham's consecrated civic spirit as shown in his attitude toward the Lincoln Memorial, and its site, saying:

"The fine analysis of the subject from all its more hidden bearings — the relation of publicity to retirement, of soltitude to noise and bustle, of thought and memory to trade and cunning, of distance and reverence to nearness and familiarity — was clearly presented, and, side by side with these, those severely practical questions which are sure to be foremost in the mind of the ordinary committeeman, and to which Mr. Burnham knew how to pay proper deference."

Miss Adelia Gates (1825–1912) became at fifty years of age an itinerant artist who loved to paint living flowers growing on the stem. She had the *wanderlust* in her veins, and saw and heard much of the world; from the lusty birth cry of a struggling Kansas, to the plaintive requiem of a dead Carthage; from the stirring modern note of San Francisco, to the mute immobile antiquity of Abu-Simbel; from the intensive midday sun of Sahara, to the gentle midnight sun of Norway; from the quiescent volcanoes of Lipari, to the active geysers of Iceland.

Adelia Gates was born among the pine-clad Otsego hills of New York. Her father was widely beloved, and poor. His wife was rich in the quaint old folk-songs of England which she gave while turning the great spinning wheel. Sugar-making in the primeval forests of the estate was picturesque, with gypsy fires under the huge cauldrons of seething, bubbling sap, and Adelia's only brother playing the flute.

Adelia's home education was practical: driving the cows home, looking after the bees in the swarming season, and "minding the crows," *i.e.*, fending off the black marauders from the growing Indian corn; and nothing could be more felicitous for the crows than the absent-mindedness of their young sentinel, who loved to sit "on the sunny side of an old stump" with a book in her lap, and her thoughts in ancient Greece or Rome.

At twenty-two years of age, Adelia, eager for a college education, entered a cotton mill at Lowell, Massachusetts, at thirteen and a half hours a day. Having, after years of vicissitude, laid by two hundred dollars, it was at this juncture that she learned of the utter financial failure of a valued friend. Her little fortune would secure a quarter section of Wisconsin government land, and give him a footing; but man after man refused to lend money without guarantee. Then came Adelia Gates with her precious offering.

"I'll not touch your poor little two hundred dollars," he cried. "Haven't I seen you save it painfully, dollar by dollar, by hard work, and don't I know that it is to pay your fees in college? No. I can't take it, though your offer has touched me to the very heart."

"But," she replied, "you must and you shall take it. I can work, and lay by another two hundred. To me the delay is brief. To you it means a whole lifetime. If you can start afresh now, you will pick up the broken threads of your life."

She prevailed, he prospered. In a few years he sold his two-hundred-dollar farm for four thousand, and repaid her. This is one of her eminently unbusinesslike proceedings in lending money "upon no other security than the exceeding need of the borrowers"; but they always made good.

With her second earnings, Adelia, in 1855, entered the new Antioch College under Horace Mann, but she succumbed in two years from overdrafts upon strength and vitality. Soon after she was called upon by Mr. Richards — of Norman-Celtic origin — to become instructress to his two motherless little girls. He took them abroad in 1867, for long summers at his Irish estate at Enniscorthy, Wexford County. To Miss Gates these outings were fresh, and the winters in great cities a magnificent course of study. Parting with this beloved family after fourteen years, she studied painting systematically under Madame Vouga at Geneva.

In 1888 Miss Gates went to Algiers, where she had very little money, but she had Thoreau's indifference to luxury, and she could get ample nutrition at infinitesimal cost. Visiting early in the morning the goats that had been sleeping on

the sidewalk, she filled her bowl with pure milk; a bit of bread brought her Arcadian breakfast up to twopence. Supper at less price was sumptuous — sardines, figs and bread. For dinner she bought a large boiled yam piping hot from the charcoal oven, to which she added bread and a half-pound of grapes. This menu might be varied through exchange for peas, beans, onions, cucumbers, lettuce, or tomatoes. She successfully maintained this ten-cents-a-day diet for months. She cared chiefly for people. She was kind to the blind Frenchman, and the lame beggar, the cheese woman, and the roast-chestnut man; she had pleasant chats with students, and antiquarians. She now wished to travel in the desert, and her Gallic landlord employed the dramatic expressiveness of his race to dissuade her from going into the Sahara.

"What if you are massacred, mademoiselle? Catastrophies as shuddering sometimes accomplish themselves in the desert."

"That would certainly put an end to all my travels, but old women are seldom murdered. I don't fear anything of the sort."

"Ah! but mademoiselle knows not the Arab. He is a creature most depraved. He is eager for plunder. He fears not the police. The Government reaches him not in the distant oasis. I have fear I see you never again."

"Yes, you will. I shall come out of the Desert all the browner and better for my trip."

Another friend, knowing how strikingly small was her income, urged in vain the prohibitive cost of the contemplated trip.

How did happy fortune save her in this dilemma? In answer to this question, let me say that the little six-year-old Adela Richards, brought up by Miss Gates, married Mr. Orpen, a cousin of the famous Irish painter, William Orpen, and to her book I am enormously indebted.*

Thanks to the paternal French-Algerian government, Miss Gates, called "the Sid," traveled without cost, except three

* *The Chronicles of the Sid, or the Life and Travels of Adelia Gates* by Adela E. Orpen, 403 pp., London, The Religious Tract Society, 1893. (By the title of "Sid," meaning lady or mistress, Miss Gates was constantly known in the Algerian desert during her journey.)

francs a day for her own horse, including its caretaker, El Ebib, an indefatigable negro, "who trotted along beside her on his never-tiring bare feet." At this time, December, 1888, the Sid is sixty-three, with a camel-like facility for going without food during long desert stretches, and a tranquillity of spirit that never worries. Miss Gates had twenty years' knowledge of the French language, Algiers was strongly dominated by France, she won the favor of the Governor-General appointed from Paris. He gave her a letter of introduction requesting for her the hospitality of all the military commanders; the American Consul also furnished letters, and the chief of the Arab bureau gave his letter to be presented to the caïd or chief man of each village, requesting him to furnish food and lodging gratuitously. The government furnished her an armed escort without cost, Bel-Ouari by name, as her guide, guard, and interpreter; thus described in the Orpen chronicle:

"He was a splendid example of the finest type of Arab, and the soul of loyalty to his French rulers. He was a well-set-up officer on whose breast glittered a medal won by brave exploits, and he possessed a good horse, good saddle, and good rifle, all his accoutrements being in faultless order. When this imposing creature was presented to the Sid she was greatly struck by his fine bearing, he was so tall, so straight, so manly." The commandant said:

"This is your escort, Madame. This man will guide you safely to Aflou!"

"And," the narrator continues, "the Sid nodded to him in a cheerful, friendly way; and he made her a dignified bow in perfect silence, and then stood looking down at her with his earnest Arab eyes. The perfect grace and stately dignity of that soldier would make the fortune of an actor who aspired to play the *rôle* of king."

As she approached Stettin, two hundred and fifty miles from Algiers, Bel-Ouari the Magnificent hastened in advance to announce the coming of the Sid. The caïd or village chief, noting the official nature of the escort, and wishing to please the government, treated her with distinction. At Bou-Alem, she was the first white woman who had ever entered this

village. The handsomest of the chief's three wives, in a gown of red and black, with divers circles of silver on her swarthy arms and ankles, made for her American guest some cakes kneaded very thin, and fried in oil, after which, honey was poured over them from a leathern bottle hung from a tent-pole.

The Sid spent three days at Aflou, lodging at the fort, and dining at the mess. The soldiers were delighted at their guest. They were buried alive in that eventless remote garrison, with the burning fiery desert around them. Dr. Cléry, one of their number, had made himself a capital botanist, and the Sid was most happy in talking with him and sharing his floral treasures.

"You have a magnificent hoard of things here. It must be a delight to thus gather and collect around you."

"Yes, madame; it preserves the mind from despair. My flower collections have saved me from going mad." And years later, he wrote her:

"It was only a few days' rest in the midst of a long journey to you, madame; perhaps you have forgotten it, but we have not. To us it was a breath of fresh air amidst the hot sirocco, a glimpse of the fair outside world to a prisoner in a gloomy cell."

The Sid next visited the Grand Marabout of Kurdane, who lived in splendor and glory. "He was the richest man in the desert. He was a king commanding heartfelt homage. He was a so-called saint, absorbing the veneration of the Arabs who have no authorized priesthood. He was a rebel, secretly watched from afar by the government," because capable of setting the whole Sahara on fire with a "holy war." The Sid found the Marabout's home a veritable Versailles, with its gardens, shaded walks, and flashing fountains; his palace spacious and airy; his dinners elegant and elaborate. Clad in his robe of royal blue edged with gold fringe, there was about him an imposing air which impressed her as more kinglike than that of anyone she had ever seen. She enjoyed also the hospitality of the Maraboutess.

And the Marabout sent our friend on to Laghouat in his own royal carriage, and gave her a letter bearing a great red

seal — a most sacred shield ensuring perfect protection. And now, in a large procession including a hundred soldiers, and sixty camels bearing water-barrels and food-stuffs, she continued from Gardaia to Ouargla, nearing her journey's end. She had sometimes ridden eight hours a day on horseback; she had sometimes ridden *à cacolet* on the camel — in a pannier or wicker basket hanging on one side of the animal; with an Arab balancing her in a pannier on the other side. (I have seen a pair of little English twins riding on a white mule after this manner in Palestine.) Miss Gates, while in the Sahara, had slept on the ground, in a tent, in a hut, in a palace. She had traveled in a circuit from Algiers to Algiers, touching Tunis territory on the way.

For the sake of flower lovers and botanists, a few blossoms shall be recorded which stood on their stems for their likenesses by Miss Gates, both here and during her twenty-four years abroad. She stood on the rung of a step-ladder in a California millionaire's hothouse that she might transfer to paper a lofty blossoming ginger; she sat before a Sahara thistle for the same purpose. She scaled Colorado heights that she might reach the alluring *Rubus deliciosus;* she made acquaintance with asphodels in ancient Carthage. She found pretty nicotianum in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and asperula in the fields of Boaz. And "in the presence of kingly Hermon" grew a splendid arum, and two pretty varieties of orchids.

Iceland was the last country visited — in 1891. Beyond the great geysers, on the black shore of a boiling lake lay fine lava sand, upon which rested "a perfectly beautiful network of the *Potentilla anserina.* The plants were little, but most beautiful, with a good touch of red in them, and some yellow. The tendrils were wonderful for length and brilliance of color, and so long as never were seen anywhere else, I think."

I have met Miss Gates three times. In Michigan, where she heard the Rev. Abiel Silver preach many times when she was a guest of his New-Church brother, Jacob Silver. Her path crossed mine again in West Newton in 1894. Her hostess, Mrs. James Richard Carter, gave us an opportunity

to see her delightful paintings. Happy and rich the Sunday School which could have had on its walls all the likenesses of her Holy Land flora! Her last twenty years were spent largely in San Francisco, and my final interview with her was on Sunday morning, July 21, 1901, at the Rev. Joseph Worcester's church. It was to me a distinct loss of her vitalizing companionship that her proffered invitation to dine must be declined!

Mrs. Theodore F. Wright, who always considered it a great privilege to have been one of her many hostesses, writes of this "remarkable woman":

"Miss Gates was everywhere scattering seeds of New-Church truth unostentatiously, and living the life of religion in doing good."

Mrs. Charles H. Mann became profoundly interested in her and her work, and was ready to receive her with open arms, saying of her:

"It has always done me good to think of her deep sincerity, and genuine simplicity, and she was really a great inspiration in my life."

In the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, Miss Gates characteristically encroached upon her strength and her substance in aiding the sufferers. She gradually lost her sight, the remote result, perhaps, of the blinding sand and sunlight of Sahara. Her last years were spent in the Crocker Old People's Home. Mrs. Olivia Edmunds Turner wrote me that Miss Gates, on her card of application to this institution expressed herself in this manner: "Protestant — of no external church, but with a marked preference for Swedenborgianism." She frequently attended New-Church services until a gradual decline incapacitated her; and Mrs. David wrote me of her strong religious faith and trust in no degree weakened by her blindness. She prized visits from the Rev. Joseph Worcester and the Rev. Joseph David, both of whom had part in her obsequies in 1912. She had quitted the darkened windows of her house of clay, and had opened her eyes to the visible light of the Lord's countenance.

Her affirmative and receptive attitude toward this spiritual light is revealed in *The Medium*, vol. iv, pp. 268–270.

VI

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
—*Julius Caesar*, I. 2.

John Bigelow (1817–1911), journalist, diplomat, and student of mankind, was born on his father's well-stocked and fruitful farm of 150 acres on the Hudson, whence the commodities were sent to the great metropolis in his own sloops. The lad's suit of homespun for higher education was woven under the paternal roof from one of his father's fifty sheep, and was made up by Mr. Snip, the village tailor. This made young John a subject of derision by the aristocratic students of the Troy Academy, but respect followed the discovery that he could coach them in their studies, and outdo them as a clever pitcher in baseball. After the Academy, young Bigelow attended for three years Trinity College at Hartford, transferring later to Union College, Schenectady. In New York City he took his degree in 1838 as attorney at law, following the profession ten years. As a writer, pungent criticism spiced with caustic wit and softened with playful humor flowed from Mr. Bigelow's pen. He writes in 1841:

"I was of an age when the combative principle is most active, and when the love of the neighbor as one's self had not come very far to the front. . . . I was animated by the spirit of school-boys out on a squirrel hunt."

Mr. Bigelow's twelve years' editorship and ownership with William Cullen Bryant of the *New York Evening Post* enabled him to know other big men in the same line — Raymond, Greeley, Dana, Godkin, and George William Curtis; and enables us to know his own excellent standards in his work regarding the "Uses and Abuses of Journalism." But he was an idealist tempered with practical good sense. In 1848, when he took a share with Bryant, the *Post's* printing press was worked by hand, and its circulation fifteen hundred. In 1861 Bigelow left it with an income of $75,000.

I draw from Mr. Bigelow's *Retrospections of an Active Life* in five volumes, written in his ninety-second year. He was first sent abroad by President Lincoln, officially as a consul, but really as a journalist. His pen was to prevent the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, to influence public opinion, to deflect the tide when running hostile, to outmaneuvre the French Emperor. His secret correspondence with statesmen in various countries is mighty interesting reading. His great work was as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Paris during the period of our Civil War and the French-Mexican imbroglio. To this was added his ambassadorship at the court of Berlin during the Franco-Prussian War.

"Napoleon III," he said, "had three good political reasons for putting Maximilian on the throne of Mexico: (i) To conciliate the Austrian government which he had embittered by driving the Austrians out of Italy in Victor Emmanuel's day; (ii) To conciliate the Church by exalting a brother of Francis Joseph, the most Catholic of sovereigns; (iii) To take advantage of our Civil War troubles, and thereby check the advance of the Anglo-Saxon race over the Latin. And," he adds prophetically, in 1863, "it looks as if his Majesty was going to follow his uncle *to the end of his career*."

The theological crisis with marked spiritual results for Mr. Bigelow came in 1853 when he was thirty-six. Quarantined on one of the W. I. Islands, he criticized the letter of Scripture within hearing of a traveling Danish acquaintance, Mr. Kierolf, who lent him New-Church books, which were read at first with curiosity, and the certainty of refutation. He followed the *Arcana* with increased avidity, and studied Swedenborg's personality through authentic "Documents" compiled by Professor George Bush, for whose scholarship he had long had the profoundest respect. He read this new spiritual interpretation of Scripture ten hours a day with increasing belief that Swedenborg was "a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven." And he writes in 1909, that every one of the past fifty years has increased his sense of obligation with fervent gratitude for his discovery, which is embodied in his book, *The Bible which was Lost and is*

Found, 120 pp., New York, New-Church Board of Publication, 1912.

Mr. Bigelow was for years a familiar figure in his New York pew under Rev. Julian K. Smyth. Called hence at ninety-four he received honor from the *Evening Post,* the *Sun,* and *Harper's Weekly.* In the latter, for March 31, 1912, Rev. Henry Van Dyke says:

"It was during his journalistic period that three great good fortunes came to Mr. Bigelow: first the beginning of his happy domestic life by his marriage with Miss Jane Poulteney in 1850; second, the commencement of his life as an author in 1852 . . . ; third, the recovery of his faith in the Bible through an acquaintance in 1853 with the works of that wondrous interpreter, Emanuel Swedenborg."

"Thus he waited, not idly but busily, not fearfully but bravely, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonably religious and holy hope, for the coming of the great change, the great liberation, the great promotion from an active life to a redeemed immortality of service. So John Bigelow passed away on December 19, 1911."

Howard Pyle (1853–1911) was born of a devoted woman who stood for the consecration of motherhood. Her idea of perfect happiness was this: "What I have — only if I could be a better woman." Her husband, her three sons, and her only daughter were with her at the last, and she told them that in the other world she should ask the Lord to teach her how to make for them a finer home than the one here. Emanuel Swedenborg, writing of the relationship of different faculties of the soul, makes this statement:

"Love, or the will, prepares a house or bridal apartment for a future spouse, which is wisdom or the understanding."

— *Divine Love and Wisdom,* No. 402.

Picture the little Howard stretched on a rug before a snapping and crackling hickory fire enjoying the pictures in *Old Curiosity Shop* and *The Newcomes,* as his mother read the stories. Growing in literary culture, and gaining years of careful art training in Philadelphia, he was called by *Harper's* to New York, became one of a group of active illus-

trators including Joseph Pennell and Edwin A. Abbey, and formed with the latter a warm friendship.

We turn from the sumptuous coloring of Abbey's *Quest of the Holy Grail* to Pyle's masterpiece, the *Story of the Champions of the Round Table* in four large books. His illustrations are powerful. Sir Lionel of Britain with an expression steady, dark and fierce, bears upon his shield the figure of a red gryphon, a thing of terror, with open mouth, extended tongue, and uplifted paw. When the Black Knight meets in conflict the noble and stately Sir Launcelot, it was with such wrath that "it appeared as though their fierce eyes shot sparks of fire through the occulariams of their helmets." In contrast we have Lady Yvette the Fair, lily in hand, tranquil and contemplative, as if pondering the meaning of life. *Harper's* paid their tribute in January, 1912, to Pyle's humor, at once quaint and antique, to his written style, virile, significant, and charmingly idiomatic, to his general work as a fresh revival of the Romantic, occupying the field of wonder without Rossetti's vagueness. Of his spirit and aim they write:

"Of Quaker parentage, and an enthusiastic disciple of Swedenborg, it was natural that he should listen to the inner voice and reject the traditions of men, and the authority of the schools—also that he should seek the inward and spiritual meaning of things." Observe Pyle in his art instruction to classes in Wilmington, Delaware, often gratuitous, and limited to students of marked ability. Look at Maxfield Parrish's fascinating *Dream of Youth*, and ask yourself if a teacher might not well be proud of such work; and yet Pyle's own dream of youth did not prove an evanescent bubble in the air. Study one of his favorite pupils in Miss Olive Rush, whose soft-toned water color picture of a beautiful girl was reproduced in the *Woman's Home Companion* of April, 1912. It rebukes our comic colored Sunday Supplements whose crude, fierce tints scorch the eyeballs!

Elsie Roeder, fine-grained in nature, artistic in temperament, ethereal in spirit, won high praise from Pyle, and demonstrated her capacity "to express with decided boldness and power, the moods of an imagination that was always penetrating and original." She continued study under Ed-

ward Penfield and at the Chase School in New York, and contributed to high-class magazines. For illustrating "Love's Young Dream" she was awarded $250.00 as a prize, but, short-lived, she was not to realize in this world any romantic maidenly vision. Her father, the Rev. Adolph Roeder, whose *Sea-Pictures* she had fitly illustrated, contributed to the *Messenger* of May 13, 1914, a little after her transition, a tribute, beginning:

> On God's palette, where angels mix their colors,
> And where deep, mystic shades harmonious blend:
> Dip thou thy brush, thou artist-soul, and revel
> In that creative joy, that knows no end.

Another pupil was Pyle's sister Margaret. Her charming books elude you at the public libraries; the children love them and they are always out. A third New-Church pupil, Jessie Wilcox Smith of Philadelphia, is known to us by her apt Cradle Roll picture, and her "Cinderella," where the firelight brings out the character in her beautiful face.

Howard Pyle, the story-writer, should have large mention. In his *Rejected of Men* was an effort born of conviction to bring into modern life the Christ standard, also attempted in articles by Stead, Hale, and others. Pyle's *In Tenebras* (*Harper's*, February, 1894) takes the field entered by Henry Van Dyke in *The Mansion*. He follows two men into the other world, and reveals their inner selves.

I knew Howard Pyle (i) as a handsome, manly lad, reciting S. S. poems with effective emphasis and fervent spirit. (ii) At forty-eight, he was erect, vigorous, tall, a gracious host in his beautiful studio which lay behind a garden. (iii) On December, 1903, all his family, despite a furious rainfall, were in their Wilmington Church pew. In 1910 they held a little religious home service to consecrate their journey abroad — a journey culminating for him in heaven.

Adeline Knapp made a sojourn in the Philippines, and published in 1902 a descriptive work. She made a sojourn in Arizona, and wrote a novel of dramatic power and spiritual interpretation of life. She paid a tribute at the Massachusetts New-Church Woman's Alliance to the Lyons Street San Fran-

cisco Church and the Rev. Joseph Worcester; and she hastened back for his closing blessing just before her death in 1909. She told me of her love of life; but she made the supreme sacrifice willingly at last.

She knew the mining region of Arizona which presented a good deal to shock the fine-grained person in its wild and sometimes lawless camp life emphasized by profanity, gambling, and quick revenge with the pistol. But if the habitués of this region were rightly touched there would appear just as suddenly a big generosity warm from the heart. This is powerfully illustrated in Bret Harte's *Luck of the Roaring Camp.* Could this element be made more than evanescent? When early manhood came into contact with evil, cherished the growing doubt, and harbored revenge in the heart, how could God bring out the sweet elements of childhood — hidden and carefully guarded — and make these elements instrumental for salvation, as declared in Swedenborg's *Arcana,* No. 5135?

This is the problem handled by Miss Knapp in her book, *A Well in the Desert.* Gabriel Gard, the central figure of Miss Knapp's story, had lived in the atmosphere of camp life, had been betrayed in a business transaction by a trusted friend, and again betrayed by his lawyer of defence. Forced to flee to the desert, he carried with him a heart full of bitter gall. The very fauna, and flora, and contour of Arizona at its worst were startlingly symbolic of his state of mind. The Gila monster — a huge lizard with venomous teeth — lurked in the sand; the scream of the wild cat, the howl of the coyote, the screech of the owl, remind us of Bible imagery over wicked Babylon inhabited by "doleful creatures" of the desert (Isa. xiii, 21). The place where Gard lived was unproductive, recalling the region as we approach the Dead Sea, where we see bushes that are all thorn and no verdure. The dreary and forbidding barrenness of the Arizona levels was gashed by yawning ravines; the cinder cones indicated extinct volcanoes. With the mercury reaching 130°, the ground was "smitten and withered like grass," as the Psalmist describes the human heart (cii, 4).

Gard was entirely alone in the desert. There were long

days of hatred, and long days of despair. Then began the dawning of a better period. During his Robinson Crusoe life he gradually learned to fashion utensils in clay. Upon them he put inscriptions which came to be "a sort of commentary, seen by no eyes save his own, of his moods, and their longing for expression."

"He put them down upon whatever served, for the mere comfort of seeing them . . . lines from half-remembered poems and hymns; familiar Bible verses that his mother had taught him. They came back to him bit by bit, in his solitude. And one and all his soul found them camps by the way on its long journey up from despair."

There were other boyish memories: "the white Church at 'The Centre' where he had gone to Sunday School; the little shed chamber with its creaking stairs that his mother had climbed, how many cold nights! to see if he were warmly covered. She was gone from earth now, but the old boyhood places were left, and he yearned for them all, with yearning unspeakable. There were a few small pretty creatures which filled all this grim place with an ineffable grace. . . . 'To think of it,' the man murmured, 'the little, little things, so fearless up here in this — this — secret — place — of — the — Most — High!'"

He stopped in vague surprise at his own speech. He had not meant to say that, but from some neglected recess of his boyhood's memory the words had sprung, vital with meaning.

Reaction followed, with a sense of the bitterness of his desolation. Then the ache of his spirit's yearning drew his clenched hands up toward the blue vault.

"I wish," he breathed, his heart pounding, his brain awhirl with a sudden vision of the infinite wonder of things, "I wish that — if there is such a thing as God in the world I might come to know it."

Gard needed something outside of himself upon which to expend the childhood's love reawakening in his heart. And God sent a stray burro that very night to his hearthstone. "The creature had been wounded by a crucifixion-thorn; Gard drew out the cruel spike and soothed the hurt with a

poultice of prickly pear. Later in the night he was awakened. His grateful little patient was licking his hands." Greeting her colloquially, "he slipped an arm over the rough little neck and the two watched the fire till dawn."

He would grant all except the relinquishment of his vengeance. The battle ground of his soul fairly trembled under the conflict. One day there rose "an agonized wail as his spirit recognized the inexorableness of this demand upon its powers — the forgiveness of his enemies."

"I've got to! I've got to! If I'd sensed it," he said in a voice tense with his soul's pain, "If I'd sensed that this is what comes of knowing there's a God, I guess I wouldn't have dared wish that."

"Viciously he had torn and kneaded the clay which formed the utensil in his hands; slowly he now engraved on it THE CUP OF FORGIVENESS; peacefully he thrust it forward for its final perfecting in the fire.

"We'll see how it comes out," he muttered, grimly, but already the hope grew in his heart that the clay would stand the test (pp. 61–63).

The victory came. "He had learned the futility of hate in the nights when he watched the great stars wheel by, marking the march of the year.

"There's nothing in it! there's nothing in it!" he finally said to himself, "It ain't a man's job to be staking out claims on hell for another fellow" (pp. 73, 74).

Gard went back to civilization and to his friends, and he turned to the life of humanity so much larger than his own little needs. His own affairs desperately needed readjusting, but he strove to reinstate justice in the affairs of Mrs. Hallard, an old neighbor. God seemed real and near. The twenty-third Psalm, taught by his mother in infancy, was engraved on his mind; and now, the verse came surging in his brain: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." Then the problem of Divine Providence presented itself — a growing sense of the breadth of God's designs.

"If you've ever noticed it," Gard said, "there's a kind of reasonableness in the way things happen, even when they

look black. They happen out of each other; and there's Something managing them, no matter how it looks, sometimes. I've found that out."

"I'd like to help in the managin'," Mrs. Hallard said, grimly.

"You couldn't." Gard shook his head thoughtfully. "You couldn't see the whole scheme. And we don't need to want to. Whoever's doing it is making up a whole piece out of 'em. That's this world we're in. It's our world. We belong in it; and there ain't anything in it for us to be afraid of but just ourselves." (P. 214.)

In this novel, the spiritual evolution of Gabriel Gard is the story within the story. The dominant instrumentality for this end is the power of the Good Book: the reviving of infantile Bible memories which proved a "well in the desert" to the arid soul. "When I got out on the big desert," Gard says, "I found God there, same's I'd believed when I was a boy back on the prairie."

VII

William Cooper Howells (father of William Dean Howells, the novelist) was editor, printer and publisher of a New-Church periodical in Ohio in the early forties. He had discovered our faith in 1839, together with his brothers, Dr. Joseph Howells and Dr. Henry C. Howells, all loyal disciples.

The grandfather of this trio of brothers sailed for America with a stock of his Welsh flannels, sold them advantageously, but refused President Washington's appeal that he stay and help our country industrially through his vocation. The Welshman's son came to stay, landing at Boston in 1808. He soon turned his face toward the middle West, taking his family with him. He slowly made his way toward the setting sun, crossing the state of Pennsylvania in 1813 in a huge wagon drawn by five horses. The wife and children, having been previously weighed, were carried as freight, the owner of the wagon charging Mr. Howells by the pound for their transportation.* Exchanging the vehicle for a flat-boat, the

* This incident is related many years later by William Cooper Howells himself in *Historical Collections of Ohio*, vol. i, p. 967, published at Norwalk, Ohio.

sturdy pioneer went down the Ohio to Steubenville.

The eldest child, William Cooper Howells, grew up, married the sweet-spirited Mary Dean, settled in 1840 in Hamilton, Ohio, and became editor of the *Hamilton Intelligencer*. In 1843 he founded a New-Church quarto weekly, *The Retina,* choosing the title for its "brevity and expressiveness," and defining it as follows:

"The Retina is the expansion of the optic nerve that surrounds the interior of the eye-ball; and its use is to convey to the mind the images of objects in the material world without and beneath us. It is thus that we wish to use our *Retina* — to impress upon it the forms of things within the range of the soul's vision; and we hope that it may be so illuminated by the light of Truth as to present them correctly."

The second son of Howells the Editor was William D. Howells the novelist. The latter, in his book, *A Boy's Town,* p. 12, speaks of his father's parental training. *The Rise of Silas Lapham* presents the hero in temptation as "trying to get a fresh clutch on his underlying principles." Mr. Howells writes vividly in the Editor's Easy Chair of *Harper's* for November, 1917, in comment on Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond,* and says:

"What is a little odd about such interviewing of immortality as Sir Oliver Lodge's book records is that he takes no note of the great, full, and most explicit affirmations of spiritual life by a most eminent scientific man who observed it a century and a half ago, and who has in these later days come into such satisfaction as his immortal spirit may enjoy from the recognition of his scientific forecast of the great principles supposed to be the discovery of much more modern inquiry."

Then follow allusions to Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell,* laudatory and questioning by turns.

Regarding editorials by William Cooper Howells, we find his *Retina* happy on pp. 86, 110, under the heading *Universalism* in his treatment of free-will and the conditions of genuine happiness; on p. 205 he gives judicious warning regarding Fourierism, that New Churchmen should discriminate sharply between the secular and the moral factors in it;

on p. 234 he writes reverently of the sacraments, and wisely on their administration only by an ordained clergy; and on p. 119, under the title *Campbell and Rice-Baptism*, he alludes to a recent public controversy, and writes delightfully on the attitude we should hold toward religionists who differ from us. But he is at his best on pp. 391, 392, on *Mesmeric Revelation* in his answer to an article of the same name on pp. 387, 388, by Edgar Allen Poe. Present day laymen, with Potts's *Concordance* as an aid, will do well if they can lead their readers in as clear-minded a manner along the paths of safety as, on the whole, was achieved by the slightly equipped, sincere, and fearless Howells.

Horace Parker Chandler (1842–1919) edited an Anthology in three volumes entitled *The Lovers' Year Book;* a fortnightly periodical called *Every Other Saturday;* and, through *The Mariner's Advocate*, he helped guard, until almost the very last of his life, the welfare of sailors. He was an early and earnest instrumentality in the movement for photolithographing the unpublished works of Swedenborg, and warmly supported Professor Rudolph Tafel in his work.

Horace Chandler's life was singularly rounded out. He was a Harvard graduate of 1865, proud on his classday of his betrothed, Miss Grace Mitchell — a beautiful girl in white — warm-hearted, gay-spirited, and radiant in happiness, who became his bride the same year. He loved children, and heaven sent them six, with flocks of grandchildren. Baptisms among the latter brought the fifth generation, from Mrs. Esther Parsons Chandler, into testimony to our faith. Horace loved architecture, had aptitude for it, and made his own home no duplicate, but rich in his own ideas, and individual in expression. He rescued a rare hand-carved Colonial mantelpiece, with chimney-front above, from débris in the cellar of a Tremont Street house undergoing demolition. From this noble note he built up a symphony of quiet, restrained design. His library windows were copied from Haddon Hall, and a pleasure in color and form. He loved books, and left about ten thousand carefully selected volumes, including rare editions of Swedenborg. He loved decora-

tive art, and adorned his harmoniously tinted walls with delightful Caproni bas-reliefs. He loved travel, revisited many places, observed appreciatively, and knew England far beyond most tourists. He loved social companionship, and entertained many guests. His household was large, sometimes including three generations, but the ménage was so administered that the machinery was noiseless.

He belonged for forty-nine years to the Roxbury Society, he and his wife being charter members. We recall him as Sunday-school superintendent, holding teachers' meetings in his picturesque attic, rich in travel treasures. His quiet home Christmas gatherings of near friends were several times sanctified by an infant baptism. Recreation was not absent. Picture a small metallic Christmas tree, revolving, foreign-fashion, on its base — ablaze with lights, and surrounded with gifts. Or picture a tall spruce, crowned with a little winged figure, and sheltering below a little seated Chandler maiden; and grandfather Peleg Chandler fervently exclaiming: "An angel at the head, and an angel at the foot!" Or picture their little Grace in a small recess-opening, seated in a tiny chair, by a miniature table, lighted by a toy lamp, reading from a diminutive volume a petite story in a child's musical voice.

Mr. Chandler's wife went first to the other life. He was never away from her for many hours during her last twenty-eight months. In his little absences she watched his goodbye gesture, and watched his return, after the rose-colored fashion of the old betrothal days almost fifty years before. His physical disabilities increased, but, with extraordinary powers of silence and reserve, he bent graciously to the loss. When his sun was almost set, another blessed light came to him in a visit from his newest grandchild and namesake.

At his obsequies, his beloved friend, Rev. Julian K. Smyth, paid fitting and heartfelt testimony. It was a rare tribute to a layman that there were six other New-Church clergymen — Revs. Eaton, Hite, Sperry, Whitehead, Worcester, and Wunsch — among the many friends present. He himself was a friend true as steel. To him you instinctively went when in trouble.

VIII

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
— Portia to Nerissa. *Merchant of Venice*, V, i, 90.

Miss Maria Crosby Moulton (1819–1904) was our Sister Dora. I know of no one in the New Church who gave so prodigally her vitality, her very life. She chose to be light and warmth to the blind during long decades of self-exacting devotion.

Our first glimpse of her was as our guest at our New Hampshire home. During her stay we gave a party for the Contoocook Academy students — sixty perhaps — and she at once started games with the greatest spontaneity, games not too exacting mentally, games in which all could join; and her warm-hearted enthusiasm melted the shyest, quickened the slowest, and brought out the most reserved. Everybody loved her at once.

Her subsequent life-work was under Dr. Samuel G. Howe, that "Cadmus for the Blind," who deserves a lofty niche in our Walhalla for his ten years' effort in inventing an alphabet for the blind-deaf mute, Laura Bridgman. On our visits, if the latter was seen sitting alone in the corridor, she was invariably brought along in our walk, and Miss Moulton's kind fingers talked on her hand. She was called "Dear Saint Moulton"; and I felt that she was Shakespeare's "little candle," and that it was lighted by the Lord (Psalm, xviii, 28).

Sir Francis Joseph Campbell (1832–1914) was a Tennessee lad who became blind, who studied abroad, especially at Leipsic, where Mendelssohn was making an inspiring musical center, and who became a musical force under Dr. Howe. He was a co-worker with Miss Moulton and a co-disciple in the New Church.

After eleven years with Dr. Howe Mr. Campbell went to England in 1869 to enlarge his field of usefulness. For the blind must no longer be beggars, but self-supporting and self-respecting. In his own school-life he was the best player,

and became a teacher at twenty. Two tutors alternated to read to him the classics. Although sightless, he clambered up the Tennessee mountains, and afterwards climbed Mont Blanc and won a fellowship. The number of the blind in England dependent upon charity appalled him. After two years of herculean effort to obtain funds and co-workers, with prospects sometimes as black as his own bodily vision, but lighted up by an inward faith as true as the sun, he succeeded.

In 1871 was founded the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Upper Norwood, a pleasant suburb just south of London. The sixteen acres surrounding the magnificent buildings give opportunity for athletics of many kinds, and the multicycles, for a dozen or more riders each, are a familiar sight on the rural roads. The curriculum for self-supporting industries is very wide. Dr. Howe sent over the Misses Knight, Greene, Faulkner, Howes and Dawson as assistants. Englishmen subscribed $1,200,000; the Duke of Westminster, the largest landholder in England, became President of the Board of Trustees, subscribing fifteen thousand dollars; the Duke of Argyle, and the Rothschilds were sympathetic patrons; King Edward VII, who was one of Campbell's strong admirers, knighted him in 1909. I knew one of the teachers, who showed us how Campbell's American head was still firm on his shoulders in spite of royal patronage; and how the blind children of the nobility at Upper Norwood were subject to the same regulations as the children of the commoner. She also described her Christmas visits at the ancestral homes of some of her blue-blooded pupils.

Sir Francis Campbell completed his forty-one years' service at Norwood in 1912. His wife, Sophia Faulkner Campbell, truly his helpmeet, shared the beautiful farewell gifts of gold and silver, and was proud of "The Grand Old Man of the Blind."

Swedenborg says in the *Arcana*, No. 994: "The sight of the eye exists from an interior sight, wherefore . . . they who were blind in the life of the body see in another life equally well with those who were quick-sighted."

Professor Thomas Reeves (1843–1895) was another happy note in Dr. Howe's harmonious Altruria, and formed, with Miss Moulton and Mr. Campbell, a trio of New Churchmen.

Little Thomas was born in the Green Isle, the land of Erin's harp, the land of imagination and song. Heaven surrounded the child with five apertures through which he could enjoy the material universe, but on the way over from Ireland to America the windows of his house of clay became closed through some untoward accident, and the little fatherless boy of six living inside could never look out again upon this beautiful world.

Was the accident untoward? In 1853 Thomas was taken to South Boston, and he was shepherded by Dr. Howe, and mothered by "Dear Saint Moulton," and educated by the Institution, and trained musically by Mr. Campbell, and strongly eulogized by Mr. Anagnos. And he studied under Arthur Foote and B. J. Lang, and succeeded Mr. Campbell as musical director. And he married, in 1881, Miss Sarah Newhall, who was quite as altruistic as he; and it was a pleasure to know these noble New-Church co-workers.

During an interval of organ playing at Bangor, Professor Reeves greatly enjoyed sermons by the Rev. George H. Marston, and he had an admirable friend in Mr. Darling (afterwards of Providence, Rhode Island) who read aloud to him the big volumes of Swedenborg, so that he became an intelligent and well-read receiver of our faith.

A sketch of Helen Keller fits in obviously with the followers of the "Cadmus of the Blind." In her autobiography at twenty-three observe her poetic sense: I was born in an Alabama home among "heart-satisfying roses and flickering leaf-shadows dancing in the sun." Read of her calamity: "My deprivation of sight and hearing at nineteen months had taken all the light and music and gladness out of my little life." Here is her obligation for Miss Sullivan's training:

"Thus I came up out of Egypt and stood before Sinai, and a power divine touched my spirit and gave it sight, so that I beheld many wonders. And from the sacred mountain I heard a voice which said, Knowledge is love, and light, and

vision." As a Radcliffe alumna, observe her pictorial imagination, literary style, and perspicacity in estimating books:

"Virgil is serene and lovely, like a marble Apollo in the moonlight; Homer is a beautiful animated youth in the full sunlight with the wind in his hair. . . . I like Carlyle for his ruggedness, and scorn of shams; Whittier for his enthusiasms, and moral rectitude; Scott for his freshness, dash, and large honesty." Macaulay's brilliancy does not dazzle her; she says: "His frequent sacrifice of truth to effect kept me in a questioning attitude."

Helen had the world at her feet. Graham Bell told her of messages on wire, which she said, "mock space and outrun time." Unparalleled privileges were accorded her at the Chicago World's Fair, which she called "a tangible kaleidoscope." Dr. Greer, at his St. Bartholomew's service, read the Scripture slowly that it might be repeated into her hand. Phillips Brooks wrote her from London of the love of God. She grew to be an interrogation point. Analyzing David's words, "He leadeth my soul," she asked, "Has it feet? Can it walk?"

John Hitz, Superintendent of the Volta Bureau at Washington, was Helen's first New-Church teacher. He was aided by Rev. J. E. Werren in getting our faith put into braille. The latter has corresponded with her for ten years and instructed her in Hebrew. She had learned that the bodily eye is only a window to see through, and the earthly ear only a trumpet to hear through, and that she is now a spiritual being with a five-fold equipment like the angels, and that she is handicapped only for this life. She addressed verbally nearly six hundred people at our General Convention gathering in Washington in May, 1919. Her topic was "Swedenborg's Message of Comfort." She says in our *Messenger*, December 31, 1919:

"I met the greatest living friend for the sightless, Sir Arthur Pearson, last spring, and he made my cup of joy overflow by offering to have put into braille any book I wanted. That is how I happen to be able to obtain such long books as 'The True Christian Religion.' I also have 'The Divine Love and Wisdom,' 'The Divine Providence,' 'Intercourse between

the Body and the Soul,' 'The New Jerusalem and Its Heavenly Doctrine.' . . . But I yearn to share my dearest treasures with others. If you ever find a blind person who wants to read any of Swedenborg's works through, will you kindly let me know, so that I may lend him or her some of my books?"

IX

I would rather entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad.
— *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, i, 47.

Early in 1892 Mrs. Henry Nichols invited me to be her guest in a European trip. Our household treasures had been transferred to the other world; we were both left a bit isolated, and were much to each other. We sailed *via* Gibraltar for Genoa, and crossed the continent to the North Sea. She enjoyed Europe, and I enjoyed her. In Italy, she was much occupied with the vivacious, voluble, quick-witted natives — having deference without servility, and ignorance without stolidity. We were interested in the stratification of society in Rome, one party for the Vatican and the Pope, the other for the Quirinal and the King.

At Florence, we were at the pension of Miss Godkin, whose brother was the famous editor of the New York *Evening Post* and the *Nation*. She was the daughter of James Godkin of Ireland, a Presbyterian minister and journalist, and her opinions, like those of her brother, were clear-cut, which pleased Mrs. Nichols. Twice we visited Signor Loreta Scocia, our New-Church translator of Swedenborg's Latin into Italian, continuing this consecrated work during the last twenty-nine years of his life. He and his wife were a child-like, demonstrative, kindly, and eminently social couple, with a charming little Pomeranian dog for a pet, and nightingales in the neighboring trees for music.

Mrs. Nichols, in Venice, as elsewhere, was original and unexpected. She largely ignored *Baedeker*, and we visited art galleries little, rode very much in gondolas during these last three weeks in June, and saw the city a good deal on foot, over bridges, and through back alleys, where mightily interesting little folk clustered around the back doors. St.

Mark's Church was our delight beyond all words. Mrs. Nichols had an eye for color, and from our hotel balcony looking out on the lagoon we watched the boats, picturesque with sails of old gold, old rose, and subdued brown. They grew dim as the shadows deepened; the black gondolas faded from sight, and the gondoliers became shadowy white figures gracefully swaying on the water. Soon, nothing was visible but the lamps in the prow — ruby, emerald, topaz, or white — mysterious floating stars of light.

Mrs. Nichols loved Scotch people, hence she sought out the Church services of the Presbyterian Rev. Alexander Robertson. He gave us this advice: to traverse the Dolomite region before the extinction of stage-coach travel, — and this was our happy experience. Pieve di Cadore is the most beautiful village in the whole world, with its smiling Italian hills on a background of stern Austrian Dolomites, the latter capable, however, of transformation by sunlight into molten silver or ethereal rose tints. Mrs. Nichols loved flowers, and proved a veritable chamois, as we clambered among graceful larches to gather pink lupines, magenta thistles, corn-colored spirea, and spiked orchids.

Mrs. Nichols loved children, and, in the Austrian Tyrol, at Gossensass, we lodged in a quaint old house with a mediæval kitchen, and centuries-old ways of living. And on quitting, she left six sealed envelopes, each containing a coin, to be opened at Christmas by the widowed mother Hirber, and the "*fünf kleine Kinder*," whose names were Alois, Elizabeth, Anna, Heinrich, and Carl.

Mrs. Nichols loved peasants, and we went to Oberammergau for five days. It was an off year for the Passion Play, but we lodged with the Nicodemus of the play, with Pontius Pilate on one side, and Judas Iscariot on the other; and we saw the lad of eighteen who had represented the Apostle John in 1890, whose picture had been on screens all over the world, but who was not self-conscious, nor shy, nor vain.

Having traversed the picturesque Italian, Austrian, and German Tyrols and the Martin Luther country visiting Wartburg Castle, we sailed from Bremen, August 31, 1892. I

Mr. Henry H. Nichols, book publisher

Mrs. Henry H. Nichols, travel-hostess

had learned that my friend loved children, peasants, and flowers.

She had loved the Church since her childhood school days with little James Reed, aged two and a half. The site of the school building is now occupied by the Club of Odd Volumes on Mt. Vernon Street. Mrs. Nichols survived her husband twenty-one years. In her last illness she often told the nurse to open the door, that he and her mother were waiting for her; and many a time during our journey she said, "I am just as much married to my husband as if he were here."

X

"By the street called Straight, he reached the city called Beautiful."

Robert L. Smith (1799–1869) was the White Knight of commerce, who, in settling with creditors, ignored the letter of the law, and observed its spirit. Born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, he early became the lad of affairs. When thirteen years of age, he made his first boyish venture. Backed financially by an uncle, he bought and sold advantageously large quantities of tea in the early part of the War of 1812.

We find him at twenty-five launched on his mercantile career in New York City in partnership with a brother-in-law as importers of India shawls, and Leghorn hats. In 1826 he married Miss Mary Northrup, and their home was always an attractive social centre. Tall in stature, courtly in manner, urbane in spirit, prosperous in affairs, and open-handed as a host, he tasted the sweets of popularity.

Current theology turned the footsteps of his wife and himself in a new direction. Their two dear little children had been called to the other life, when, on a certain Sunday, the religion in which they had been reared presented a startling aspect. They were in their accustomed pew in a famous church on Fifth Avenue, when the clergyman declared in his sermon that hell was paved with the bones of unredeemed infants not a span long. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were sore-hearted over the loss of their little ones, and the enunciation of this dreadful dogma was a cruel blow unconsciously ap-

plied to an open wound. They quitted the Church, never to enter it again.

This incredible doctrine really did exist. Canon Farrar of the Church of England, in his *What Heaven Is,* traces the teaching to a fifty century Church Father who tried to soften it by calling it a *levissama damnatio;* the Protestant Church Council of Dort reaffirmed it in the seventeenth century; the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, fellow and tutor of Harvard, issued from Malden in his *Day of Doom* the same dogma in crude but vivid verse. He died in June, 1705.

Spiritual comfort came to Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Smith through Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell.* They read it with avidity, and accepted its teachings at once. They sealed their faith by receiving baptism in 1831, at the hands of Rev. Charles Doughty — a man strong and resolute, but kindly and conscientious, who had represented the New Church in New York since 1816.

To espouse an unpopular cause for life required tenacity of fibre, unworldliness of soul, and a conviction that knows no turning. The Smiths, who had been socially identified with New York life for many years, were made to feel a heavy loss of prestige upon their openly avowing allegiance to our faith. The woman not infrequently flinches at this point, as social life is at once her special field, and her vulnerable point. But Mrs. Smith was quite her husband's equal in this matter. They received many a sharp chill from many an old friend who felt that they had gone daft, and were wandering astray in an unaccountable manner. The closed door was often their only welcome, but this had no deterrent effect upon their course of action.

Mr. Smith, finding himself, after long years of commercial success, severely straitened financially through generous though unwise endorsement of paper, made a settlement at a fraction on a dollar with his creditors. After this arrangement, a finality as they supposed, he betook himself to California, with, as some one has said, " a very small venture in money, and a very large capital in good and true principles." With 800 passengers, he sailed March 1, 1849, and encountered long delay at the Isthmus. Having been educated

medically, and equipped spiritually, he became an Æsculapius to the sick with his Lilliputian pellets, and a missionary to the sad with his little tracts.

Arrived in San Francisco in June, 1849, he became at once a Midas, turning into gold everything that he touched. With business acumen, he avoided prospecting, but purchased land, and erected buildings which were rented before completion. When terribly destructive fires threatened everything, they veered just before they reached his property — just like the spears in the hands of Penelope's suitors, which were always deflected before they reached Ulysses. But Mr. Smith was by no means a Plutus. He never loved gold for its own sake, nor forgot his dear religion; and very soon after his arrival he erected a neat little chapel for worship in connection with his office (*New Jerusalem Magazine,* vol. xxxvi, p. 25–27, July, 1863).

Robert L. Smith, the White Knight, returned to New York in 1853, and, without a scrap of technical or legal obligation, made good his original business indebtedness to the extent of one hundred cents on a dollar, to the astonishment of his creditors, and in defiance of the letter that killeth.

After long years as treasurer of the General Convention, he was called hence. And we renewed a dear old friendship when the Roxbury Society was enriched by the removal here of his widow, and two daughters—Mrs. John A. Thompson and Mrs. Charlotte Hebbard.

Simon Henry Greene (1799–1885), Rhode Island manufacturer, built a New-Church Chapel on his own grounds after the manner of Robert L. Smith. Greene was a man of affairs, with a capacity for idealism, and a wide sense of justice. Where did he get his moral courage, public spirit, and vocational activity? Observe his great-great-great-grandfather.

*Dr. John Greene (1590–1659), an English surgeon, arrived with his family in 1635 at Salem, Mass. Heresy was in the air; Winthrop tells us that a synod in Cambridge cata-

* *The Greenes of Rhode Island* compiled from Greene *mss.* by Louise Brownell Clarke, N. Y. 1903.

logued "eighty-two opinions, some blasphemous, others erroneous, and all unsafe." Greene shared Roger Williams' views, was arrested, and fined for contempt of court, came "under the ban of outlawry by name, and was forced to submit to interference with, and destruction of, his property." Greene soon followed Williams southward, and they became two of the twelve baptized into the Baptist faith, and formed the first Church in Providence of that name.

From the Narragansett Indian chief, Miantonomu, Dr. Greene purchased a large landed estate in Warwick with a sonorous, six-syllabled name, Occupasuetuxet. The Doctor's grandson, Colonel Christopher Greene (1737–1781) was grandfather to Simon the New Churchman, and lived where the Chapel for worship now stands. He was a brother of Gen. Nathanael Greene, who ranked next to George Washington in military ability. Christopher fought bravely, and received a sword of honor from Congress which I have often seen.

Simon H. Greene, after several adult years in Providence, spent the last fifty years of his life at River Point, eleven miles southward. I introduce the reader to some characteristic hospitality.

A Rhode Island clam-bake, originating with the Wampanoag Indians under Chief Massasoit, and perfected by nineteenth century civilization, was given Tuesday, August 20, 1867. Large oval-shaped stones, pointing downwards, were half sunken in the ground, and were heated to a high pitch by a wood fire on top. Ashes and embers were swept off, and a layer of wet seaweed spread over the heated stones, and on these were placed clams in the shell, corn in the husk, fish in cloth wrappings, and other edibles. Successive layers of edibles were surmounted with more wet seaweed, and the whole covered with heavy sailcloth to keep in the steam. In forty-five minutes a feast was ready fit for Mount Olympus. After this banquet came a little address by the Rev. Abiel Silver, happy verses by the Rev. John Westall, the use of croquet and swing for the children, and dancing by the young people to the music of harp, violin and cornet. Three hundred New Churchmen had come down in the boat

What Cheer to this Halsey Farm, from Providence, Pawtucket, Elmwood, River Point, Mansfield, Bristol, Fall River and Foxboro (See *New-Church Messenger*, September 4, 1867).

Rev. Abiel Silver, on his last visit at River Point in 1880, filled the Greene Chapel pulpit for a month. The building held seventy-five. Mr. Greene's descendants furnished the choir, Miss Susan Greene directing it with oratorio voice and kindling spirit. Three of his sons, Henry, William, and Christopher, were in River Point, gradually lightening his Church and business cares, the former often reading service. The factory was devoid of strikes, because of good feeling between them and their hundreds of employees.

Simon Greene's ancestors loved and aided the Colonies and the Republic that grew out of them; therefore, after death, they would love the Lord's kingdom as their country. Simon himself administered righteously over his operatives; therefore, he would be made ruler in a larger sense hereafter.

XI

Life is somehow becoming to her.
— Henry James in *The Other House.*

We have met Mrs. Margaretta Lammot du Pont of *Nemours* — wife, mother, and beneficent friend of the Church; we will now meet her as Lady Alfred du Pont of *Goodstay*, her later home nearer Wilmington. I learned from her own lips the ancestral story of her husband; therefore I will present his grandparents.

Enter with me the spacious *Goodstay* drawing-room, and observe the pedestal surmounted by a life-size bust of Chevalier Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours, in peruke, lace ruffles, and embroidered waistcoat; on his shoulders rests a fur-lined mantle; from a broad ribbon encircling his neck depends a medal of the Polish order of Vasa; over his countenance spreads an expression of genial urbanity. Another bust depicts his wife whose sweeping name it is a pleasure to rehearse — Madame Nichol Charlotte Marie Louise Le Dée Rencourt du Pont de Nemours. Picture to yourself her lofty coiffure after the manner of the Bourbon Court, her hair drawn upward from the forehead over a cushion, and adorned with feather tips, elaborate with curls and puffs, looped with strings of pearls. A long tapering spray bearing twelve roses, and terminating in buds, rests gracefully on the neck of this grande dame. She never saw America; but her husband, who had drunk in liberty from the lips of Franklin and Jefferson in France, enjoyed briefly the United States, until his death in 1817.

Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours of Paris, born in 1739, was appointed in 1774 assistant to Turgot, the Controller-

General of finance. Carlyle tells us that, in 1787, at the royal summoning of the Chamber of Notables, du Pont de Nemours was chosen secretary in preference to Mirabeau who coveted the office, and "glared with flashing sun-glance."

In 1793 Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette lost their heads, the party of the Girondists fell from power, and du Pont was imprisoned and marked for death. He escaped the guillotine through the blunder of an official. The turnkey carried the list of names in his hand, and marked with chalk the outer doors of tomorrow's *Tournée* (batch of victims for the guillotine). The door of Mr. du Pont's cell, as his granddaughter described it to me, revolved on a swivel in the center; and, when marked, was wrong side out. On being closed for the night, the terribly ominous inscription was on the inner side; and when, in 1794, the head of Robespierre fell, the head of du Pont was saved. He had long since married the lady with the stately costume — Mademoiselle Nichol Charlotte Marie Louise Le Dée de Rencourt.

And now a beautiful young girl comes into the story — Gabrielle Josephine de la Fite de Pelleport, the daughter of a Marquis. And she became an orphan at twelve, and Ursuline and Benedictine Abbayes were not safe places in these troublous times; and for six years she came under the care of Marie Antoinette. And Gabrielle lived at Court, and practiced with her Majesty the art of *tapisserie* (needlework), which she called a *joli ouvrage*. And I have seen at *Goodstay* a piece of embroidery — roses in colors on white satin — which was made by the Queen herself, and presented to Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Pelleport.

And then the King and Queen went to the guillotine; and, in this frightful year 1793, Chevalier du Pont's elder son found the hapless Gabrielle; and she called him "*le beau Victor*," and they married the next year, and came to live at Bergen Point, New Jersey, where, under his own roof, he entertained Joseph Bonaparte, and he furnished the ship in which Jerome Bonaparte and his wife, Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, sailed for Europe in 1805. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor du Pont was Rear-Admiral Samuel Francis du Pont of the United States Navy, for whom Dupont Circle in

Washington is named. He was a man of great courtliness, and his home a treasure house of rare curios.

But the younger son, Eleuthère Irenée, born to Chevalier du Pont in 1771, especially claims our attention, as the father-in-law of Mrs. Alfred du Pont. In the year 1791, at the age of twenty he married a French Protestant demoiselle of sixteen, named Sophie Madeleine Dalmas, who was capable of romantic fortitude, quick resource, and fine energy, representing power in her personal influence.

Disguised as a French peasant clad in blue, carrying her little daughter, Victorine Elizabeth, a year old, on one arm, and a basket of provisions on the other, she mysteriously obtained entrance to her husband and to her father-in-law in prison, bringing them loving aliment for the soul, and nutritious aliment for the body. I have seen a copy of her picture in this guise painted by the fashionable artist, Jean Baptiste Isabey.

Finally, untoward French conditions and alluring American ideals led to the exodus of the liberty-loving du Ponts. They landed after a tempestuous sailing voyage of three months at Newport, Rhode Island, on January the first, 1800. Observing the poor quality of the American powder, they established in 1802 manufactories for producing that explosive on the banks of the Brandywine River near Wilmington, Delaware. Eleuthère Irenée, head of the younger branch of the family, had the French instinct for affairs, and became widely known as "E. I. du Pont."

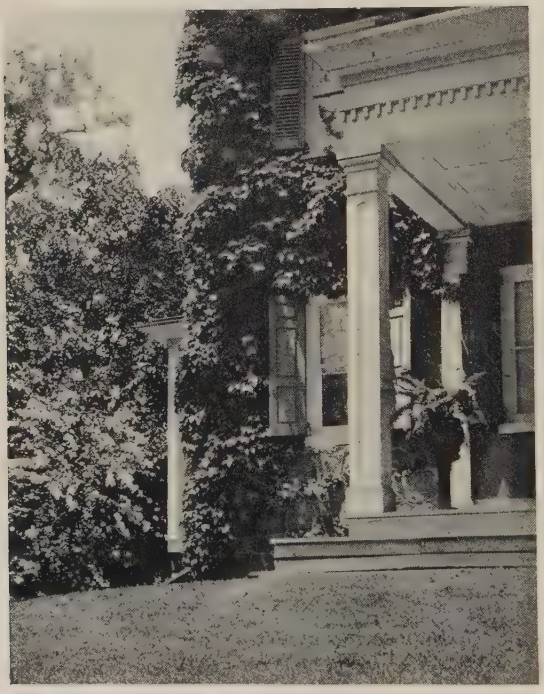
Irenée's son Alfred married, in 1824, Margaretta Lammot. He was called to the other life in 1856; and she wore the widow's cap during the forty-seven years that she survived him. She was tall, with fine dark eyes. Her character was one of much dignity, and her manners expressed reserve.

Sorrow found entrance into *Goodstay* at the sudden departure of Mrs. du Pont's son Lammot to the higher life. She writes me of the accident:

"Indeed, you cannot imagine what a crushing blow it is to us all. . . . It is all over, I am resigned, and cannot question the mysterious Providence. . . . Do come, dear, and cheer us up. Best love to your mother, I think of her

Glimpse of garden and rear of house at "Goodstay" last home of Mrs. Alfred du Pont at Wilmington, Delaware

Mrs. Margaretta Lammot du Pont



A corner of the front porch of "Goodstay"

often, wishing we could meet, but that will be for the next world."

In order to give a fitting environment to Mrs. du Pont's daughter Paulina, I have postponed the description of *Goodstay*. Picture to yourself a spacious stone house surrounded by about forty acres; partly pastoral, appealing to the love of rural life; partly aesthetic, with pink tamarisks, Japanese snowballs, Oriental Ginkgo tree, and Camperdown elm; and with a multitude of home-loving flowers.

For eleven years Paulina continued admirably the traditions of the family regarding hospitality and Church devotion. Her maids, when disabled, had special reason to call her blessed. She had the du Pont ambition to excel, and played games spiritedly. She was accomplished in embroidery, and her fine needlework reminded us that the spiritual raiment of this King's Daughter was of wrought gold. Her goodness was not shallow *appliqué*, but was interwoven through and through the conduct of life. She was one of those who do a multitude of kind things known only to the recipient, and to the recording angel.

Mrs. Henry Thompson (Louisa Barnard) was a belle in her youth, and a lady of great personal beauty which she retained through the years; but the spirit that played over her mobile face was more beautiful still. She possessed to an exceptional degree the social graces without their limitations. She lived among people who place distinct value on amenities of demeanor; and she deserved entrance to any European Court because of her high-bred courtesy. And it was a moral triumph that she was able to exercise gracious tact without compromising anything genuine.

I am reminded of a sermon once presented by Rev. Phillips Brooks on the subject of untruthfulness. He did not speak of the broad lies of which the world accuses the bad boy; but expatiated on the indirect, sinuous lie of drawing-room life: the insincere manner, the false welcome, the purely conventional phrase, the disingenuous compliment. No one ever needed that sermon less than Mrs. Thompson.

Proud of her husband, and devoted to her six children, I

recall the christening of one of them under her own roof. She stood unconscious of all else, bearing on her face the rapt expression of a saint, absorbed in the holy solemnity of the occasion.

She was indulgent up to a certain point with her grandchildren. In their country home, the little naturalist used to put soft shell crabs in the washbowl, and hard shell crabs in the bathtub, and green worms under glass on the sideboard; the little folk might go barefoot by day; but at the well-appointed dinner table at night they must be little gentlemen, properly clad; they might come for a simple dessert for the sake of their table manners; and then, as the youngest goes off to bed, he kisses his hand to the portrait of the absent grandpapa, and says, Good night.

The very words that fell habitually from Mrs. Thompson's lips exercised toward each other her unvarying courtesy. They showed consideration, by giving each other room; they did not, after the modern manner, come tumbling precipitately out of her mouth, clipping off each other's tails on the way. A certain tranquil leisure was observed by the very letters in the words which themselves received courteous enunciation; her whole language was well-bred. And yet the politeness of the words and of their constituent letters was, like her elegance of manner, a part of her real self.

The early married life of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thompson was spent in New York, and they were my father's parishioners. Their dining-room table was always extended as an invitation to hospitality; and so frequently were we there, that I used to say that the portable Silver family lived on wheels. A certain occasion gave Mrs. Thompson a test for quick wit. She had had a goodly company there, and she invited them all to come again to dinner on a fixed date. They decided secretly among themselves to surprise her by coming as a Dickens party, each choosing a character from *David Copperfield*, and appearing in appropriate costume. The hostess was fully equal to the occasion, knew her Dickens quite as well as they, and, during the entire evening, addressed each according to his or her own proper character.

She was born in South Carolina, and was glad to meet

Mr. Henry G. Thompson

Mrs. Henry G. Thompson

here a Charleston school friend — Mrs. Cornelius T. Dunham — who was herself like a beautiful benediction to the Roxbury Society. Mrs. Thompson had at the south warm friends, and those dear of kin. One day during the Civil War some one said under her own roof that Charleston ought to be razed to the ground and sowed with salt. Her amiability and self-command were equal to the occasion. As soon as the speaker had gone, she brought out a little photograph album containing counterfeit presentments of many valued friends engaged on the Confederate side; and, pointing to one, she said with a gleam of fun in her eyes:

"O Ednah, this is the loveliest rebel, the very loveliest rebel that you ever saw!"

Come with me in the year 1884 to the Thompsons' country home with its sixty acres of pleasure grounds at Milford, Connecticut, near New Haven. The only other guest is Mr. Henry Barnard, a septuagenarian. He is kinsman of our hostess, and a warm educational co-worker of Horace Mann. Some of his works on juvenile education are of international value. He has crossed the ocean fourteen times. On his first voyage, fifty years earlier, he, a quite young man, carried letters of introduction, which soon became superfluous, as he passed from one English home to another, unconsciously recommending himself. He was already familiar with every line of Wordsworth, and enjoyed many a walk with the poet in the charming Lake country. He was a guest of Thomas Carlyle, and liked that invigorating Scotch talker. His life in London was a series of dinner parties where each man present, like the Duke of Argyle, was known beyond the border of his own land. Crossing to France, Mr. Barnard, in the day of Louis Philippe, met Guizot, and especially Thiers. Imagine the pleasure of a visit in a country house three miles from a postoffice, where leisure abounded as in Milford, where we might listen to the excellent talk of a man like Mr. Henry Barnard; a man worthy of his delightful niece, the hostess.

I will close by relating a bit of psychological experience. A friend once said that she had heard the theory that two people make one, but that she never saw three people that

make one until she saw the Silver family. This statement was elucidated unconsciously on a certain evening. We, the three Silvers, were sitting in our parlor, while the wind moaned, and howled, and whistled, outside. We were pretty much talked out, when I suggested that we all remain in perfect silence for five minutes, during which time we should each select, from among any or all the people we knew in the world, the person whom we would prefer to see entering our parlor.

And we all selected Mrs. Henry Thompson.

Anna La Motte, my *fidus Achates,* and I agree upon our formula of comparative values:

"The very inmost place in the heart is for the Lord alone."

The inner shrine is for marriage.

The court just without is for friends, many and varied."

But there is reserve even in the outer court. Only momentarily do I get glimpses of her hidden reservoirs of feeling. Let the reader therefore imagine her rich, highly endowed nature, and our half-century of friendship.

Mrs. Joseph Kennedy Smyth is preceded by her sisters.

Louisa Ogden (Mrs. William Turner), disciplined by the transition to another life of all her home treasures, writes New-Church books of earnest conviction.

Matilda Ogden (Mrs. William A. Wellman) at her marriage takes to her heart her husband's six motherless children, and adds four more. And when on one of my visits, several of the eight fine lads rush in at the front door like King Boreas himself, and play parlor games with terrific strenuosity, she is as tranquil as an Indian summer, saying, "Ednah, I love boys, and I have no nerves."

Anna Cora Ogden (Mrs. James Mowatt) enters a public dramatic life with her husband's approval, and, with the sincere desire to elevate the stage, she never lowers her standard. She loves her Smyth nephews, and I recall her asking them, "*Qui est l'ange de la maison?*" And the smallest golden-haired cherub replies with childish grace, "*C'est moi.*"

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, actress and author of the play "Fashion," first presented in 1845, revived in 1917

Mrs. Julia Ogden Smyth

Mrs. Lucy Lazelle Hobart Cutler

Mary Ogden (Mrs. Cephas G. Thompson), like Matilda and Anna, was born near Bordeaux, France, where, from 1814 to 1825, their father, Mr. Gouveneur Ogden, had a beautiful estate of thirty acres, all vineyards, orchards, gardens, and pets. Mary marries an artist, enjoys the beautiful visions belonging to her husband's vocation, and supplements them by solid practical achievements.

(i) Julia Ogden, a little histrionic maiden under four, helps to celebrate her father's fifty-third birthday in the *Ravenswood* drawing-room at Astoria, Long Island, opposite New York. She recites the prologue of a drama, *Alzire,* and the Spanish and Moorish players must look out for their laurels. When the curtain fails to descend promptly, she tactfully helps out the situation by repeating the last line as she curtsies and kisses her hand to the applause, backing off the stage.

(ii) Julia is a bride of seventeen, standing at the altar of Grace Church, New York, as the marriage blessing descends upon her head and that of her New-Church husband, Mr. Joseph Kennedy Smyth, to whom she is romantically attached.

(iii) She is hostess in their spacious home, *Boscobel,* in the extreme northern part of Manhattan Island. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and family are guests of honor in the large assemblage. The hero of Appomattox is taciturn by nature, and is saved from current small talk by the tactful hostess. In a large upper room, built for dramatics, she presents a play wherein a susceptible young man during his country visit meets successively four sisters; and Mrs. Smyth represents with consummate success each of the four strongly contrasting maidens. Gen. Grant reciprocates. The visit being prolonged by previous arrangement, he enters spiritedly the next morning into eight-handed croquet, a game wholly unknown to him; and he suffers defeat in a soldierly manner.

(iv) Heaven sends Mrs. Smyth eleven children, and she might well represent the most devoted "Mother-love" in Maeterlinck's *Bluebird.* Observe her in October, 1867, playing anagrams, wherein she cleverly eclipses us all. Her youngest little golden-haired boy is included in the game;

and as he spells out his g-o, go, and his t-o, to, his fond mother pats him on the head and calls him her brave little man.

(v) She is loyalty itself to the Church. However appreciatively she enters into social life in Paris during their eight years there; however gifted and accomplished in her interchange of amenities during her leisurely, opulent life; however alluring the world; her darling wish is this, that one of her eight sons may be a New-Church clergyman; and the Rev. Julian K. Smyth more than satisfies her mother's heart. You should read her rapturous letter that lies before me. I put her and Mrs. Cutler side by side as noble types of rare and gracious women.

X

VIRGINIA AND THE NEW CHURCH

"The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia;
Nor quite so filled with happy song,
As in Virginia;
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close to the Blue Ridge Mountains high
Down in Virginia."

THE FAIRFAXES OF VIRGINIA

The baronetcy of Cameron dates back to 1627, and was created in the Scottish peerage for the Fairfaxes by King Charles I. Readers should remember that there were in Virginia two New-Church titled Fairfaxes of the same name:

Lord Thomas Fairfax, sixth baron of Cameron, bachelor, living at *Greenway Court,* an estate twelve miles from Winchester.

Lord Thomas Fairfax, ninth baron of Cameron, benedict, living at *Vaucluse,* an estate eight miles from Washington.

The earlier Lord Thomas Fairfax (1692–1781) was reared in his ancestral home in Leeds Castle, Kent, which was built in feudal times with eight solid towers, and a dark, grim donjon. He lived under good Queen Anne, graduated at Oxford, took a commission in a crack regiment, "The Blues," wrote for the *Spectator,* was intimate with Steele, and a good friend of Addison. One day, after carriages, trousseaux, and jewels had been ordered for Fairfax's marriage to a lady of rank and beauty, she suddenly broke the engagement. Lately, his musty marriage contract made ready for signature and

seals, has been found in Virginia. The lady's name is carefully effaced, but his remains, in grim defiance of fate.

Lord Fairfax sailed in 1746 for the American Colonies to look after his 5,700,000 acres lying on both sides of the Blue Ridge inherited from his maternal grandfather, Lord Colepepper (or Culpepper).* He soon discovered the mathematical talent of George Washington, aged sixteen, and he employed him and another lad to survey his estate. With red-skins for their guides they were to reconnoiter regions haunted by bears, lurking panthers, elk and deer, and they were to fill their slender purses with Fairfax silver, each receiving "a doubloon, and sometimes six pistoles (about twenty dollars) a day" (see Washington's *Diary*).

Lord Fairfax never erected his grand manor-house, but spent his life at *Greenway Court* near Winchester in his limestone hunting lodge, having a pillared veranda its entire length, and wooden belfries above with vibrant tongues to sound an alarm against raids by savages. Within were racks for guns and shelves for fine old books. Here the abstemious host dispensed good cheer lavishly and reaching outside, helped the backwoodsmen to adjust boundaries, and give quittances.

We recall in Thackeray's *Virginians* that at Lord Castlewood's funeral my Lord Fairfax followed immediately after the mourners; and that Lady Castlewood ordained that "Lord Fairfax was the only gentleman in the colony of Virginia to whom she would allow precedence over her."

Fairfax was grieved when Washington, whom he had trained and moulded, became a rebel. And when he heard of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, his poor old Tory heart was broken.

"Take me to my bed," he said, turning to Joe, his faithful black body-servant, "it is time for me to die."

Lord Fairfax, an excellent Latin scholar, owned a copy of Swedenborg's *Principia* of 1746, the folio of which, with

* I am pleasantly indebted to Moncure D. Conway, himself a Virginian, who writes pictorially and with scholarly knowledge in his *Barons of the Potomac and Rappahannock:* The Grolier Club, N. Y., 290 pp. 1892. Also to *Scribner's Monthly* of 1879, vol. xviii, pp. 715–728, containing *My Lord Fairfax of Virginia* by Constance Cary Harrison, his distant kinsman.

the Fairfax inscription, the Rev. Frank Sewall has seen (London *New-Church Young People's Magazine*, vol. vi, p. 65, New Series, 1910). It is known that his Lordship possessed himself of some of the theological works of Swedenborg, and quietly distributed them. M. D. Conway, after extensive exploration of facts and traditions, declares that "Lord Fairfax had the distinction of being the earliest Swedenborgian in America." This is true, as he did precede James Glen, although he did not, like him, make public, advertised proclamation of the Writings to hearers in a hall.

In 1912 I was a guest near Bluemont, Virginia, in the family of the late Charles G. Smith, a New Churchman who had enriched during his long life the Societies at Chicago, Urbana and Washington; and I found that his estate of 116 acres on the Blue Ridge was a part of the old Fairfax property; and the family told me that Swedenborg's works are still found scattered among the mountain farms.

Lord Fairfax was a great land-magnate, with early luxurious training, but he kept his poise. We read that "his own wants were few and his habits almost ascetic." There is much in the Fairfaxes which made them intense in their convictions and loyal to their interpretation of right. It is embodied in the noble old motto of the family:

Mon Dieu je serverai tant que je vivrai.

(I will serve my God as long as I live.)

After the death of Lord Fairfax, sixth baron, the Cameron coronet crossed the Atlantic to his brother Robert at Leeds Castle, making him seventh baron, returning later to rest, near the end of his life on the brow of Rector Bryan Fairfax, eighth baron, father of the second New-Church Thomas Fairfax. Bryan's sister, Anne Fairfax, married George Washington's older brother Lawrence, and the families were intimate. The Father of his Country loved all the Fairfaxes, even the Tory of *Greenway Court*, and the Tory Bryan. The latter was reared on the opulent estate, Belvoir-on-the-Potomac, opposite Mt. Vernon; and he went wooing Elizabeth Cary in her opulent home at Ceelys-on-the-James; and he took her as a bride to his opulent new home, Towlsten-on-the-Potomac. She is described as sitting in "a highbacked, harp-shaped

tapestry chair in a mouse-colored brocade dress, with ruffles and pigeon-bertha of finest Mechlin lace." And her culinary skill was equal to her social charm.

When fifty-two, Bryan Fairfax took Holy Orders and became Rector of the quaint Christ Church, Alexandria, where we love to visit, to see George Washington's pew, to go over the cobble stones, apparently not relaid in a hundred years on Cameron Street, to see the old Fairfax rectory with its carved woodwork, window panes of curious patterns, and brick-walled garden of roses. Bishop William Meade (1789–1862) in his book, *Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia*, says:

"I take pleasure in recording the proofs of genuine piety in Reverend Bryan Fairfax," and he testifies to his sweetness and dignity when endeavoring to dissuade Washington from war with England.

All Rector Bryan Fairfax's children became strong New Churchmen except the short-lived Sally, who remained, I infer, an unwavering Churchman. She was a quaint, precocious child, and considered herself "especial regulator of her big brother Tommy." And when he went to London with his father, she wrote the latter:

"Honor'd Sir, give my love to my Brother, I hope he will acquire the polite assurance and affable chearfulness of a gentleman.

Your truly and most unaffectedly dutifull Daughter, S. Fairfax."

Washington, from his towering height, looked down appreciatively on the fascinating Sally. Here is a sketch of her by Mrs. Burton Harrison's pictorial pen (in *A Little Centennial Maiden*) as she looked at Washington's birthday ball, in 1776, he forty-four, she seventeen:

"Sally wore a dress of white patnet over white satin, the patnet trimmed with a vine of rose-colored satin leaves, a pink rose in her hair with one white ostrich plume. She was very beautiful that night, and in high spirts, General Washington devoting himself to her especially, and leading off in a minuet with her, when they were the observed of all observers."

Lord Thomas Fairfax, ninth baron of Cameron, and son of Rector Bryan Fairfax, is thus described by Mrs. Burton Harrison of New York and Bar Harbor in her *Recollections Grave and Gay,* pp. 389, 303:

"Grandpapa was a devout Swedenborgian and had his children baptized in that faith, some of them being subsequently rechristened in the Episcopal Church by their own desire."

And again:

"He was in religion an advanced Swedenborgian; and, one of the first Virginia gentlemen to do so, liberated all the slaves belonging to his patrimonial estate and established them in various trades."

Thomas Fairfax developed marked individuality. Observe his success, in spite of heredity and environment. Cradled in Toryism, he became a staunch American patriot; waited upon by bond servants, he became a distinct opponent of slavery; bearing an old name many times graced with heraldic honors, he became democratically indifferent to titles of nobility; sung to sleep by maternal lullabies issuing from Episcopalian lips, he became a tenacious New Churchman.

George Washington, on December 11, 1796, says of the beautiful *Belvoir* estate in full view across the Potomac from Mt. Vernon:

"At present it belongs to Thomas Fairfax, son of Bryan Fairfax, the gentleman who, as I say, will not take on himself the title of Baron of Cameron." The Cameron coronet became buried in oblivion for more than a century, but was resuscitated in 1908 by an act of Parliament, and reappeared on the head of Thomas's English great-grandson, Albert Kirby Fairfax (twelfth baron of Cameron), who has been a guest in Boston drawing-rooms I am told.

Thomas Fairfax of Alexandria was one of the first New Churchmen in that region in 1790 according to the *New-Church Messenger,* vol. xlvii, p. 187. Daniel Lammot named his eldest son for Thomas's New-Church brother, Ferdinand. Wilson M. C. Fairfax was the son of Ferdinand; and Neill, a writer on Virginia, tells us that Wilson served in 1840,

1841, on a surveying expedition under the Board of United States Commissioners. At the institution of the Society of the New Jerusalem at Washington, April 12, 1846, among the nine members who signed the constitution were Nathaniel C. Towle, Eunice Makepeace Towle, his wife, and Wilson M. C. Fairfax (*New-Church Messenger*, Jan. 22, 1892, vol. lxii, p. 402).

Rector Bryan Fairfax, through his second marriage became father of Anne, who, as Mrs. Charles J. Catlett passed to the other life December 28, 1849. *The Medium*, vol. ii, p. 272, gives a long tribute: public New-Church worship was "the chosen resort of her spirit, and she breathed an atmosphere suited to the respiration of her inmost life." As a wife she was above all praise, and children bear testimony to her self-sacrificing love.

THE CARTERS OF VIRGINIA

"King Carter" at *Corotoman* on the Rappahannock was the first income collector on the 5,700,000 Culpepper-Fairfax acres. This principality, largely a piece of royal favoritism, whose owners were sometimes non-resident, was wholly tilled by the colonists; its income seemed an example of unearned increment, and Culpepper might have been haunted by the ghost of Henry George, if that political economist had lived earlier. "King Carter," as income-collector, shared the opprobrium. Bishop Meade, although giving some admirable moralizing in his *Old Churches*, vol. i, p. 32, on "the needlessness of great landed and other possessions," defends Carter on pp. 113, 114, saying that he, personally, was "not oppressive or overbearing."

Councillor Robert Carter, grandson of "King Carter," retained the family home, *Nomony Hall*, on the *Corotoman* estate in the Tide Water region of eastern Virginia. He was independent in spirit, and frank in speech. Conway records Carter's reception of Swedenborg's Writings, declaring in the *Open Court* of September, 1889, that he knew of the New Church in 1778. But the Rev. W. H. Hinkley points to original papers by Col. Carter, published subsequently, which

have much historical value, and establish the fact that he became acquainted with the doctrines in 1790, by means of a small work, the "Treatise on Influx," sent from Baltimore to one of his neighbors. (See *New-Church Messenger*, May 6, 1891, vol. lx, p. 281; also, for Carter's death in 1804, vol. lxii, p. 251.) Bishop Meade in his own work, page 111, says regarding Carter:

"Early in life his disposition was marked by a tendency to wit and humour. Afterwards he was the grave Councillor, and always the generous philanthropist. At a later day he became scrupulous as to the holding of slaves, and manumitted great numbers. The subject of religion then engrossed his thoughts. . . . After a time he embraced the theory of Swedenborg. . . . All the while he was a most benevolent and amiable man."

Councillor Robert Carter opened up a correspondence on July 17, 1792, with Rector Bryan Fairfax of Christ Church in Alexandria, three of whose children, Thomas, Ferdinand, and Ann, became New Churchmen. The Rector had already known Swedenborg, and received gladly the Carter gift of the first volume of the Francis Bailey edition of the *True Christian Religion*, and other works. Carter's *Diary* presents their extensive interchange of letters, and the Rector's intensely interesting theological views. For fourteen years previously he had been studying certain doctrines. Regarding Swedenborg's statements, he "heartily adopts" some points, seriously questions others, endeavors to analyze widely, never accepts them as a whole. And throughout he shows conscientious regard for the Scriptures, and an earnest desire to be led aright. (See extensive extracts from Carter's *Diary* in article by Rev. John Whitehead in *New-Church Messenger*, June 13, 1917.)

Let me lead you down the Carter genealogical path. (i) "King Carter," (ii) John Carter, (iii) John Carter of *Ludley*, (iv) Edward Carter of Cleveland, (v) John Hill Carter of *Faulkland*, (vi) Charles Shirley Carter married Lucy Meade Hite, (vii) Miss Jane Loughborough Carter, a New-Church lady and a niece of Rev. Lewis F. Hite, was in 1918 matron in the Urbana University.

THE CABELLS OF VIRGINIA

Go with me on a December Sunday in 1903, and witness a scene worthy the brush of an Old Master. Let us enter the beautiful little blue granite Church of the New Jerusalem at Wilmington, Delaware. The central stone arch enclosing the chancel is the frame of the picture. Within it is the tall courtly figure of the Rev. Phillip Barraud Cabell. His patrician head, touched with the silver of his sixty-seven years, is bent over his manuscript, as rain clouds tone down to a duller tint the dim religious light through leaded windows. Over against the suppressing effect of the sky from without is a radiance not of this world. The clergyman's strikingly fine countenance is illumined by the spirit from within, as he presents his Master's message. He is nearing the other world as he gives his last Christmas sermon.

He points out the pagan festivals of the past which only throw into high relief the beautiful Christian observances associated with the Holy Child, and His subsequent glorified life. The Divine Humanity of our Lord and His vivifying redemptive work are forcibly set forth on that morning as Mr. Cabell leads us on and upward to the celestial heaven of the highest angels. I never saw him again, but I have never forgotten that he opened to the eye of our souls a glimpse of the supernal glory above.

I have sketched Mr. Cabell's saintly picture in an ecclesiastical setting. Let us now, in May, 1917, see *Edgewood*, his early married home at Warminster, Nelson County, Virginia, situated on the winding James river with its richly wooded banks. As we approach the house we traverse a level lawn shaded by locusts and maples which, conscious of their minor stature, pay tribute to the gigantic oaks majestically dominating the scene. Feathered songsters warble us a welcome, and among them we detect the oriole, the crested wren, and the robin.

The Cabell mansion is of wood of a pale indefinite yellow tint with slatted or Venetian blinds. It is set on a high brick foundation punctured with frequent windows which amply light the seventeen compartments of the spacious cellar. The

central part was built about 1808 by a grand-uncle, Senator Joseph Carrington Cabell (1778–1856), an ardent worker for the University of Virginia, a visitor to institutions of learning at Milan, Padua, Rome, Naples, Leyden, Oxford and Cambridge, a guest of Pestalozzi, and a student of Cuvier at Paris.

We will now return to *Edgewood*. The central two-story division of the house is flanked by short wings about eighteen feet square. Adjoining these lateral wings are long transverse wings two stories high, running at right angles with the front of the house. Before us is the eastern porch, twenty by ten feet, and on it stands our hostess, Mrs. Philip Cabell, as we are driven up behind her mules, white Kate, and brown Beck. She says,

"Miss Ednah, a warm welcome! You will find a Damascus rose awaiting you in your room. I placed it there for you. And," she continued, as we entered the great hall, or living-room, "there your father stood when he baptized my little two-year-old son, Joseph Hartwell, during his missionary visit in December, 1865."

This central hall, about nineteen by twenty-five feet is bisected by a three-arched screen of fluted hand-carved woodwork, through, and over which, we see the opposite wall, and the central door opening into a duplicate pillared porch on the west. An arched door on the left leads us, called by the most musical of Japanese gongs, into the dining-room rich in the famous Virginia good cheer. An arched door on the right of the hall leads into the music room, seventeen feet square, where Madame stands before her foreign harp of satinwood with a bit of beautiful inlaid work in rosewood. The instrument is crowned by angels in low relief with harps in their hands. Just below, in high relief, are other angels — coroneted and winged — carrying wreaths. At the base are spirited angels in the act of flight bearing their harps aloft. The instrument was, in Bible phrase, "a pleasant harp" to Rev. Philip Cabell, as his wife soothed his last weeks of illness. We greatly enjoyed her rendering of Hausselman's *Lullaby Song*, where sweeping arpeggios across the strings by the left hand represent the rocking of the cradle which grows

slower and softer as the baby falls asleep to the mother's song rendered by the right, after which the singer gently steals away. Next comes *The Russian Exile's Lament* full of the sorrow of homesickness, followed by the gay and merry *Humoresque* of Dvořák. Her height and erectness as she stands before the harp remind us of her ancestress.

The bronze-colored Princess Matoaca of Werowocomoco, otherwise known as Pocahontas, was married in 1613, at the little Episcopal Church at Jamestown, to John Rolfe. He obtained Gov. Dole's consent, by saying that she was one "to whom my heartie and best thoughts are and have been a long time intangled and enthralled in so intricate a laborinth that I was even a wearied to unwind myself thereout."

Thomas Rolfe, son of John and Pocahontas, married Jane Poythress, and their daughter Jane married Col. Bolling of *Bolling Hall* near Bradford, England. The unbroken line of Bollings brings us down to the ninth generation, Julia C. Bolling, who, at *Bolling Hall* on the James in Virginia married, in 1861, Philip Barraud Cabell. His wedding gift to her was a spray of roses and buds in pearls, and a wealth of noble personal qualities.

THE CAMPBELLS OF VIRGINIA

Let us visit *Liberty Hall* where a Campbell will come for his bride. This mansion, near *Edgewood*, is on a part of the "26,000 acres of picked land" handed down from the English emigrant, Dr. William Cabell. (See *The Cabells and Their Kin*, 641 pp., Houghton Mifflin Co., 1895.) *Liberty Hall* was spacious, and tree-embowered, with a pillared semicircular porch, surrounded by acres which had been in the family 150 years.

Here lived Nathanael Francis Cabell, a Harvard Law School graduate, enjoying his library of more than 3,000 volumes, and eagerly accepting Noble's *Appeal* as "a pure and living stream." At twenty-four he married Anne, daughter of Brig.-Gen. John Hartwell Cocke of the War of 1812, who lived at *Bremo*, Fluvanna Co., on the James, on an estate of imperial acres still retained in the family.

Mr. Cabell was of commanding stature, with a patrician bearing, and a certain reserve which fenced off intrusion, although *Liberty Hall* was graciously hospitable to guests, especially New-Church missionaries, as Revs. Frank Sewall, Willard H. Hinkley, Abiel Silver, and Richard de Charms could testify. From the latter, Mr. and Mrs. Cabell, and their little son, Philip Barraud Cabell, received the sacrament of baptism. I have met Mr. and Mrs. Cabell during their visits to the Lammots. I looked up to his wisdom, was awed by his personality, and loved his wife.

A little before Mrs. Nathanael Francis Cabell's departure to a higher life, heaven sent her a little daughter, Frances Grace, who was educated at the famous *Edgehill* school near *Monticello*, founded by the Randolph granddaughters of Thomas Jefferson. As Miss Cabell will add Campbell to her name, we will follow that family; and as all roads lead to Rome, so many a New-Church Virginia line leads back to a Cabell.

Dr. John Jordan Cabell, before the year 1790, made a discovery, recorded in the *New-Church Messenger* for February 17, 1904.

"In passing one day an auction shop, where at the moment was being sold a small table with a book upon it, the doctor made a bid, 'Twenty-five cents!' and hurried on. . . . The book proved to be a copy of '*Heaven and Hell.*' Struck by the title, then strange to him, he at once began to read, and became so absorbed that it was daylight in the morning before he retired to rest. To his wife's repeated remonstrances during the night, he would say: 'This is what I have been looking for all my life. I cannot sleep yet.'"

Dr. Cabell's daughter Judith married Richard K. Krallé, identified with the New Church in Baltimore; and the Doctor's granddaughter, Mary Krallé, married Nathanael Campbell (1824–1867), a brilliant lawyer, and a member of the New York Society under Rev. Abiel Silver. The latter christened Nathanael's young son, Richard Kenna.

Richard Kenna Campbell, whose family had been identified with Virginia a hundred years, carried away Frances Grace Cabell from *Liberty Hall* as his bride. As a lawyer he was

appointed by President Roosevelt as member of a commission for investigation and reform of the immigration service. Out of it grew a distinct bureau, which the press has called the fountain head of a new citizenship, with Mr. Campbell as Commissioner of Naturalization, a position he still holds (1920). We, at the Philadelphia New-Church Convention in 1917 recall his admirable address on *The Soul of America*, which, with a high ideal outlook appealed to us concretely to use our consciences in choosing financial securities. Mr. Campbell's son, Lieut. Philip Barraud Campbell, is the fifth New Church generation from Dr. John Jordan Cabell.

THE EARLYS OF VIRGINIA

The Earlys are descended from the Irish on the Isle of Saints in the ancient pentarchate of Ulster. Their story is warlike, fiery, tumultuous; did you ever know an Irish story that was dull? The Gaelic title of this Ulster clan was O'Moalmocheirghe. Now names like this were not pleasant to the royal ears of the English kings — the Henrys and the Edwards. Sometimes the names were abbreviated; or were simply translated; and as "moch eirigh" meant "early to rise," the name *Early* sprang into existence (see S. S. Early's History of his family, 1896).

Jeremiah Early of this clan came to Virginia before the year 1700; and Samuel Henry Early, a direct descendant of Jeremiah, married, in 1846, the daughter of John Jordan Cabell, the eighteenth-century pioneer of our faith. Samuel's brother, Major-General Jubal A. Early (1816–1894) we recognize as a prominent Confederate guerrilla chief in our Civil War.

My father visited Samuel Early at Lynchburg late in 1865, and baptized his son John Cabell Early(1848–1907). The latter's wife, Mrs. Mary W. Early, has been known to us for forty years through her articles — thoughtful, earnest, and lucid — in the *New-Church Messenger*. Mr. Early went to the other world years ago, greatly esteemed and beloved.

Go with me to Lynchburg, Virginia, and visit the widowed Mrs. Mary W. Early. By carriage we reach the suburban

house of soft-colored gray wood contrasting well with the dark red slated roof. She meets us with the handsome Virginia hospitality, and we accept proffered seats on the generous south-western porch. A small portion of the one hundred Early acres lies enclosed before us. In the foreground, throwing slanting afternoon shadows on the shaven lawn, are linden, locust, catalpa and Norway maple trees. Around the garden space is the universal, utilitarian wire fence devised by man; but God, who made the lilies of Canaan, and who loves beauty, has completely hidden the prosaic wire with a magnificent mass of rambler roses, and pale yellow honeysuckles. Let us linger a moment for the amber and scarlet of the sunset behind the Blue Ridge at our right fading into the bluest of blue shadows; and then, entering the hall, lined with books at the left, and armorial devices in front, we pass on to the dining-room, giving evidence of the modern Virginia ladies' practical qualities in superintending orchard, garden, dairy and kitchen.

We will spend Sunday morning, June 3, 1917, in Mrs. Early's spacious living-room, where she conducts her habitual simple service weekly. Today, she reads aloud Rev. Clarence Lathbury's excellent sermon on Moses, Aaron, and Hur, which is preceded by Bible reading, responses, and the Lord's Prayer, in which we participate. Her daughters, with no New-Church public service nearer than Richmond, have been kept in our faith, and have received the rite of confirmation.

I accepted the proffered hospitality of Warminster and Lynchburg with grateful esteem for my hostesses, whom it is a great privilege to know; and with a historical desire to breathe a bit of pre-war plantation life. I heard from them a description of Confederate experiences a month before Appomattox. Strong in Union sympathies over the Civil War myself, I yet saw some of its aspects through their eyes. They had a certain breadth of spirit; and there came over me a wave of conviction, that, in the Divine economy of the universe there was something larger than the blue and the gray. I had gone to see, in retrospect, plantation life; I had had a glimpse of eternity!

THE MOSBYS OF VIRGINIA

Earlier pupils in the Waltham New-Church School learned to love Miss Ella F. Mosby; and readers of our various periodicals recall her thoughtful, gentle-spirited essays, verses, and reviews. Her book, *The Ideal Life,* gives us her high standards, and her aspirations.

Again the Cabell refrain: Mr. Campbell and Mr. Early were descended from Dr. John Jordan Cabell. Mrs. Early and Miss Mosby were descended from Dr. John Jordan Cabell's brother Frederick.

John Ware Mosby, Ella's father, was near kinsman to Col. John C. Mosby, the Confederate guerrilla leader of "Mosby's Rangers." In the golden October days of 1831 John Ware Mosby brought his Cabell bride to their permanent home, *Valley Farm.* Later, you may picture him reading the *Arcana* on his broad porch, or receiving baptism from Rev. Abiel Silver, or assembling his negroes on the lawn in 1859, that Mr. Silver might talk to them about the Good Massa in heaven, and what they must do if they wanted to go and live with Him. They paid eager attention with shining eyes, called it "mighty good preachin'," and gave plantation songs in return.

Mr. Nathanael Francis Cabell was a neighbor of the Mosbys, as distances go in rural Virginia, and near Liberty Hall he erected a Chapel after the manner of Messrs. Cary, Green, Smith, Steiger and Worcester, who built similarly on their own land. In this quiet forest Chapel of the Cabells, Ella Mosby, with strong appreciation of the solemnity and high significance of baptism, received this sacrament from Mr. Silver in 1865.

Miss Mosby visited us in Roxbury in 1888. Because of her studious and loving companionship with flowers, I borrowed an herbarium of representative Colorado flora collected by a scientist. Dr. George G. Kennedy (himself splendidly equipped and the peer in this respect of any Harvard professor) joined us; and our two valued guests turned over the leaves, and greeted the flowers again and again with

familiar recognition. It is a pleasure to recall Miss Mosby's dark eyes glowing with enthusiasm, and the essential sweetness of her voice.

THE GREENWAYS OF VIRGINIA

Edward M. Greenway was reared in Abingdon off in narrow pointed, southwestern Virginia, and he grew up tall, like the Virginia oaks and the heroes of Homer. When he was an old man with white hair and a lonely hearthstone, I heard him descant, in inadequate human language, on the beautiful commingling of the rose and the lily in a certain maiden's cheek of long ago; and he told us how he appealed to her father. He recited to him all the wrong things he had done from his boyhood up, and then asked him for his daughter Mary Taylor. His frankness won. The marriage took place in Baltimore on January 21, 1817, the bride being nineteen. They settled in New York, and five children gathered around their hearthstone, and were brought in 1832 for baptism to Rev. John Doughty. Later, they became Mr. Silver's parishioners. Mr. Greenway was tall, stately, reserved, punctilious, rich in capacity for warm friendship, and immovable in his loyalty to his religion. She was embodied unselfishness. Her faith was so strong, and her knowledge so clear, that she met death as one might welcome a dear friend.

THE HITES OF VIRGINIA

The Rev. Lewis F. Hite, Professor of Philosophy in our Theological School, and Editor-in-chief of the *New-Church Review*, represents another Virginia family which was enriched by the light of our faith. We will go back to his great-great-grandfather.

Baron Hans Joist Hite (1685–1760) lived in Alsace. The spelling of his surname varied — sometimes Heydt, and sometimes even Hydhdt; by which we recognize the union of French and Dutch stock. Having married Anna Maria Dubois, he quitted Strasburg for America in 1710; and he took with him a little colony of sixteen families in his own good ships, the schooner "Swift," and the brigantine "Friendship."

These emigrants were to be settlers on his prospective lands.

After tentative efforts, Baron Hite finally spelled home with a capital H when he settled in 1730 on the northern side of the Virginia Blue Ridge in the Shenandoah Valley. He shortly bought a land grant of forty thousand acres, and also obtained an "order of Council" for one hundred thousand acres more, on certain conditions of settlement which he fulfilled handsomely, having kept his original sixteen families with him, and winning later immigrants, until his settlers numbered fifty-four households.

Sixteen years after Baron Hite settled on his 140,000-acre estate, Lord Thomas Fairfax came as a neighbor at *Greenway Court* to look after his Culpepper inheritance of 5,700,000 acres. The Blue Ridge Mountains still echo with traditions of Fairfax's distribution of Swedenborg's Writings. Imagination pictures Fairfax, the religious pioneer, converting Hite as his disciple.

But alas! their relation was that of "Joist Hite versus Fairfax," in litigation handed down to descendants, and lasting thirty-seven years. In 1786, when the spiritual ears of the original contestants were deaf to earthly contests, the final decision of the court was for Hite: "that Fairfax had no claim against settlers who held Minor Grants for land west of the Blue Ridge prior to 1738." As I understand the matter, there were two kinds of British emigrants — one received vast tracts as an expression of royal favoritism; the other held the land for the sake of real colonial development; and Baron Hite filled out the latter requirement.

From Baron Hite, who so honorably aided, by his fifty-four households of settlers, in developing our new country, we come down to his great-grandson, Hugh Holmes Hite (1816–1887), who, by his moral courage, asserted his conviction of right. This was tested after his reception of Swedenborg's Writings, which he discovered through an attack upon them in the *New York Observer*. He had come into close association with the Episcopal Church through his marriage with Anne Randolph Meade, niece of Bishop William Meade, who was a spiritual power in the state which he had diligently traversed in the interest of his Church.

In order to realize the stamina of character in Hugh Holmes Hite which enabled him to espouse the New Church openly, it is necessary to picture the environment in those days. The Episcopal Church in which he was bred had strong power and prestige, and exerted a pressure often unrecognized. Social intercourse between plantations was delightful, the "Virginia Gentleman" being the product of rural life, leisure, education, and public spirit; good private libraries were found on the large estates; Mr. Hite, who loved books and pursued history, biography, and religious literature, also loved social life; he added high intelligence to the interchange of amenities; social ostracism threatening his adoption of our faith was not easy to bear. But he had the intellectual independence, the high courage, and the moral determination, to espouse the cause of the New Church.

Thus ends the story of the Virginia Fairfaxes, Carters, Cabells, Campbells, Earlys, Mosbys, Greenways, and Hites. Except the Fairfaxes, I have personally met New Churchmen representing all of these families, and directly bearing their names.

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